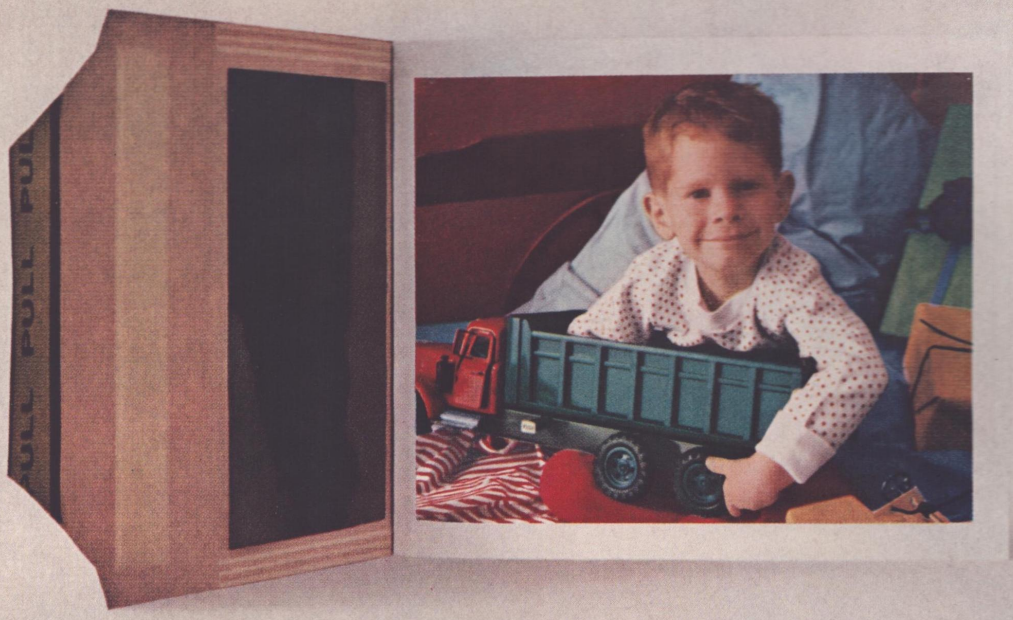
LIFE

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AT HIS WHITE HOUSE DESK.

DECEMBER 13 · 1963 · 25¢



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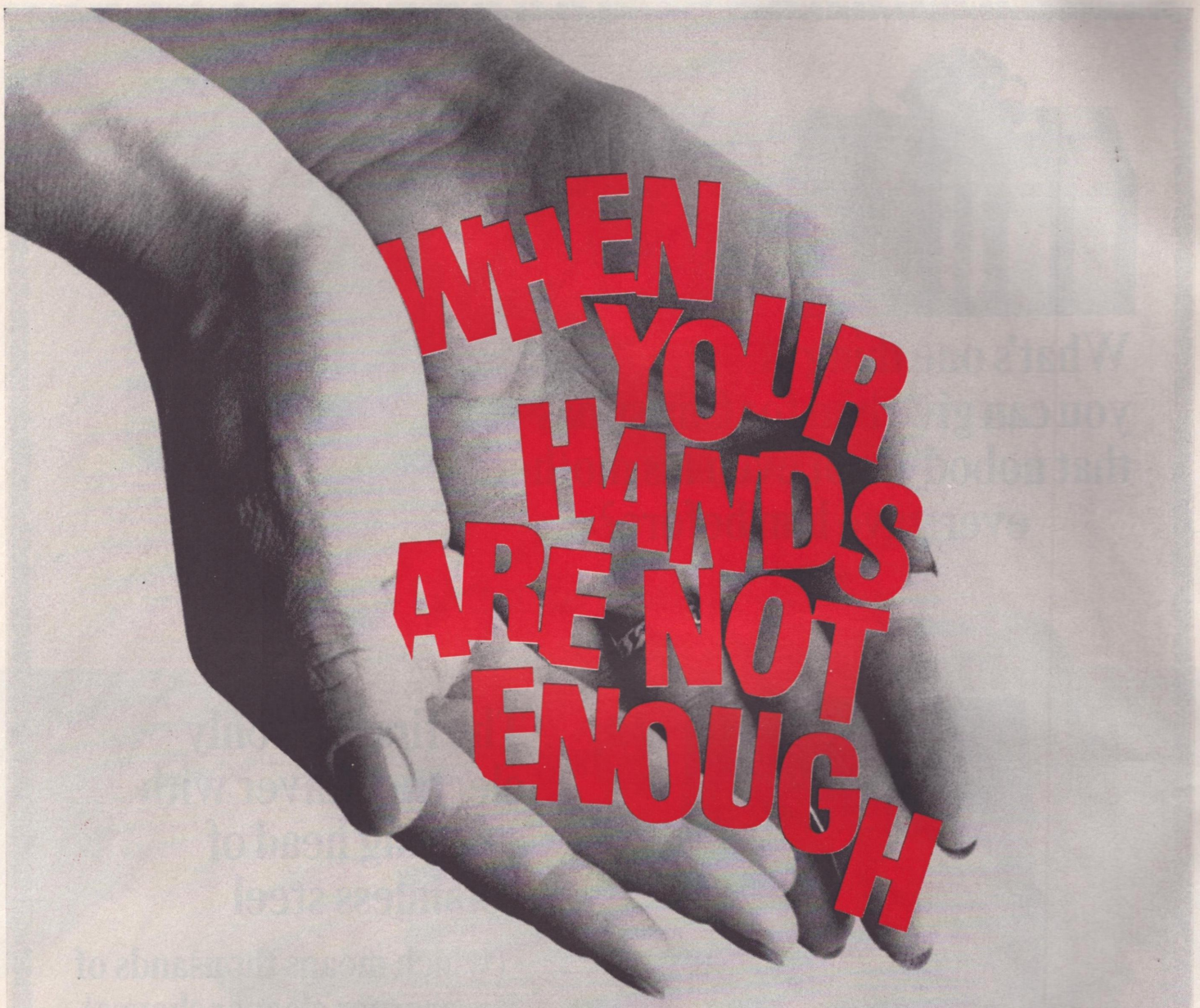

There may be times when you cannot "go it alone"—when you may need help from others to handle difficult situations.

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Vol. 55, No. 24 December 13, 1963

LIFE

CONTENTS

Editorials 4
The lethargic 88th vs. L.B.J.
Freedom wins in Venezuela

LIFE Guide 9
Splashy premieres start a harvest of fine movies; museum gift shops, and a big swimming meet

Germs' Busy Social Life 19
A psychologist develops a fascinating theory about microbes and American workers. By Thomas J. Fleming

Letters to the Editors 23

Johnson on the Job 26
With sturdy roots in the earth and the past, with a handsome and versatile family, and with plenty of drive, the new President gathers his forces for the big tasks. Text by John L. Steele

Volcano at Sea 36
Underwater eruptions throw up a new chunk of offshore Icelandic territory

Items in the News 36B
A singing, strumming nun makes a hit recording. Princess Margaret meets those red-hot rock 'n' rollers, the Beatles. Sir Winston Churchill is 89

Trains without Featherbedding 41
A Florida railroad proves it can get along without make-work jobs

Election Terrorism in Venezuela 42
Communists armed by Cuba fail to intimidate voters as Venezuela chooses a pro-U.S. president

New Anti-Sub Rocket 49
Navy's supersonic torpedo travels by air

Comeback for the Oryx 59
A vanishing Arabian animal gets a new chance in Arizona

The Cathedral of Toledo 64
A great Spanish church, built at a crossroads of history, is resplendent with art. Photographed by Dmitri Kessel

The Diligenti Quints 77
The Argentine five have grown up into happy, successful lives. And their father has reason to be proud. By Miguel Acoca

Oppenheimer and Teller 87A
The tangled drama and private hells of two famous scientists, whose feud has been eased by a Fermi award, is unfolded in an article by Robert Coughlan

Round-Up for George Abbott 112
LIFE and Broadway's best go to the 50th anniversary of a great showman—who is too busy to moon over good old days. By Tom Prideaux

Miscellany 120
A seal of approval

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COVER—KARSH, OTTAWA
3—KARSH, OTTAWA
9, 12—drawings by GERRY GERSTEN
19, 20—drawings by JAMES FLORA
26, 27—STAN WAYMAN, courtesy MRS. AVA JOHNSON COX FAMILY ALBUM (3)
28, 29—t. DON UHRBROCK (2), THOMAS McAVOY
30, 31—GORDON TENNEY exc. t. rt. SHEL HERSHORN from B.S.
32—FRED WARD from B.S., STAN WAYMAN, FRED WARD from B.S., U.P.I.
33—FRED WARD from B.S., STAN WAYMAN, ALBERT FENN, FRED WARD from B.S.
34, 35—STAN WAYMAN
36—A.I. MAGNUSSON
36A—BIRNBACK
36B—PARIS-MATCH, CENTRAL PRESS, LONDON—MIRRORPIC from GILLOON
41—BURTON McNEELY
42, 43—lt. CHARLES MOORE from B.S.; rt. JOSEPH FABRY (2)
44—DOUGLAS
49 through 54—U.S. NAVY
59—FAUNA PRESERVATION SOCIETY—GEORGE KEW
60—BILL RAY
77—bot. FRANCISCO VERA (2)
78, 79—lt. STEVEN C. WILSON—FRANCISCO VERA; cen. CHARLES MOORE from B.S.—STEVEN C. WILSON; rt. DUILIO PALLOTTELLI
80—t. CHARLES MOORE from B.S.
87A, 87B—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT
88, 89—GORDON TENNEY, RALPH MORSE
91—U.P.I.
93—MYRON EHRENBERG from SCOPE for FORTUNE
110—JIM MAHAN
112, 113—rt. ELIOT ELISOFON
114—JOHN LOENGARD
117—t. rt. CULVER PICTURES—lt. U.P.I.—GEORGE KARGER from PIX; cen. EILEEN DARBY from GRAPHIC HOUSE—THOMAS McAVOY; rt. PETER STACKPOLE
118, 119—JOHN LOENGARD
120—DON RENN

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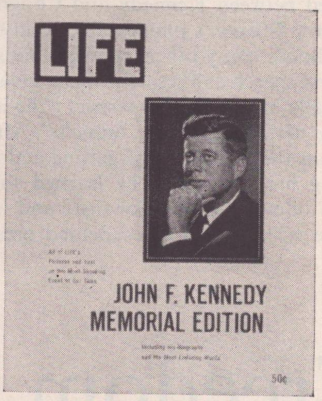
EDITORS' NOTE

This Week: A John F. Kennedy Memorial Edition

After putting to press our last two issues—one on the assassination of the President, the other on his funeral in Washington—we have been deluged with letters. Phone calls have flooded our switchboards, and many reached us at home. Most of the letters and the calls told us that our issues were appreciated. A very few told us (as you can see on the Letters page of this issue) that it was shocking to publish photographs of the actual assassination. Others—many others—asked us for reprints of the issues and complained that they could not obtain them. In fact, as the hours—then the days—went by, the requests for reprints increased to proportions that for us were unprecedented. It was a reader response which went far beyond our mechanical abilities to meet.



COVER OF THE EDITION

Now we have tried to meet it. Last week, along with putting together the issue you see here, we compiled a special John F. Kennedy Memorial Edition to be sold (at cost) on the newsstands of the nation side by side with the one you are reading now. This edition consists of all our picture and text coverage of the entire tragedy from the beginning of that fatal drive in Dallas to the photographs of the assassination in color, to the now famous interview Mrs. Kennedy gave to our distinguished guest writer, Theodore H. White. It also includes a portrait of President Kennedy for framing, a pictorial biography of him, and, through the years of his eventful and abruptly ended life, his most eloquent, witty and enduring words.

To us, quite frankly, this edition means much more than the fulfillment of reader demand. It means the satisfaction of reporting in full a historic event of profound and tragic importance. Beyond that, it is a way to express our feeling for a man we miss.

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor

Copies of the John F. Kennedy Memorial Edition may be ordered by mail from Box 666, Radio City Station, New York 10019. Enclose 50¢ plus 15¢ for postage.

The Lethargic 88th vs. L.B.J.

The energetic and decisive way President Johnson has taken charge of his office imparts his own self-confidence to the country. But one of the great hopes invested in him may, we fear, be disappointed through no fault of his own. This is the hope that he can exert more influence over Congress than did Kennedy, whose 1963 legislative proposals were all but hopelessly stalled. Can Johnson, who was once the virtual boss of Congress, get action from it? If not, why not?

The thing to remember is that the 88th Congress, before the assassination, had sat longer than any peacetime Congress in memory while accomplishing practically nothing. It was feebly led, wedded to its own lethargy and impervious to criticism. It could not even pass routine appropriations bills. It was a scandal of drift and inefficiency.

The murder of Kennedy, it was briefly thought, would make enough congressmen ashamed of their record to give his successor the support Kennedy had been denied. Johnson is the first outstanding modern congressional leader to become President, and as President he has lost no time in seeking to revive his old contacts and authority. Instead of the cool distance that had developed between Kennedy and Congress, imperfectly bridged by Larry O'Brien's phone calls, Johnson sees the leaders daily and phones many other members himself ("This is Lyndon"). His first speech as President was a great success with Congress, especially his promise to respect "the independence and the integrity of the legislative branch." After sounding out Harry Byrd on the possibility of getting action on the tax bill by bypassing his committee, he learned this precipitate maneuver would offend the traditionalists and abandoned it. Nevertheless he is bringing unprecedented pressure for the petition to discharge the civil rights bill from Judge Smith's House Rules Committee. He wants these measures not just because Kennedy did but because, he said, "we have talked long enough."

But whom does he mean by "we"? One trouble is that Lyndon Johnson is no longer entitled to use that word in talking to Congress. The very legislative prerogatives he respects set a distance between the presidency, whoever fills it, and the lawmakers, however well disposed. Johnson may push harder and more skillfully for action than Kennedy did, but ours is still a system of divided and mutually checking powers. The 88th is especially tender of this division. It is the same Congress that gave these same bills the lethargy treatment for almost a year. As for the shock effect of the assassination, Senator Javits put it well: "The public is in a mood to be galvanized but Congress is not."

Judge Smith, the segregationist czar of the Rules Committee, still refuses to clear the civil rights bill because of what he calls "the present state of hysteria." By this he can only mean that the White House, the Negroes, labor, and the liberals are all demanding a vote on it. Congress is reluctant to bypass Judge Smith because of its respect for its own hoary rules and seniority rights. Senator Byrd enjoys a similar veto over the tax bill. If Congress were allowed to vote on these bills, and voted them down, the country would at least be able to say (at the next election) whether this Congress has represented the country's wishes or not. The scandal of the 88th is not its conservatism but its evasiveness—its refusal to vote yes *or* no on issues of central importance.

This scandal has put our whole system of parliamentary democracy in question. A few conscientious congressmen realize this and want to do something about it. Senators Case and Clark have introduced a resolution for the study and basic reform of Congress' archaic rules, committee structures, precedents and other machinery, which were inadequately changed in 1946 and have not been touched since. Such a study would at least give Congress a chance to turn itself from a living-statue show into a businesslike organ of popular government. The civil rights and tax bills can perhaps be blasted toward a vote by popular pressure (why not write your congressman?). But equal pressure is needed for the Case-Clark resolution. If the political shock waves of recent days won't bring Congress to life, don't blame the new President; not even Lyndon Johnson can pass that kind of miracle. The fault and the remedy lie with Congress itself.

Freedom Wins in Venezuela

The Venezuelans won two notable Cold War victories last week and took the initiative to win more. Victory No. 1 came when the Venezuelans held their presidential election and arranged for an orderly and democratic transfer of power for the first time in their violent 142-year history. Next March a trade union veteran named Raúl Leoni will succeed his sponsor, courageous President Rómulo Betancourt, the only elected Venezuelan chief executive who has come close to serving out his term.

Victory No. 2 came when Venezuela led the Organization of American States, in emergency session, to vote 16–0 to investigate Fidel Castro's three years of sabotage against Venezuela. President Betancourt called for a new blockade to stop gunrunning into and out of Cuba. "Cuba today is a superarmed country," he said, "and this war matériel is for export to Latin America."

These victories were all the more notable because Venezuela is a showcase struggle between strategies of continental dimension. Castro's guerrillas in Venezuela have bombed oil pipelines, wrecked stores and warehouses, kidnaped the deputy chief of the U.S. military mission, fired on police and pedestrians, attempted the assassination of both Betancourt and Leoni. Castro's objective, as defined by his guerrilla warfare expert "Che" Guevara, was to stir up so much chaos that the Betancourt government would be forced to throw in its lot with the military—"to make it show without disguise," according to Guevara, "as a violent dictatorship of the reactionary classes."

But during these years of Castro terror, Betancourt instead won much labor union and farm support for the domestic reforms envisioned by the U.S.'s *Alianza para el Progreso*. Betancourt virtually doubled the number of primary schools and halved adult illiteracy, distributed 3.5 million acres to poor farm families, invested $100 million of oil revenues in agrarian redevelopment. Castro had vowed to stop last week's presidential election or turn it into "an empty farce." But Venezuelan voters dealt Castroism a stunning rebuke. No fewer than 90% of the electorate turned out to vote.

In taking his country's case against Castro to the O.A.S., President Betancourt warned: "As long as Fidel Castro's regime exists in Cuba the security of all the peoples of Latin America will be threatened. A joint, energetic and definitive action will be necessary to isolate that regime and to put an end to that Communist bridgehead on our continent."

The U.S. should wholeheartedly support such action. Specifically the U.S. should support President Betancourt's proposal to interdict gunrunning in Caribbean waters and, given an O.A.S. request for them, the U.S. should supply the ships and planes to make a new blockade effective.

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Good ol' Pete."

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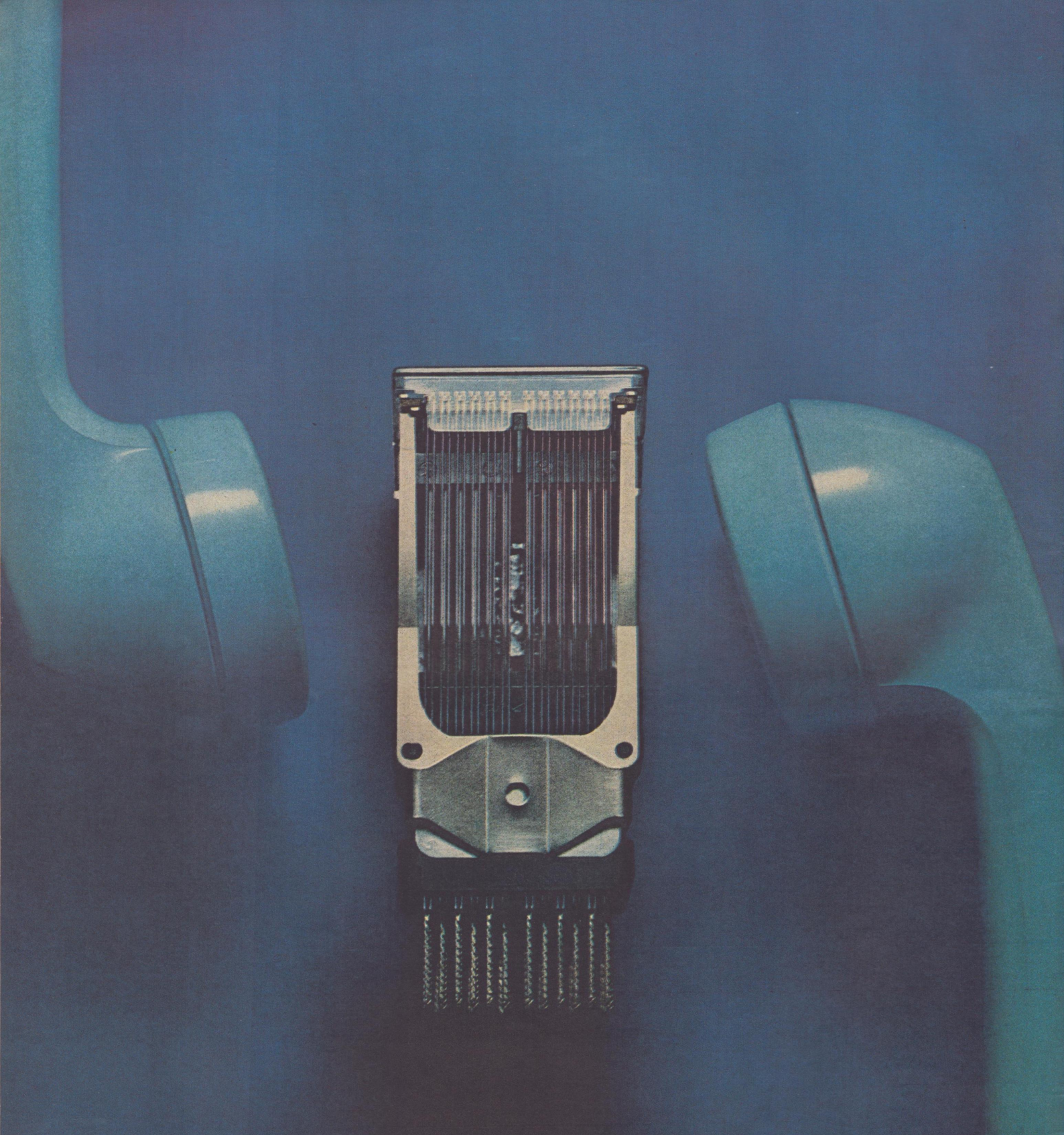

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WESTERN ELECTRIC

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LIFE GUIDE

Splashy premieres for harvest of fine movies; Museum gift shops, a big swimming meet

What a harvest December is bringing for the movie fan! It is a time of big lights over big premieres, of breathtaking glimpses of film stars all turned out in their finery and—best of all—of a rush of movies well worth the attention they will surely command. Some of the new films are spectacular crowd-pleasers. Others are movies of high quality whose release is timed to beat the deadline for this year's Academy Award nominations. With so much to see on the screens and under the marquees, the Guide here lists the pick of the new pictures and points the way to the splashy openings where the stars will be on display.

Famous stars pass in review for fans on hand to see what's new

New Movies

THE CARDINAL. Five separate star-studded benefit premieres in Boston, New York, Washington, Los Angeles and Paris, France will launch this Horatio Alger success saga in clerical costume. *The Cardinal* chronicles the rise of an earnest young Boston Irishman (Tom Tryon) from a theological student to cardinal, and incidentally introduces Film Director John Huston as Actor Huston, playing a cardinal. Photographed on location in Rome, Vienna and New England, it was both directed and produced by that master of the grand manner, Otto Preminger.

THE VICTORS. The newest movie by Director Carl Foreman will get two simultaneous world premieres in New York when it opens on Dec. 19 at two theaters. The show's stars will make another public appearance at the West Coast premiere in Los Angeles, Dec. 22. The movie's theme is that there are no victors in modern warfare, an idea neither new nor highly controversial. Its method of exposition is both. Unflinchingly it catalogues the damage war does where it doesn't show—inside those who survive it. Nothing is sacred: a soldier-turned-pimp corrupts a girl; a soldier shoots a pet puppy; GIs beat up two Negro soldiers in a bar. War veterans who have seen it in preview have been banging their fists on bars arguing whether it is the best or the worst antiwar film ever made.

MOVE OVER, DARLING. There will be staring room only at the premiere of *Move Over, Darling* out in Hollywood Dec. 23. The film is a remake of 1940's comedy hit *My Favorite Wife*, in which Cary Grant got remarried on the very day the wife he thought was dead (Irene Dunne) turned up again—a formula piece sure to be popular with people who want a nice, clean, funny night out, with naughty hints, of course. (It's all right for the kids, too.) The current version stars Doris Day and James Garner, who is rapidly becoming an all-purpose leading man. For the nostalgic film fan there's a fine performance by Thelma Ritter as the mother, and a great big bonus laugh when Doris Day, playing Wife No. 1, tries to explain to Wife No. 2 that it's possible for people to come back from presumed death. "You know," she says, "like Irene Dunne done—er—did."

AMERICA, AMERICA. This is a love letter from Elia Kazan, one of the most distinguished stage and screen directors alive. It is addressed to the U.S. and to an uncle of his who came here, as Kazan himself did, from Turkey. It has its premiere Dec. 15 in New York, opens Dec. 25 in Los Angeles and introduces as its star a young man named Stathis Giallelis who made an odyssey of his own from Greece to New York to audition for the part—and who will be on hand for both openings. He plays a grindingly poor Greek living in Turkey who holds America in his heart as misers hold gold in their hands.

BILLY LIAR. Billy is British and he is some liar all right, but in one of those particularly British bursts of cinematic realism he becomes an Everyman with dirty fingernails, a disturbing reminder of all the pitifully protective lies everyone remembers either telling or living. Tom Courtenay delivers as stunning a performance as he did in last year's *Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, and newcomer Julie Christie is so evocative of lost dreams that when Billy retreats from her it gives everyone in the theater a sense of personal loss.

CHARADE. A body hurtles from a train speeding between Paris and Le Havre, and *Charade* is off on a mad chase with Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant. Audrey is an American girl unhappily married to a foreigner (he's French), and Cary is a bachelor (not foreign) whom she meets at a ski resort. Audrey invites him to visit her in Paris, but when she gets back there all is chaos. Her apartment is stripped; police haul her off to the morgue; the hurtling body turns out to be that of her late husband. Cary comes in to help and winds up as the prime suspect.

THE PRIZE. Irving Wallace's best-selling novel of mayhem and mix-up over the Nobel Prize awards in Stockholm has been highly sanitized and mercifully de-sexed for the screen, though it keeps the part where the hard-drinking American winner of the prize for literature gets involved in a nudists' meeting. It focuses mainly upon a Communist plot to kidnap one of the winners and develops one of the wildest and most exciting chases in years. Paul Newman and Edward G. Robinson struggle valiantly, but the vestigial Wallace text wins out.

LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER. This one may emerge as the biggest sleeper hit since *Marty* and *Casablanca*. It was made by the same pair who created *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Director Robert Mulligan and Producer Alan J. Pakula, and stars Natalie Wood and Steve McQueen, who both reveal the kind of talent for instant communication which film fans have come to expect only from art films. They take a painful situation (Natalie is pregnant, and Steve is the kind of guy who doesn't want to get married), and they manage to be both achingly human and agonizingly funny without ever being dirty. Take the kids, they might never elsewhere discover the facts of life so gently.

RECOMMENDED FILMS. For adults: *8½*, *Lord of the Flies*, *This Sporting Life*, *The L-Shaped Room*, *The Leopard*, *The Thrill of It All*, *Knife in the Water*. For family movie going: *Tom Jones*, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *The Great Escape*, *Murder at the Gallop*, *How the West Was Won*, *The Incredible Journey*.

Festivals

FLORIDA. *Miami*'s new marine stadium is being rushed to completion in time for this year's Orange Bowl Festival, Dec. 22–Jan. 5. The stadium, with covered stands seating 6,500, faces Biscayne Bay and can accommodate any activity in, on, or around the water. The formal dedication Dec. 27 will include the Tommy Bartlett water show, excerpts from the opera *Die Fledermaus* (in English) on a floating stage, and a big fireworks show. The Orange Bowl International Power Boat Regatta will roar around the arena Dec. 28, 29, and on Jan. 4 the Union of International Motorboating will run a nine-hour endurance race.

Art

SAN FRANCISCO. The many artistic faces of this fascinating city, "New Images of San Francisco"—oils, watercolors, drawings, prints and collages by members of the San Francisco Art Institute—will be exhibited at the de Young Museum, Dec. 13–Jan. 12. Other northern California artists will hang their paintings in the Fifth Winter Invitational Show at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, Dec. 21–Feb. 1.

WASHINGTON, D.C. In an unprecedented loan show, 153 paintings from New York's Museum of Modern Art will be exhibited at the National Gallery Dec. 17–March 1. Monet, Cézanne, Gauguin, Picasso, Pollock and Rivers are included in this retrospective exhibition, which runs the gamut of modern art from impressionism to abstract expressionism.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

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Open these General Electric gifts on Christmas Eve... wake up to a wonderful Christmas

9:30 am **Cordless Automatic Toothbrush.** Brush your teeth this new, better way, after breakfast and other meals, too. Gives the whole family cleaner teeth plus healthful gum care. Recharging holder, 4 snap-in brushes.

11:00 am **Cord-Reel Cleaner.** Christmas gifts have been opened, the floor is a mess. Tidy up with your new General Electric Cleaner. It's power-packed. The 19-foot cord retracts at a touch of your toe! New "Twin-Clean" rug and floor tool.

12:30 pm **Portable Mixer.** It's time to start beating the batter for a Christmas cake with your General Electric Mixer. Lightweight, powerful, comes with a free drink mixer. Hangs on wall. Knife-sharpening attachment available.

4:30 pm **De Luxe Hair Dryer.** There's time to wash and dry your hair. Cloth bonnet fashioned by Sally Victor. Fits over biggest rollers. Dryer straps to waist, lets you walk around. Carry and storage case. Offer of free initials, too.

5:00 pm **Spray, Steam & Dry Iron.** Company's coming and you want to look your best. Touch up that party dress with this General Electric Iron that sprinkles, steams, dry irons. Has a "Water Window," too, that tells you when to add water!

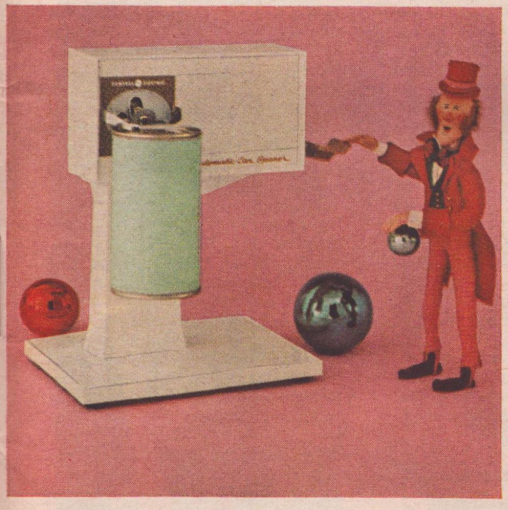
5:30 pm **New Shampoo-Polisher.** Give your floor a quick buffing before company arrives. Takes just a few moments. Later on, you can scrub floors without splashing, wax floors, shampoo your rugs! Comes with full set of attachments.

Day! (and every day after)

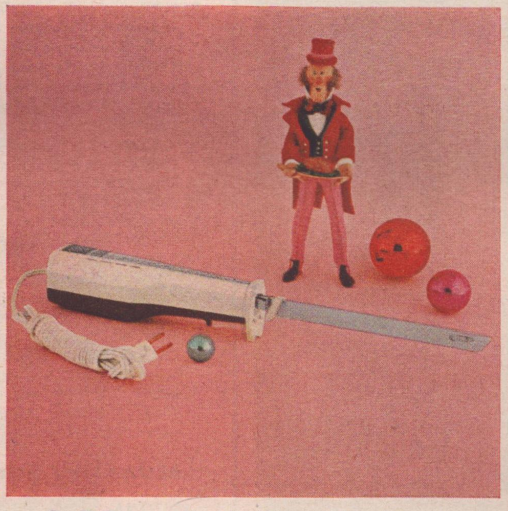
8:20 am **Framewood Alarm Clock.** Delightful new way to be wakened Christmas morning. The face lights up at night, too. You can tell the time, even in the dark. Handsome wood "picture-frame" case in your choice of walnut or fruitwood finish.

8:45 am **Deluxe Toast-R-Oven*.** Please pass the toast—any kind of toast, any way you like it. This toaster loads from the front, takes thick slices as well as regular slices, top-browns muffins, even bakes—cookies, frozen pastries, meat loaf.

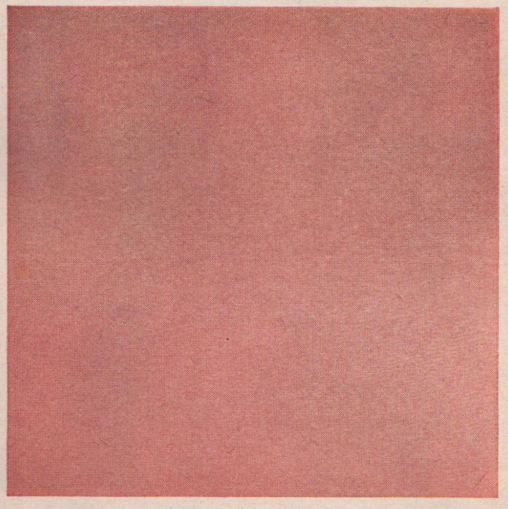
*Trademark of General Electric Co.



1:00 pm **Automatic Can Opener.** One touch pierces and opens cans of cranberry sauce in one automatic operation! Governor-controlled motor doesn't speed up when cutting's done, helps prevent food spillage. Counter or wall model.

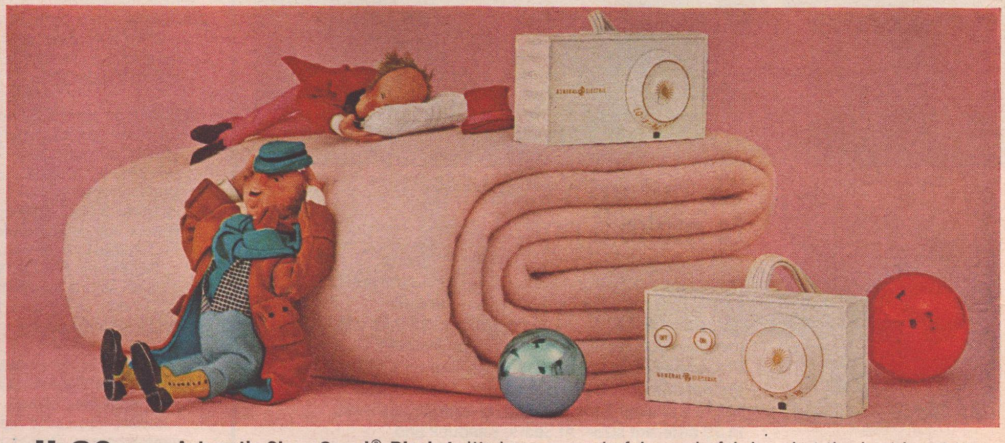


2:55 pm **Electric Slicing Knife.** Carve your Christmas turkey like a professional, quickly, easily! Reciprocating blades do the work; all you do is guide it. Slice breads, cakes, cheeses, tomatoes, most any food! Release switch, cutting stops.



3:00 pm **Dinner time.** You don't need us now. So enjoy a happy Christmas dinner!

9:00 pm **Peek-A-Brew® Coffee Maker.** Listen to the "aaahs" when they see your lovely, new coffee maker. And the "oohs" when they taste the delicious coffee it brews automatically. All stainless steel. Peek-A-Brew gauge counts the cups.



11:30 pm **Automatic Sleep-Guard® Blanket.** It's been a wonderful, wonderful day—but the best is yet to come. A delightfully relaxing night's sleep under your new General Electric Blanket. It automatically adjusts to temperature changes, keeps you cozy. Single- or double-bed sizes, single or dual controls. Happy dreams!

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, HOUSEWARES & COMMERCIAL EQUIPMENT DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Sears

We cut up a stocking to make a point!

That a stocking has to fit in 5 separate places to fit at all. Not just in the foot. But at the narrowest part of the ankle. The widest part of the calf. Across the knee. At the thigh. What stockings can give you such perfect fit? Sears Royal Purple* Proportioned Fit Nylons. They're based on a fitting system that goes beyond shoe size. Takes in your height and weight, too. Available seamed or seamless in 25 different sizes. At Sears, Roebuck and Company Retail Stores, from Sears General Catalog and Catalog Sales Offices. $1.29 to $1.59 a pair. (A most fitting Christmas present!) And remember, nothing but nylon makes you feel so female.

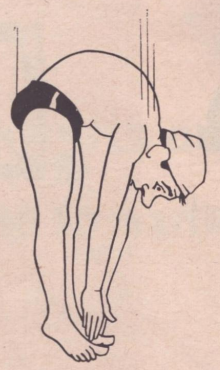
*ROYAL PURPLE HOSIERY REG.T.M., SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

NYLON

CHEMSTRAND™

CHEMSTRAND, N.Y.1, DIVISION OF MONSANTO.

LIFE GUIDE CONTINUED



All the best divers will take the competitive plunge

Watery Events

A brave array of swimmers are stirring up the December waters. Biggest of the bunch are the California gray whales who are making their annual trek from arctic waters to Mexico. Between now and February some 4,000 will pass by California shores. Whale watchers pick Marineland near *Palos Verdes Estates* and the Cabrillo National Monument in *San Diego* as best vantage points. Moby Dick fans can get an even closer gander at the 40-foot spouters from boats specially provided in San Diego.

In the much drier inland, some of the best girl divers in the world will compete at the Midwinter Aquatic Meet in *Phoenix, Ariz.* Dec. 21, 22. The first half of the meet tests girls, boys, men and women in 16 diving events. The following weekend, Dec. 27–29, the meet continues with 54 swimming events.

Museum Shops

ARIZONA. At the small shop in the Heard Museum of Anthropology and Primitive Arts in *Phoenix*, authentic oil lamps from the Byzantine period, examples of ancient Coptic weaving from Ethiopia, pre-Columbian artifacts, miniature Australian aborigine canoes, wood print blocks from India are for sale along with Hohokam Indian pottery, modern Eskimo carvings and Indian jewelry.

FLORIDA. For $25 you can buy an Egyptian glazed-pottery tomb figure at the Cummer Gallery of Art in *Jacksonville*. A 15–th16th Century bronze Buddha covered with gold leaf and just two inches high costs $20, while Bronze Age arrowheads dug up in the Middle East are available at $5 each.

The Ringling Circus Museum in *Sarasota* is selling original circus posters ($2.50–$4), plus assorted old circus passes and programs.

ILLINOIS. Hand-embroidered stuffed horses from Taiwan, French brocades and costume prints, four-inch-high Japanese equestrian figures of bronze, contemporary Peruvian pottery and Spanish colonial polychrome woodcarvings of saints are a few of the unusual works available in the Art Institute of *Chicago*'s museum store.

MASSACHUSETTS. For women who enjoy crewel embroidery, the *Boston* Museum of Fine Arts offers needlework kits ($1.25–$5) with traditional floral designs copied from an 18th Century New England bed curtain.

NEW MEXICO. Original cottonwood and cedar woodcarving by "santeros" from the villages of Cordova and Chimayo are sold in the Museum of New Mexico at *Santa Fe*. The choice includes St. Joseph carrying his carpenter's tools ($15), San Ysidro with oxen and plow ($18), and St. George slaying a dragon ($70). There are also carved Trees of Life with mice, squirrels and beavers perched in the branches ($7–$25) and individual carvings of animals and birds for as little as 35¢.

NEW YORK. The *Brooklyn* Museum has Christmas exhibit-sales of original folk art, the most outstanding being a collection of toys from Europe entitled "A Partridge in a Pear Tree" with lots of hand-carved wooden dolls, handpainted boxes and Danish mobiles. Prices range from 50¢ to $300. Also in *New York City*, the Metropolitan Museum of Art specializes in reproductions of ancient jewelry in sterling or gold plate ($2.25 to $27) and reproductions of early American silver. Two new pieces, a sugar bowl and a cream pitcher (each $35), just went on sale. The Museum of Modern Art galleries are closed down for expansion, but the book shop—which also carries reproductions of paintings and sculpture—is still open to sell, among other handsome works, *A Partridge in a Pear Tree* ($1.25), illustrated by Ben Shahn, and *Rodin*, an $8.50 book now out in paper covers for $3.50. The Museum of the City of New York has early American and Victorian toys, puppets, silver, pewter, prints and maps. Carved wooden trivets sell for $4 each.

In *Utica*, the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute Museum's shop is the only place you can buy small bronze or steel bulls, fish, insects, candlesticks or abstract forms sculptured by Rudolph Wedow.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Sculptured bronze 15th and 16th Century medals from the Samuel Kress Collection have been reproduced in the form of bracelets, cuff links, tie clips and pins and are on sale at the National Gallery.

Books

DOROTHY AND RED. Vincent Sheean's highly personal account of the romantic clash of two impossible egos—a Sinclair Lewis on the wane as a novelist and a Dorothy Thompson on the rise to great journalistic heights. The revelations are intimate as the story rushes to its inevitable and disastrous outcome. (Houghton Mifflin)

THE HAT ON THE BED. The prodigious John O'Hara is out with his regular Thanksgiving book, not a novel this time but 24 more short stories, flawlessly thought-out, superbly dialogued studies of almost invariably ornery people. (Random)

A SINGULAR MAN. J. P. Donleavy, the talented New York Dubliner who wrote the cacophonous *The Ginger Man* a few years back, pours his considerable skill into another salacious odyssey about a fairly unlovable and mysterious millionaire. This book is doubtless meant to be highly symbolic but it comes out like high-grade Thorne Smith. (Little-Brown)

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADE-MARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1963, PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

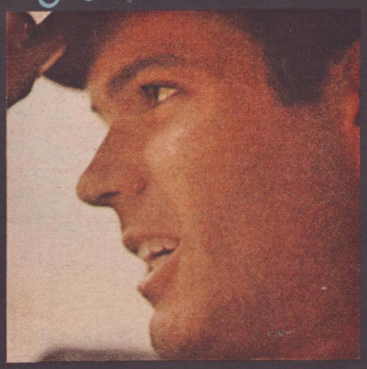
Merry season, busy season...good time to take time for Pepsi! Light, bracing Pepsi-Cola matches your modern activities with a sparkling-clean taste that's never too sugary or too sweet. And nothing drenches your thirst better than a cold, inviting Pepsi. So think young—say "Pepsi, please!"

PEPSI-COLA

Something delightfully different for

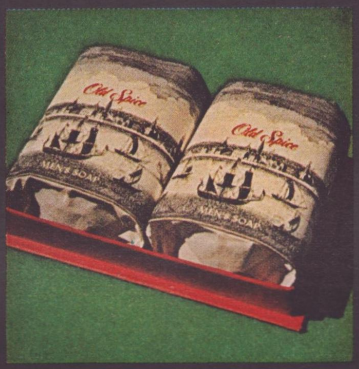
If home is his castle!

If he's masculine as all outdoors!



If he's really going places!

OLD SPICE Pro-Electric Roll-On
Before Shave Lotion. 1.00



OLD SPICE Gift Set:
Two cakes of soap for men. 2.00

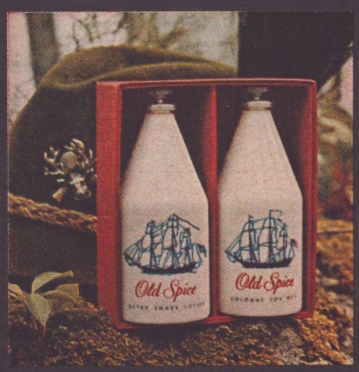
OLD SPICE Travel Set:
After Shave Lotion, Stick Deodorant. 2.50

OLD SPICE Traveler: Spray Deodorant
and After Shave Lotion. 1.25

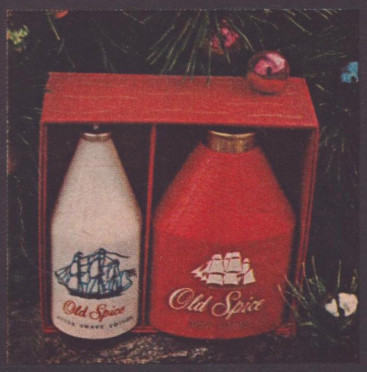
OLD SPICE After Shave Lotion. 1.25 & 2.00

OLD SPICE Gift Set:
After Shave Lotion, Super Smooth Shave,
After Shave Talcum. 3.25

OLD SPICE Gift Set: After Shave Lotion,
Cologne, Body Talc, Shower Soap,
"Man-Power" Aerosol Deodorant. 5.00



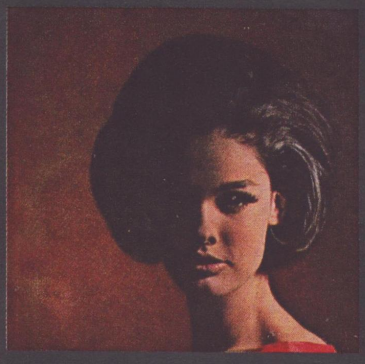
OLD SPICE Gift Set:
After Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne. 2.50



OLD SPICE Gift Set:
After Shave Lotion, Body Talc. 2.25

everyone...by SHULTON

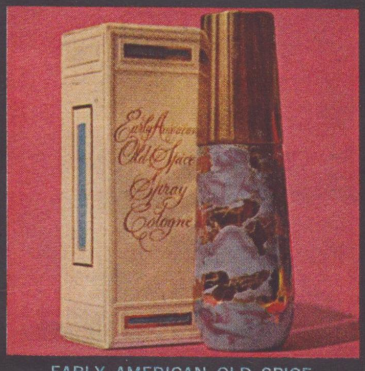
If she makes you think of Spring!



If she's all out for adventure!

If she's a feminine dilemma!

FRIENDSHIP GARDEN Gift Set:
Hand and Body Lotion,
Dusting Powder, Toilet Water. 2.25

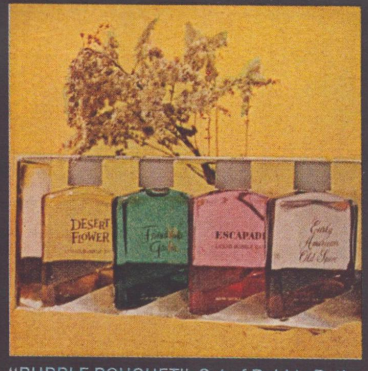


EARLY AMERICAN OLD SPICE
Spray Cologne. 3.00

DESERT FLOWER Gift Set:
Spray Cologne, Soap, Dusting Powder,
Hand and Body Lotion, Bubble Bath. 5.00

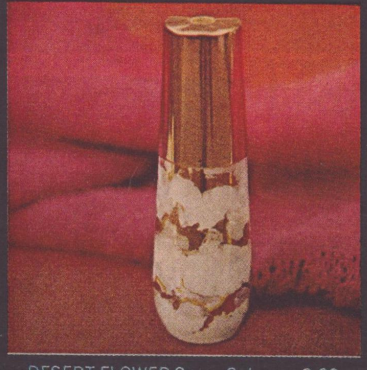
FRIENDSHIP GARDEN and ESCAPADE
Spray Colognes. Each 3.00

DESERT FLOWER
Hand and Body Lotion. 1.00 & 2.00

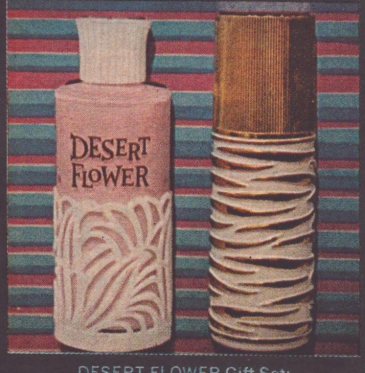


"BUBBLE BOUQUET": Set of Bubble Baths
in Escapade, Friendship Garden, Early
American Old Spice and Desert Flower. 2.00

EARLY AMERICAN OLD SPICE Gift Set:
Bubble Bath, Dusting Powder. 2.00



DESERT FLOWER Spray Cologne. 3.00

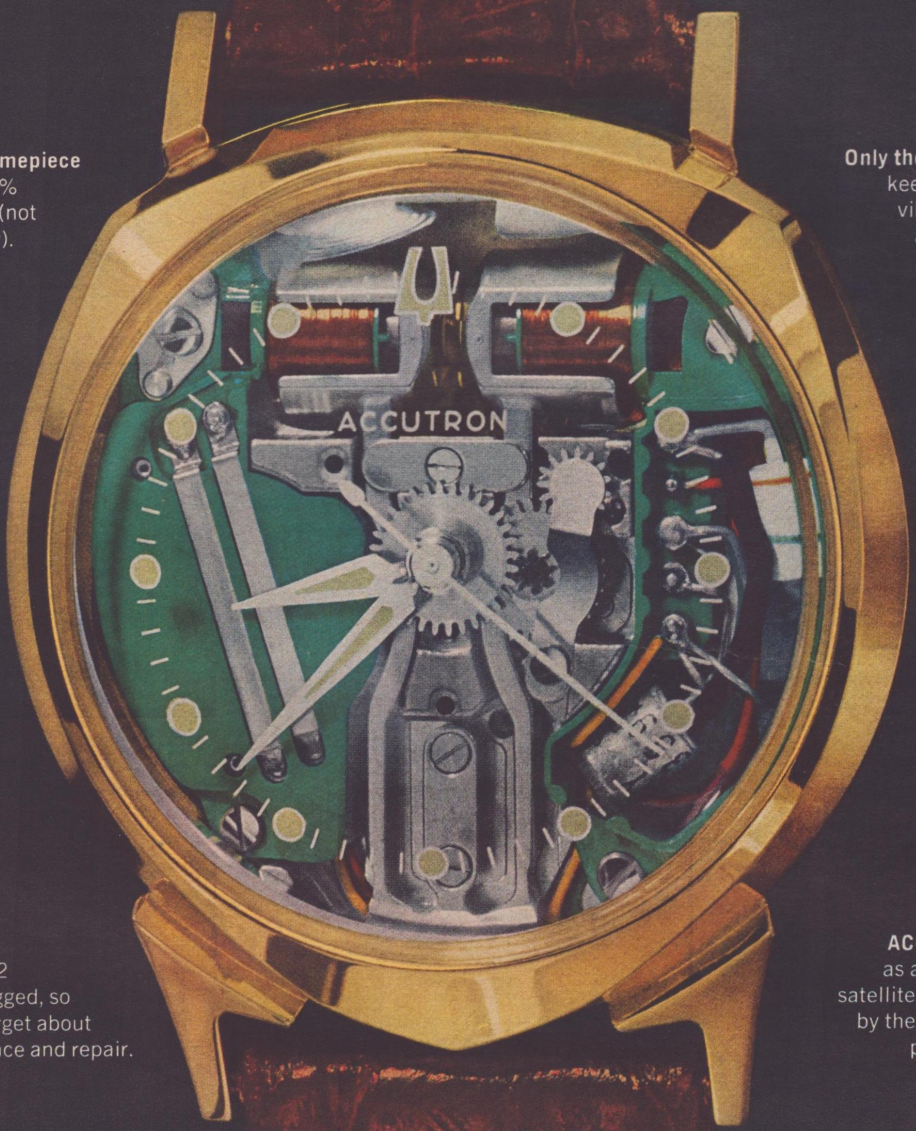


DESERT FLOWER Gift Set:
Hand and Body Lotion, Spray Cologne. 3.00

Why you should wear

Only the ACCUTRON timepiece is guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist (not just in a test laboratory).

Only the ACCUTRON timepiece keeps time by the constant vibrations of a tuning fork activated electronically. It doesn't tick. It hums.



Only the ACCUTRON timepiece does away with the hairspring and balance wheel, the parts that limit the accuracy of all watches.

The ACCUTRON timepiece never, never needs winding – even off your wrist. The power cell lasts a full year.

Only the ACCUTRON timepiece – with just 12 moving parts – is so rugged, so trouble-free you can forget about usual watch maintenance and repair.

ACCUTRON is now in orbit as a timing device in space satellites. And it was purchased by the U.S. Air Force for every pilot in the X-15 project.

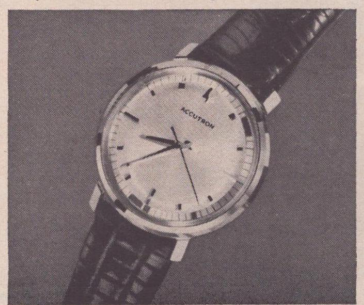
Above: Revolutionary electronic tuning fork mechanism of **ACCUTRON** seen through transparent dial of "Spaceview" model. 14-KT gold case. $200*

ACCUTRON

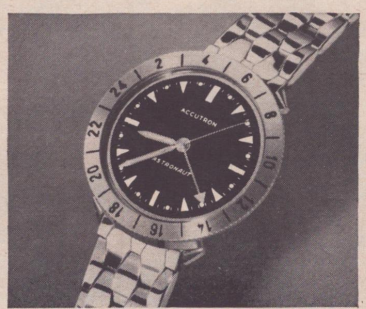
BY BULOVA

WORLD'S ONLY ELECTRONIC WRIST TIMEPIECE

Available in many distinguished styles, each created by world-famous Bulova designers.



ACCUTRON "214" Brilliant stainless steel case, raised dial markers. $125*



ACCUTRON "Astronaut" tells time in any two time zones. Stainless steel case and link band. $175*

Symbol of accuracy through electronics

©1963 Bulova Watch Company, Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan.

ACCUTRON®
instead of a watch

ACCUTRON® is the only timepiece guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist. It makes the finest watches - even electric watches - obsolete.

TAKE a closer look at the **Accutron** "Spaceview" model at left.

To the right of the 3 o'clock dot you'll see a white transistor. It's part of a unique power system that provides electronically-controlled energy.

Now look behind the 12 o'clock symbol. You'll see the top of a uniquely shaped tuning fork. As the tuning fork vibrates, it supplies such steady, unvarying power to the hands, that **Accutron** is the only timepiece in the world guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist. (And it doesn't tick, it hums.)

When you wear **Accutron**, you're wearing the same timing device used in space satellites...the same timepiece approved for use by all major railroads and worn by world-famous leaders in science, industry and government.

Discover the confidence of having the right time every hour, every minute, every second of every day.

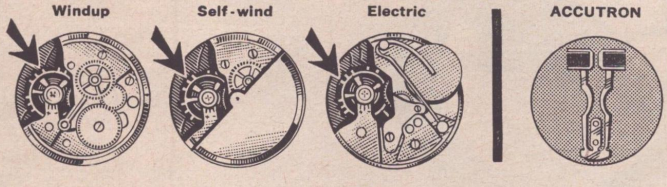
See **Accutron** – the most distinctive timepiece you can own or give. Your choice of many distinguished waterproof* and shock-protected styles, from $125 to $2500.*

For the name of your nearest **Accutron** dealer and a free booklet, write Bulova Watch Co., Inc., Dept. L, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

Read this amazing guarantee of accuracy.

Accutron is guaranteed by Bulova not to gain or lose more than one minute a month in actual daily use on your wrist. For one full year from date of purchase, the authorized jeweler from whom you purchased your **Accutron** timepiece will adjust it to this tolerance, if necessary, without charge.

Why ACCUTRON makes all types of watches obsolete



All three types of watches measure time by the same 300-year-old principle—the mechanical hairspring and balance wheel. This old-fashioned mechanism is made up of moving parts, so it's affected by friction...can lose accuracy and wear out. That's why all watches, even electric watches, run fast or slow...and often need costly service and repair.

The Accutron timepiece measures time by a revolutionary new principle—an electronically powered tuning fork that vibrates precisely 360 times a second. It has no moving parts, so it's not affected by friction...can't lose accuracy or wear out. That's why **Accutron** is 99.9977% accurate...and lets you forget about usual watch service and repair.

ACCUTRON "558" Hand-lapped 14-KT gold case, hand-applied, raised markers. $250*

How to be sure you're buying ACCUTRON instead of a watch

1 **Listen.** It doesn't tick—it hums!

2 **Look.** The second hand doesn't skip-and-jump – it moves with the smooth, continuous motion of a satellite in orbit.

3 **Remember.** Accutron is guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist.

*All prices plus tax waterproof when case, crystal and crown are intact.

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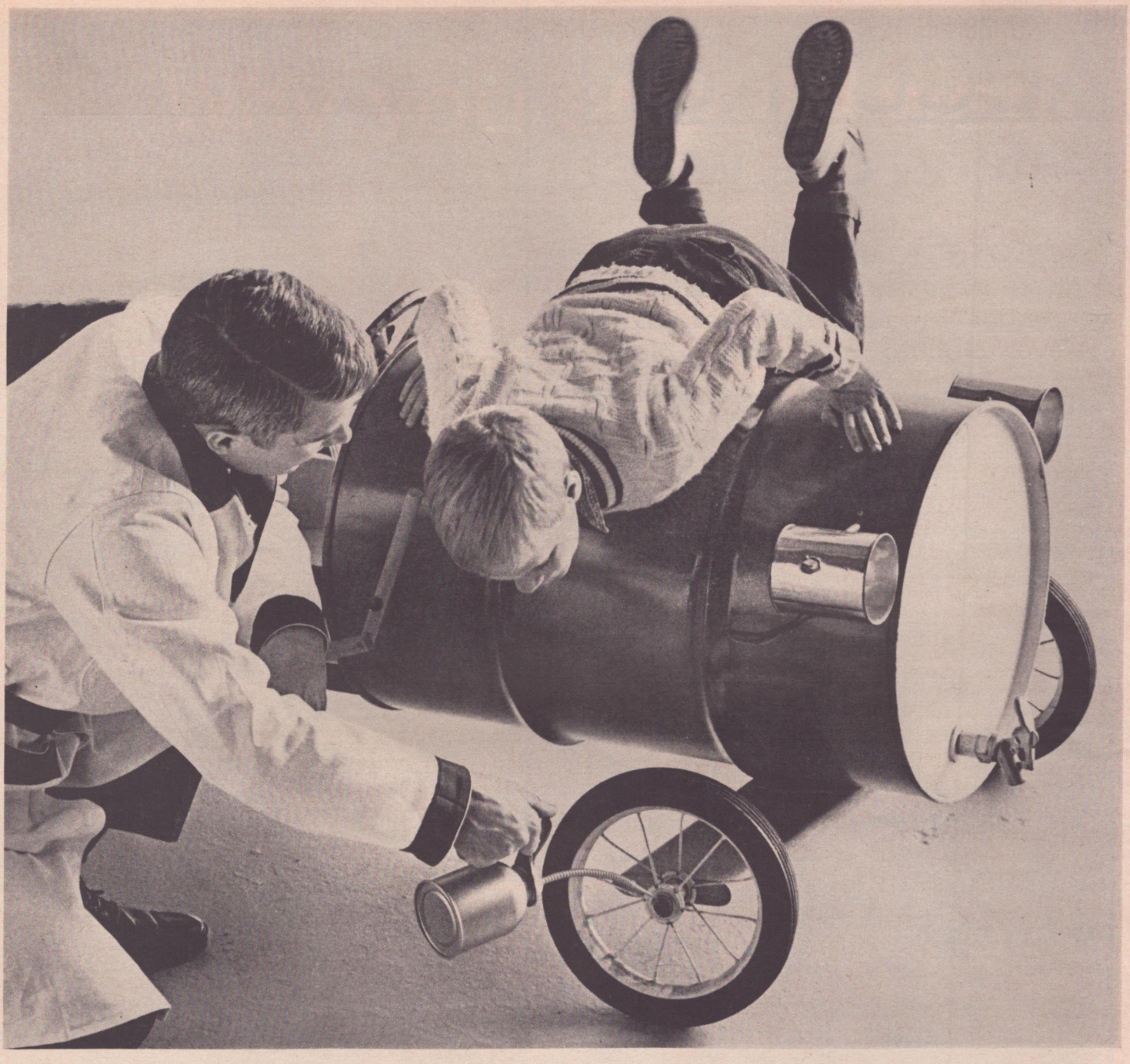

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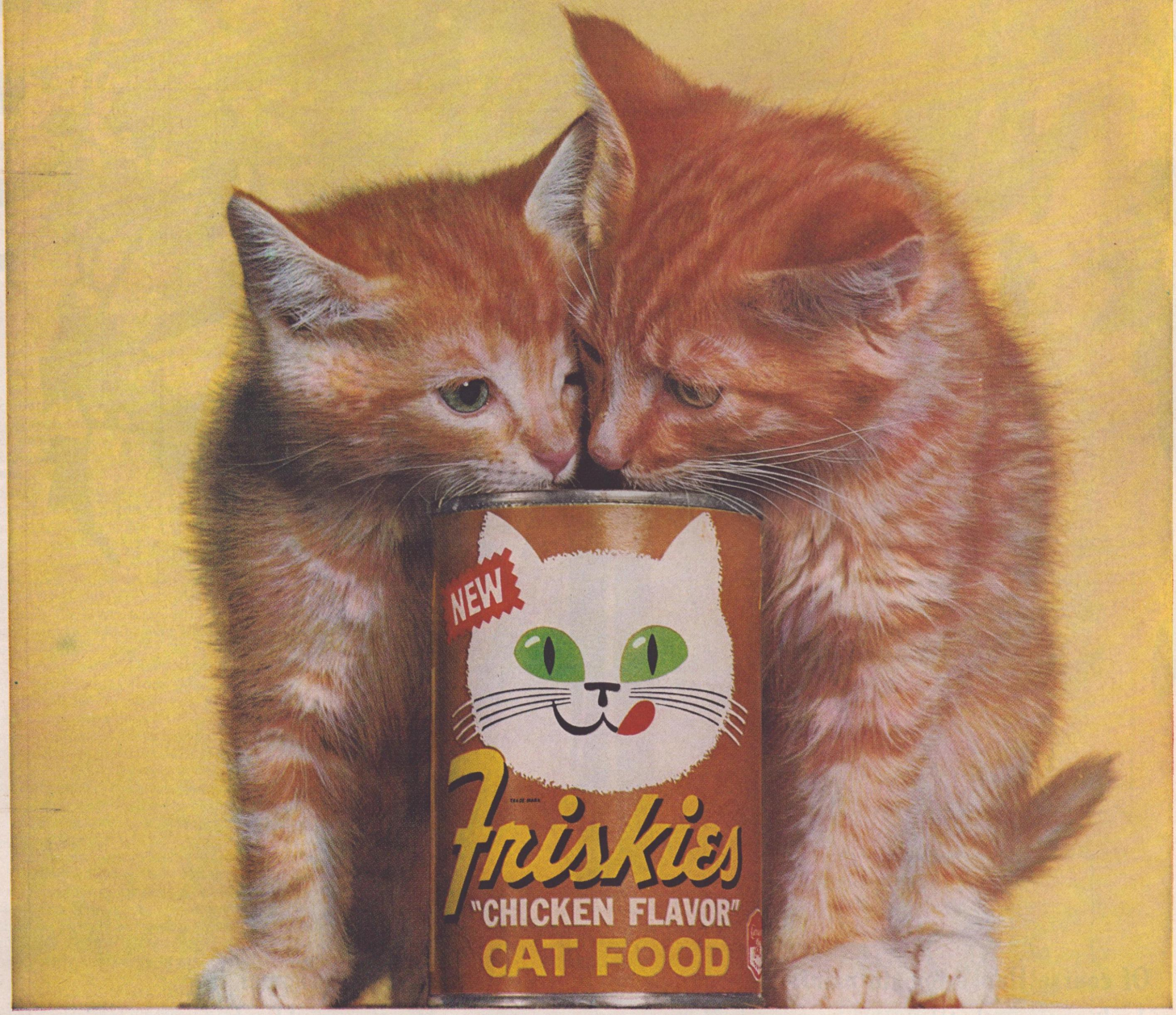

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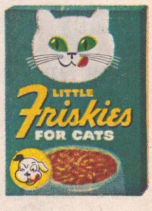

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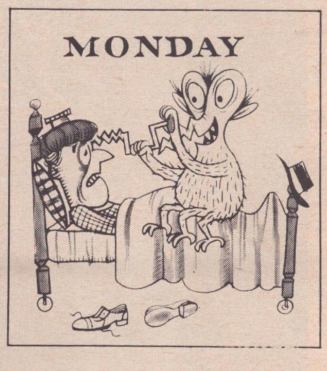
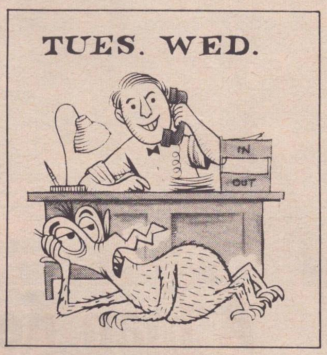
R2

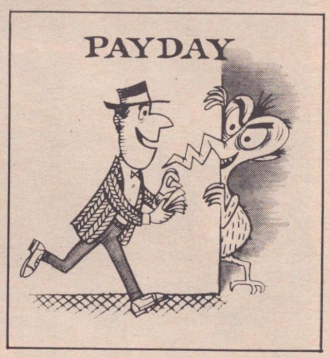
Psychologist develops theory about microbes

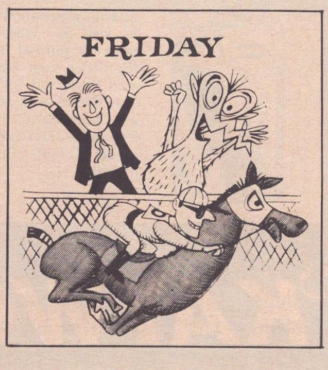
The Busy Social Life of Germs

SPECIAL REPORT









by THOMAS J. FLEMING

Actually I look forward to this time of year and the blustery weather," Dr. Gaudet said, as we sat over our drink at lunch. "It's the active season for the flu bugs and their friends, and I can get back to work on my new theory of the social relations between germs and people. You know, what my theory does is explain for the first time the social and motivational behavior of germs."

This puzzled me, coming from so distinguished and solid a scholar. Dr. Frederick J. Gaudet is director of the Laboratory of Psychological Studies at Stevens Institute of Technology. He is a frequent consultant to major American and Canadian corporations and author of authoritative books on business, such as *Labor Turnover: Calculation and Cost;* and an analyst of corporate folkways. Nowhere in my friend's ordinary line of duties could I see him dealing with microbes, let alone theorizing about their social behavior. "I thought you were finishing up your book on absenteeism for the American Management Association," I said.

"I am," he said. "That's where the germ theory comes from. You see, our knowledge of germs has, to a great extent, been limited to medical aspects. We name them and record little oddities of their chemical behavior—that is, how they react to this or that compound or medicine. Our narrow medical view of germs has led us to neglect investigating how germs really feel and act."

"Germs can feel and act?" I asked.

"Certainly. Studies show that they can tell one day of the week from another, that they are aware of such things as payroll accounting procedures, that they can tell whether a person is happy in his work or not. And so on."

"I suppose you'll prove all that later on," I said. "But I still don't understand how you found out all this from your work on absenteeism."

"Well," said the doctor, "first of all it's very important for us to learn more about what causes absenteeism. The annual national bill for absences is now on the order of seven billion bucks. That's why I was working on the problem. And while I was making the study, I found that I was also learning a lot about germs' behavior. You see, a great deal of information on work absences due to illness is readily available. Some companies have records of the relationships of germs and their employes that go back a quarter of a century or more. And they provide an enormous store of data for us on the social behavior of germs."

"You keep using that term—'social behavior of germs,' " I said. "What does it mean?"

The doctor broke into a pleased smile. "If we break down these voluminous 'germ effect files' into days of the week, we run into an amazing fact," he said. "Human beings work a five- or six-day week and then rest on weekends. Germs have a diametrically opposite routine. Not only are they listless during most human workdays, but they become more listless as the week draws to a close. With an exception that I will note later, Thursdays and Fridays are, statistically speaking, almost germ-free days. But when the weekend comes, the germs go wild in their social activity. As a result of this, the number of employe absences on Mondays because of illness is astronomical compared to Thursday or Friday.

"But for some strange reason," Dr. Gaudet went on, "there seems to be a substantial variation from company to company as to which of the two days is the more germ-free. In certain companies very few employes are sick on Thursday but many employes are sick on Friday. This happens in companies that pay their employes on Thursday. But germs are not paid by the company, however hard they work. Why do you suppose the germs are listless on Thursday and active on Friday?"

"I could guess," I said.

"Wait," said Dr. Gaudet. "You haven't heard all that we have learned. We have discovered, for instance, that germs have a very high set of humane values."

"How do you figure that?" I asked.

"I went into the matter pretty thoroughly in my book, *Solving the Problem of Employee Absence*. A certain large corporation has 17 paper mills doing the same type of work. Some of these mills have 'liberal' payment policies for absences due to illness, the others have 'restricted' policies. The number of days lost through illness was approximately 50% higher in the liberal mills than it was in the restricted mills. Isn't it obvious that germs only afflict those who will get paid for their time off, and ignore those on whom a few days at home would work financial hardship?"

"Maybe," I said.

"Of course it is. Another interesting personality characteristic of germs is their innate shyness. This is particularly true of those germs which bring about very short illnesses. They tend to avoid plants or departments where the boss shows even a slight interest in the germs' effects upon the workers. For instance, let the boss merely start asking employes who are frequently laid low by these one- or two-day illnesses what the nature of the illness was, or whether there is anything the boss can do to prevent their being hit by germs again, and immediately the germs do not visit those plants or departments as much.

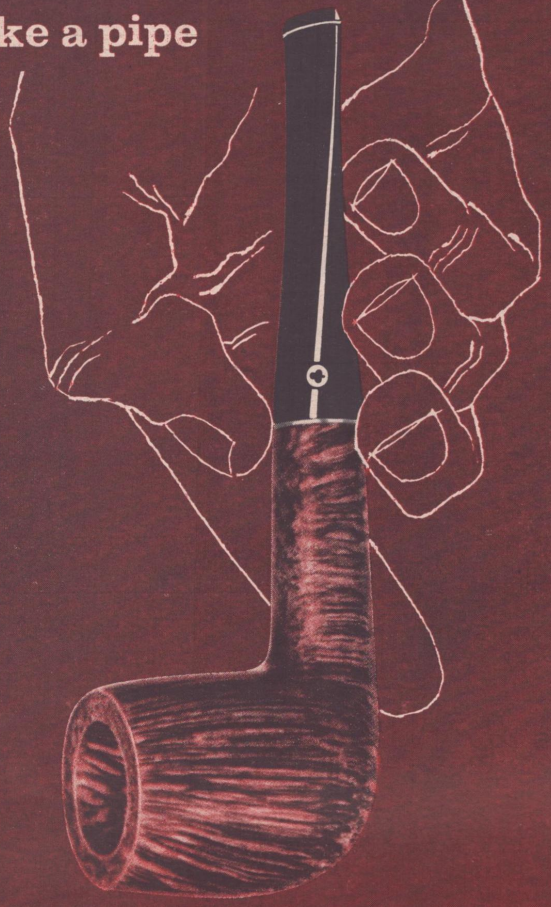
Another evidence of their shyness is the length of time it takes them to get acquainted with strangers. For instance, if we compare the number of short absences among new employes with the frequency of short absences among old employes, we see this shyness most strikingly. In many plants it takes germs six months to a year to associate with the new workers as freely as they do with older workers."

"Extraordinary!" I said.

"Yes. One of our best-known public utility companies compared absence rates for employes during their first six months on the job with the next six months. These strangers—or as the company calls them, probationary employes—averaged two days of absence during their trial period. But in the next six months, with their jobs secure and their psyches well adjusted to the company routine, their illness rates leaped to 4.1 days. Incidentally, this rate is almost identical with the absence rate of the 'oldtimers' in the company.

CONTINUED

There's no smoke like a pipe



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REPORT CONTINUED

"I must confess, however, that I may be misinterpreting the result of this investigation. Instead of being due to the shyness of germs vis-à-vis strangers, it may really be due to their humaneness—about which we were talking a few moments ago. Probationary employes in the company under discussion are *not* paid for their illness absences."

"You know, I'm starting to like these germs of yours," I said.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," Dr. Gaudet said, "because one of my most intriguing discoveries is that germs like to be around certain kinds of people. However, their likings are diametrically opposed to human likes and dislikes. There are mountains of records which indicate that germs are passionately attracted to premises where nasty bosses are in charge. You know the type—constantly breathing down the necks of employes to increase production, but completely uninterested in them as human beings. If you study sickness absences in two departments—one under a pleasant boss, the other under a nasty one—you will find that the amount of illness in the 'nasty' department may be triple and even quadruple the amount in the 'pleasant' department. General Electric made such a study in one of its plants and was astonished to discover that absences varied from 2% to 17% among various departments, depending on the type of boss. Other statisticians have made similar studies—completely scientific—by selecting employes in the two departments of the same age, sex and state of health, and the results are pretty nearly identical. There is no doubt that the nasty boss is a veritable Typhoid Mary when it comes to exciting or communicating or otherwise stimulating germs in his employes."

What about the people who get hit hardest by these bugs? Anything interesting there?"

"Plenty," said Dr. Gaudet. "There would seem to be a type of personality which definitely encourages germ activity. The Lockheed Aircraft Corporation studied 100 nonsupervisory employes who had had no absences in six months and 100 other employes on the same level who had had 15 or more days of absence in the same six months. They found the absentees with the remarkably higher level of colds, grippe and flu were generally people who were defensive, suspicious and somewhat hostile. They were usually not well liked by their supervisors, and they reciprocated this dislike. They did not make friends easily, and were regarded as loners. This same type of person appears in study after study. It's amazing how often they get sick.

"On the other hand, the 100 good attenders without any absences were found to be the sort who made friends readily, were outward-going and capable of numerous emotional attachments. This type apparently has almost no attraction for germs even on weekends. You can usually depend on these people to show up at work on Monday morning."

"Are germs' social activities influenced by the season of the year?" I asked.

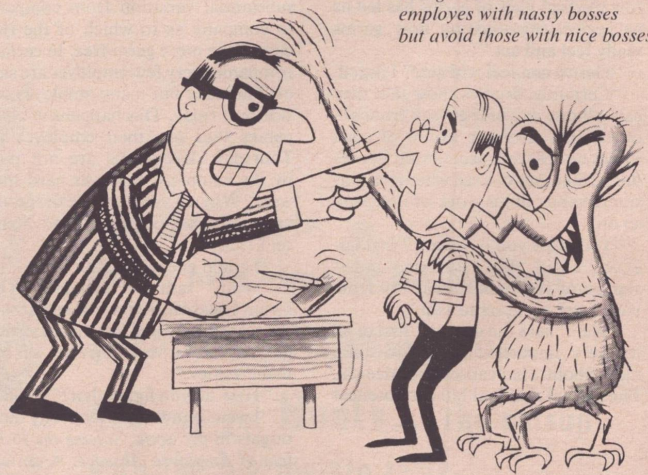
"There is no doubt that the social life of germs is stimulated by the seasonal interests of their hosts. For instance, events which excite their hosts —national elections, or World Series —are likely to excite germs into a state of hyperactivity. Some companies are almost deserted the day after election, especially if people had to stay up until dawn to get the California results.

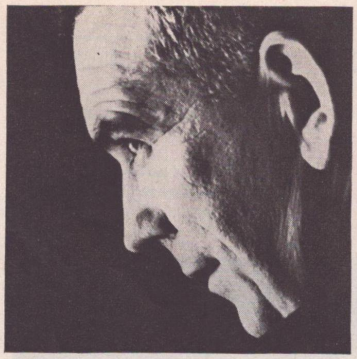
"For the sake of national health, I personally would recommend having All-Star Games, Christmas, New Year's, the World Series and elections on weekends. We know germs are active on weekends anyway—so we really have nothing to lose. I suspect it might increase our Gross National Product two or three percent."

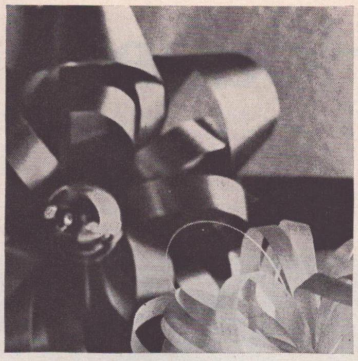
"Very interesting," I said to Dr. Gaudet as we shook hands. "You know you really ought to tell somebody in Washington about your theory."

"Oh, I fully intend to," said the doctor. "But at the moment I feel a cold coming on. Caught it cashing my paycheck yesterday. You don't suppose now that I've caught on to those germs that they've caught on to *me*?"

Researchers have found that germs like to attack employes with nasty bosses but avoid those with nice bosses.







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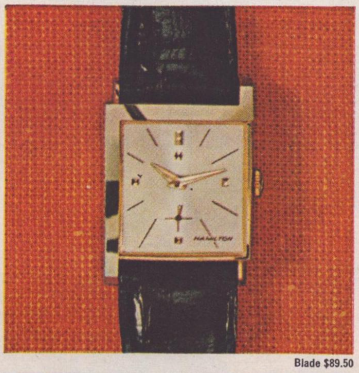

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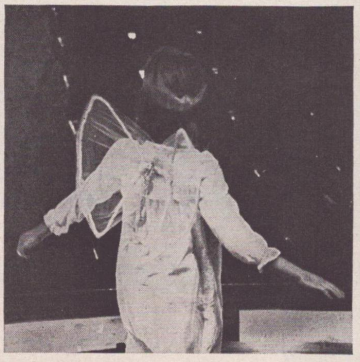

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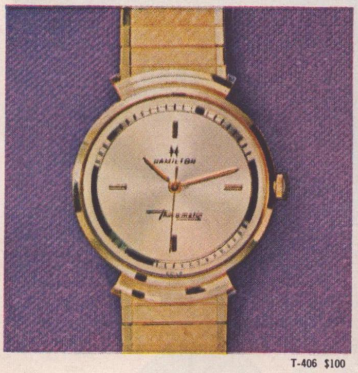

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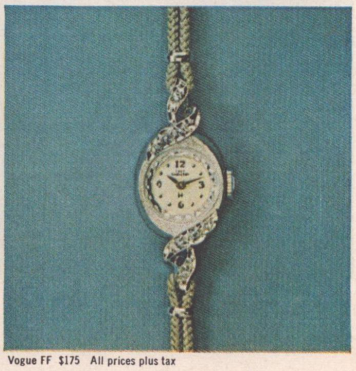

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

J.F.K.'S ASSASSINATION

Sirs:

The LIFE issue on Kennedy (Nov. 29) is an extraordinarily outstanding issue. The article by Theodore White is the most moving tribute I have seen for President Kennedy. Despite my deep shock and bereavement over this terrible event, I wish to congratulate you.

ALDON M. HOFFMAN
Colonel, GS
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Your issue symbolized and portrayed the feelings of the entire world. From the mourning-banded cover through the final, and most human, pictures of the President, a reader experienced a series of emotional changes—from shock, anger and sadness to national pride. You have placed the man and the symbol in proper respect.

We who are training for Peace Corps duty deeply felt the loss of our founder. We sincerely pray that his death will spur all of us to greater fulfillment of his goals.

CHARLES PETRONE
Peace Corps Trainee
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

I received the LIFE issue of Nov. 29 and will keep it for myself and my children as a memento to our late President whom we loved and admired so very much.

PAUL JOKELSON
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

What an amazing job you have done in the current issue, covering so thoroughly a story which did not break until noon of the Friday preceding publication.

Congratulations, and appreciation of what it took to do the job.

NEVILLE B. HART
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your magazine depicted the innate beauty and love of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, and it rose above the agony of what you had to report in your latest issue.

Now we must stand taller in the shadow of his greatness, and as individuals go about his unfinished business.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD KROLL
Park Forest, Ill.

Sirs:

A reader of LIFE for 26 years and even longer, *i.e.*, before I immigrated to this country, I find your edition of Nov. 29 is not only the most interesting issue you ever published, it is far more than this—an unforgettable document of our time, worthy of being preserved for our children and grandchildren. Every word in the Editors' Note and the Editorial is important and meaningful.

Another document is the story on the problems of the American Negro. Every American should read and study thoroughly these pages. Rarely has so much been told with so few words.

HANS J. SACHS
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The act of assassination is certainly appalling but the printing of photographs of that act is almost ghoulish.

RALPH J. BISHOP III
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

The staff of LIFE magazine is to be commended for their coverage of the assassination of President Kennedy. This was a tragic and very sad event to report, but LIFE has brought it to the eyes of the people all over the world.

The picture of President Kennedy on the cover is exceptionally good, and I would like to ask if it is possible for me to obtain a copy of this picture.

MARIE CLARKE
Sunnyside, N.Y.

Sirs:

Won't you please rerun this week's edition of LIFE, which was sold out before anyone could get to it? You surely did a great job.

REV. & MRS. L. FAIRBROTHER
Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

In the tragic and horrible events of the past week we have been witnessing the making of history. In such a case, as people have come to expect, LIFE provided full coverage.

It does not seem unreasonable to expect that additional copies will be made available. I assure you, you would be doing a great many people a big favor.

DORIS JESSINGHOUSE
Weston, Ont., Canada

▶ A reprint is being made. See Editors' Note on page 3.—ED.

Sirs:

From the so-called neutral Sweden I want to express deep sorrow about President John F. Kennedy's death. He was certainly a great leader. It can only be hoped that he didn't die in vain, and that his wisdom and global realistic approach, and his efforts in reshaping America into a truly democratic nation will be carried on.

BENGT KRISTENSSON
Stockholm, Sweden

Sirs:

Perhaps there is an element of consolation for the American people in the fact that the death of President Kennedy brought spontaneous tears into the eyes of so many men outside the United States, as witnessed during the long hours our Swiss Radio reported comments from all over the world.

JOHN F. ELSAESSER
Kirchberg, Bern

Sirs:

The tremendous loss of President Kennedy has been felt very deeply by my family and myself as being a personal one.

President Kennedy will remain in our mind and in our heart as a courageous, sincere, realistic and good friend of humanity.

M. ALEVY
Caracas, Venezuela

Sirs:

We are an ordinary British family not easily given to displaying our emotions but tonight in the tears of my wife I realized how close we, the ordinary man in the street, had become to this good and likeable man.

In the few hours since the news first reached us I have talked with many people of this small Scottish town and, without exception, all have been filled with a deep personal sense of loss and a disbelief. There will be many praises, justly so, to Mr. Kennedy's leadership, but to our family and to many, many, ordinary families like ourselves he will always be that good and Christian man who championed the cause of human rights and dignity.

ANDREW ORR
Lenarkshire, Scotland

Sirs:

While words are completely useless at such a time I feel I must write to tell you of my genuine, sincere and deep horror and grief at the tragic death of your great President John Kennedy. He carried all our hopes on his still young shoulders and a part of all of us has been killed with him.

TOMMY PEAK
Hayes, Middlesex, England

Sirs:

According to radio and television, LIFE magazine has or is contemplating the purchase of the life story of Lee Oswald. Any magazine that would pay money for a biography of a murderer of our beloved President Kennedy is not having me as a reader from this day.

HELENE W. PETROVIC
Sunderland, Mass.

▶ The rumor was incorrect, totally unfounded in fact. Though LIFE interviewed members of Oswald's family, it made no payment to them of any kind.—ED.

Sirs:

I was ashamed to learn of your payment to Abraham Zapruder for the exclusive rights of the films of the assassination. Then I heard of his charitable actions—and he merits my applause.

A. J. SAN FILLIPPO
Rochester, N.Y.

▶ Mr. Zapruder, who took the films, gave $25,000 of his payment to the family of J. D. Tippitt, the policeman Oswald killed.—ED.

Sirs:

I would like to thank you very much for your "Warm Memories of J.F.K." It reminds all of us to remember President Kennedy as the great man he was, rather than the way in which he left us. Thank you again.

HELENA KLODER
Spring Valley, N.Y.

Sirs:

"The President's Empty Chair" (Nov. 29) by Mr. Hunt, the managing editor, is to my mind one of the finest tributes paid the late President that I have heard or read. It covers much in its simplicity.

WILLIAM F. TRASK
West Boylston, Mass.

RACIAL COLLISION

Sirs:

Your "Racial Collision in the Big Cities" (Nov. 22) is magnificent and ought to wake up a lot of us living up North. You are rendering a great service to the cause of civil justice.

R. R. STEWART
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I am an American Negro born in a small town in Louisiana and I want to congratulate you on a job well done in the Theodore White article. It is good to know that in these troubled times when men are at conflict with themselves, whether on an issue of government or the brotherhood of man, LIFE seems to probe deep into the problem and give us a better understanding.

ALFRED BROOKS
Thibodaux, La.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIFE

SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE
WITH 57 PAGES IN COLOR

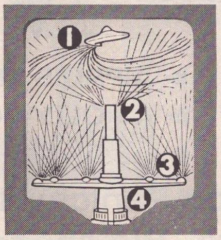
The Movies

▶ THE WHOLE WORLD GOES TO THE MOVIES
▶ THE BOOMING, EXOTIC ASIAN FILM INDUSTRY
▶ TOP STARS IN TOPSY-TURVY ROLES
▶ A PRO'S PRO—LOVELY NATALIE WOOD
▶ A HOLLYWOOD HISTORY OF THE WORLD
▶ . . . AND THOSE BEGUILING EUROPEANS

Articles by BUDD SCHULBERG—on Panicsville, then and now—
and ROBERT COUGHLAN on directors—Big change behind the screens

Give her more time with you and the family...let her

Mobile Maid does the whole job . . . no scraping, no pre-rinsing! Only General Electric offers Four-level Action (shown in diagram). Power Shower (1) washes down. Power Tower (2) washes up. Power Arm (3) washes all around. And (4) Flushaway Drain liquefies scraps and carries them away down the drain. Once you tilt off large scraps, your dishes can go in as they come off the table—without hand-scraping, without pre-rinsing. Yet they come out sparkling, squeaky-clean—cleaner than you could get them by hand. And they're *dry* . . . ready to put away. The whole job is *done!* Model SM500 illustrated.



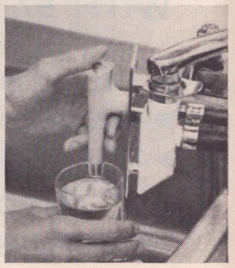
FOUR-LEVEL ACTION

New Faucet-Flo connector lets you use the hot and cold taps while your Mobile Maid Dishwasher is in action.

New Lift-Top rack lets you load at convenient waist level. No more bending and stooping.

Both portable and built-in models available. Visit your General Electric dealer. He has dishwashers for every kitchen, every budget. Ask a participating dealer about his Holiday Trial Offer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



try out the new General Electric Mobile Maid® Dishwasher

HOLIDAY TRIAL OFFER

(You can't lose by playing hero to your heroine. Just buy and try.)

Now, for a limited time, participating General Electric dealers are offering Satisfaction Guaranteed—or your money back. Here's all you do to get in on it:

- Go to your G-E dealer and ask about a trial purchase of the Mobile Maid Dishwasher that's exactly right for your kitchen.
- Let your wife use it right through her holiday rush.
- If she isn't completely satisfied with the Mobile Maid Dishwasher's performance, just contact, within 45 days of the purchase date, the participating dealer from whom you purchased your Mobile Maid. He'll take it back without question, without a single moan or groan.
- If she's as ecstatic about her new timesaver as we think she'll be, just kiss her and say "It's yours for Christmas and to keep." Offer expires December 31, 1963.

THE JOHNSON MANNER. Seated in his own rocker with a dietetic orange drink before him, the President has an easygoing talk with Defense Secretary McNamara on the defense budget.

Lyndon Johnson: Man, Roots, Family, Thrust

THE TEXAN

The nation last week watched with fascination as Lyndon Johnson, whom it had never really known well, imposed his own personal style on the U.S. government. The new President—as his childhood snapshots (*right*) show—has his deepest roots in that kind of rural America where folks are frugal, work hard and transact business on a basis of man to man.

This background was reflected in Johnson's every act. In informal huddles at the White House like the one above, he talked from early morning until late at night with Administration and congressional leaders—getting advice on every topic from civil rights to taxes, and shoring up an expert team to help him continue the Kennedy program. And while

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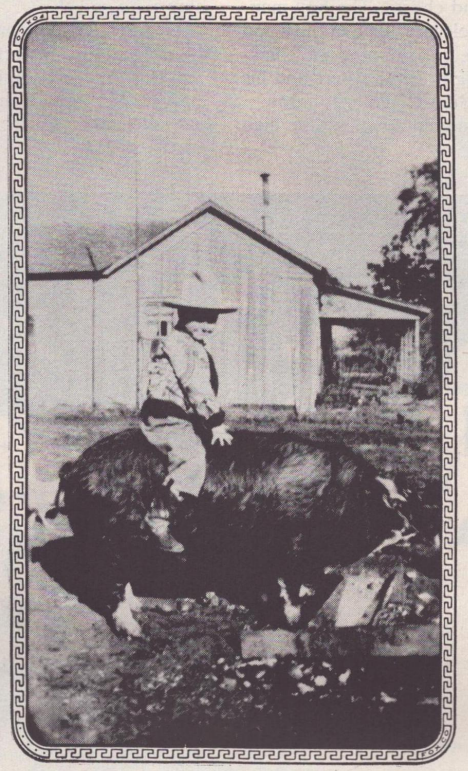
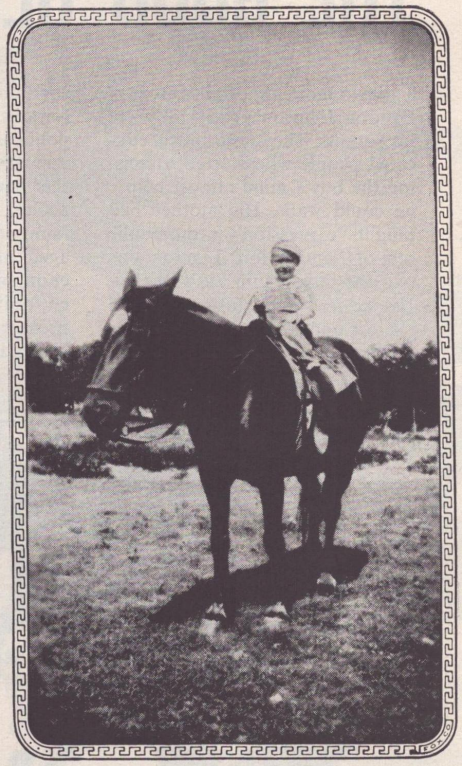




THE JOHNSON BOYHOOD. These snapshots, borrowed from albums of family and friends, show young Lyndon growing up on the Texas ranch. At 3 (*left*), he rode piggyback on a hog and later felt brave enough to try a horse (*above*). He also rode a steer to a corn mill five miles from home.

SITS TALL IN A NEW SADDLE

he was emphasizing continuity, the President added an emphasis of his own: his determination, as he had pledged to the joint session of Congress, to get a dollar's value for every dollar spent. He told his Cabinet officers to go back and try to cut their budgets once more. He sent personal letters to 7,500 defense contractors, asking their help in keeping costs down. Through it all he displayed the same folksiness, persuasiveness, stubborn determination and, when necessary, toughness that he had acquired as a boy on a ranch near Johnson City, Texas and had applied through 32 years of behind-the-scenes maneuverings in Congress to become one of the most effective legislative leaders in American history.

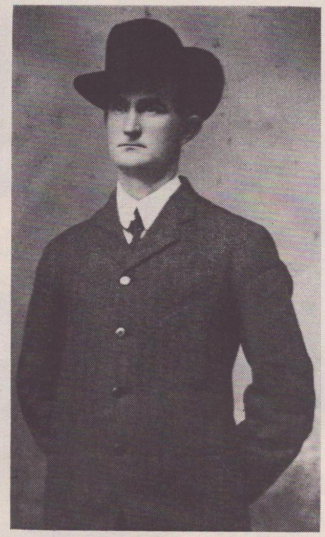
THE GOOD OLD DAYS FED THE LONG ROOTS

The two most important forces in Lyndon Johnson's early life were his parents. They were active, educated people who started exercising the boy's mind almost before he could walk. His mother had taught "expression" in the public schools, and before Lyndon was two she taught him the alphabet. His father was a farmer, school teacher and member of the Texas legislature. Mealtime in the Johnson home was always a lively time for talk about history, civics—and politics. Even as a schoolboy Lyndon was a leader; whenever his father had to attend the legislature, he left Lyndon in charge of the family and chores. The boy managed to delegate much of the wood chopping, hog slopping and chicken feeding to three sisters and his brother, Sam Houston Johnson.

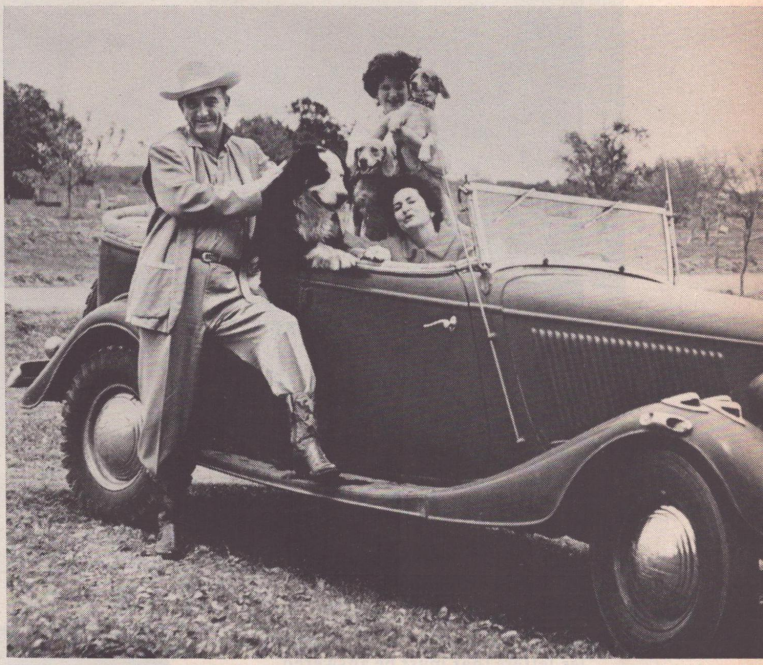
Lyndon grew restless. After high school, his parents tried to talk him into college, but he was having none of it. He went to California looking for work, and not finding it, hitch-hiked back to Texas, broke. He got a job on a road gang shoveling gravel.

In due course his parents again brought up the subject of college, and this time Lyndon listened. He borrowed $75 and enrolled at a state teachers college. There he soaked up knowledge furiously and became the star debater. To help meet expenses he worked as a janitor at the college—practicing oratory as he swept the halls.

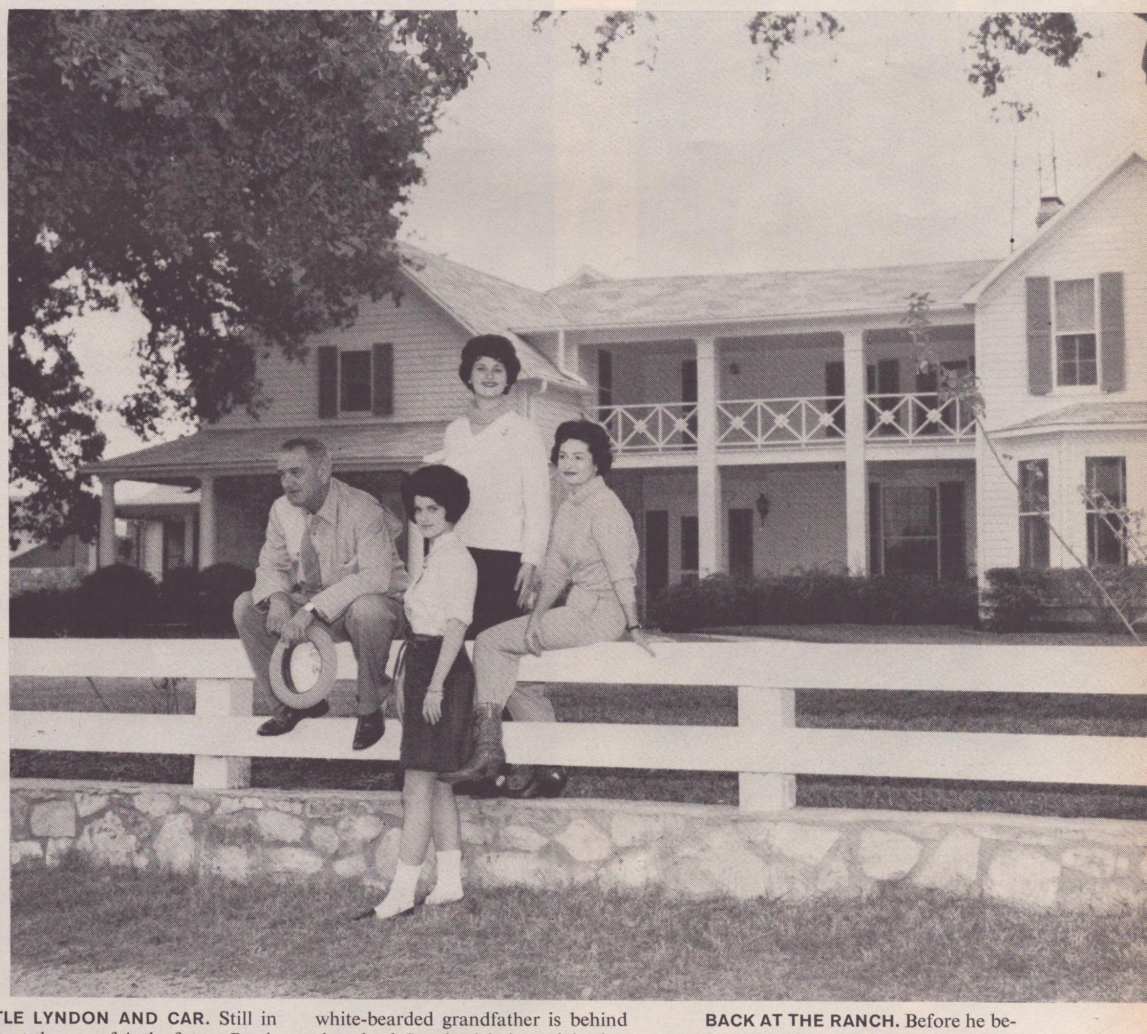
Then, in 1931, Johnson started taking a more active interest in politics. He helped Richard Kleberg, one of the owners of the huge King Ranch, get elected to Congress and went to Washington as Kleberg's secretary. Lyndon was on his way.



PRESIDENT'S PARENTS. His mother, Rebekah Baines, was the daughter of a Texas secretary of state. His father, Sam Ealy Johnson Jr., sponsored a bill in Texas legislature to purchase the Alamo as state shrine.



BIG LYNDON AND CAR. With Lady Bird up front and daughter Lucy with a seat full of dogs, western-booted Senator Johnson rested up for the 1960 Democratic convention by touring his ranch in a Ford convertible.



LITTLE LYNDON AND CAR. Still in curls at the age of 4, the future President leaned against the radiator of the family's automobile during a Sunday picnic at the Johnson ranch. His white-bearded grandfather is behind the wheel. In wheelchair at right, her head shaded by a relative's boater, is Lyndon's grandmother. His sister Rebekah sits on the fender at left.

BACK AT THE RANCH. Before he became President, Johnson lounged with Lady Bird and daughters Lucy Baines and Lynda Bird (*at rear*), in front of their rambling ranch house in Texas.

CONTINUED

FIRST LADY AT WORK. In her bedroom at The Elms, the family's home in Washington, D.C., Lady Bird tackles letters that must be answered.

FAMILY AT CHURCH. The President and daughter Lynda emerge from St. Mark's Church in Washington while Lady Bird pauses to chat with the rector. The First Lady and her daughters are Episcopalians. The President is a member of the Christian Church.

DAUGHTERS AT HOME. In her bedroom at The Elms, Lucy Baines talks on the telephone as her older sister, Lynda Bird, reads the family's mail.

ALL EYES ARE ON LYNDON'S LADIES

As Americans got better acquainted with their President, the President's family were having to get used to a new role. The Johnsons' two daughters—Lynda Bird, 19, and Lucy Baines, 16—returned to school, now escorted by Secret Service men wherever they went, even on dates. Mrs. Johnson put all her financial holdings into a trust, as did her husband. Then she worked at answering mail and preparing to move her family and belongings into the White House.

Johnson first met his future First Lady and indefatigable helpmate in 1934 when he returned briefly to Texas from Washington. She was Claudia Taylor then, the daughter of a wealthy rancher and businessman. But a nurse had nicknamed her Lady Bird and the name stuck. Johnson tried to date her immediately, but she turned him down. Lyndon persisted—besieging her by telephone when he got back to Washington—and they were married two months later. "Sometimes," says Lady Bird, "Lyndon simply takes your breath away."

DAUGHTERS AT SCHOOL. Back to their normal routine, Lynda Bird (*left, above*) goes to classes at the University of Texas in Austin with sorority sister Theo Wilks. Her sister Lucy (*left, below*) leaves the private school she attends in Washington, D.C. with classmate Helene Lindow.

CONTINUED

THE POLITICAL VIRTUOSO GATHERS THE

By JOHN L. STEELE

President Lyndon Baines Johnson sat at his old Senate desk now placed in the chalk-white, oval White House office. The fitful sun of a cold December afternoon filtered through the gauzy curtains and fell on its leather-inlaid top. Almost lovingly, he thumbed slowly through the jammed contents of his "in" box, as though measuring the scope of the presidency he had just assumed. In a half whisper he mused over the contents of his papers:

The draft of a statement to be issued on the inauguration of South Korea's president, General Chung Hee Park; a report on staff responsibilities at the White House; a memorandum from Walter Heller on the balance-of-payments problem; data from Adlai Stevenson on matters pending before the General Assembly of the U.N.; a report on the status of legislation before the Congress; one from Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz on the railroad labor dispute; a memorandum on the Tennessee Waterway project and another on the relationship of government expenditures to the Gross National Product; a compendium of weekly reports from all government departments and agencies; a memo from Robert Kennedy on civil rights; items requiring presidential authority from the Commission on Civil Rights; and a paper suggesting a balanced view on industrial automation.

"No, I'll not do much traveling for a while," he told me. "I'm going to be here doing my job. It will take all the time at my disposal if I do it like I want. I'm always an hour late, a dollar short, and behind schedule."

The White House, it is said, has a stretching, a strengthening effect on its occupant and already its mark is upon the new President. There is in Lyndon Johnson an inner calm, a certainty of purpose which only great power bestows on those capable of receiving it. The small vanities, the occasional petulance, the inordinate preoccupation with what men say or write about him are gone, at least for the present. There is about him now an aura of fulfillment which in all his prior years of public office never marked the man.

"Under our system of government," Johnson reflected, "the really important things must be resolved by the President, but he must remember that his judgment is no better than his information. I'm going to give this job all I have."

Already some bench marks for measuring Lyndon Johnson's approach to the presidency have become apparent. At least in this initial phase of his presidency, Johnson is seeking to avoid abrupt, disquieting change.

"President Kennedy left a program well outlined in its content; I will carry out all of the late President's commitments," he said. To this end his first thought was to retain—en bloc, if possible—the Kennedy staff. Johnson realized that changes would certainly come with time. But he realized also that initial continuity of personnel would reinforce continuity of policy and program.

The first shock reaction of the White House staff was, in effect: "We came in with Kennedy; we'll go out with him." By personal appeal —an appeal made in terms both of his own needs and, beyond that, of the nation's needs—Johnson has achieved his early goal. Within 24 hours, Ted Sorensen, the late President's private counsel and closest associate, placed on Johnson's desk a list of decisions that would have to be made within a few days. One by one, the members of the Kennedy staff returned to their desks even as they mourned.

Long range, Johnson's intention is "to get my advice from the old men, my action from the young." Into the orbit of Kennedy's youthful "Irish Mafia" and the intellectuals whom the late President brought to Washington, Johnson has introduced his own group of consultants, some of whom are shown in these photographs. A few of these men came first to public service with Johnson in the New Deal days of Franklin Roosevelt. Among the younger group of "action" men are several former members of Johnson's senatorial and vice-presidential staffs.

President Johnson is relying on his Cabinet as an institution to a far greater degree than John Kennedy, who preferred dealing with Cabinet members individually. Johnson has drawn particularly close to two senior Cabinet officers: Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Their new relationship began during his first hours in office. One of the first problems the new President faced was a possibility that the governmental turnover might be quickly exploited by an enemy. He called upon Rusk and McNamara almost immediately for a briefing on possible actions to meet any such contingency and once again was impressed by their performance.

Johnson moved promptly, too, to re-establish a strong role for himself in his relations with the Congress from whence he came. In his message to both houses, while pledging himself to translate Kennedy's ideals and ideas into accomplishment, the new President took pains to spell out in emphatic language his hope for an effective working partnership. Shortly thereafter, he not only met at the White House with the key men of the Congress but instituted a system of daily telephone conferences with the leadership.

Most significantly, Johnson last week embarked on a determined effort to cut government spending, an absolute prerequisite in the minds of many leaders on Capitol Hill of the passage of the Kennedy tax-cutting bill. He ordered his Cabinet officers to review their operations and next year's budget requests: he is trying to hold the total money demands below the $100 billion mark.

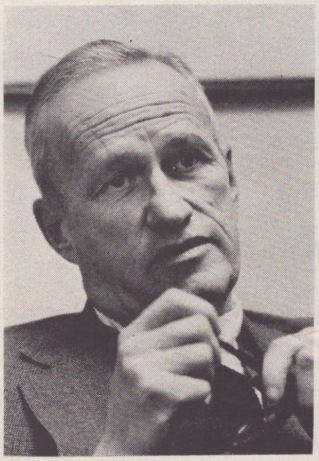
"I want to see us conserve on all unnecessary expenditures so that we can undertake properly the really necessary ones," the President explained. "Our population is growing, our needs are expanding with the demands of the 20th Century. We have to be frugal—frugal as possible—in order to meet our real needs."

After calling upon Congress for passage of a broad civil rights bill, as he had while he was Senate majority leader, first in 1957 and again in1960, the President backed up his demand by private strategy conferences with such Negro leaders as the Rev. Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young. He intends that there will be no room for doubt in the minds of either the Congress or the public about just where he stands in this explosive field.

Unquestionably, President Lyndon Johnson has made a strong and widely admired beginning to his Administration. The fact has not surprised those who have known him as a powerful and exceptionally skilled legislative leader. It would not have surprised his predecessor.

At the 1960 convention in Los Angeles, nominee John F. Kennedy persuaded Lyndon Johnson to be his running mate with a single argument: "What if something happens to me? I'd want you to be President."

In the years the two men served



JAMES ROWE

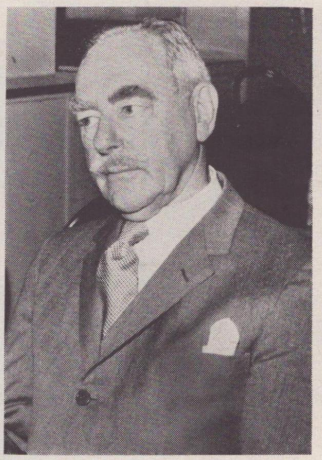
A Harvard man, law clerk to Oliver Wendell Holmes, he is an adviser and close personal friend of the President.

WALTER JENKINS

This key aid was administrative assistant to Johnson during his years as congressman, senator and Vice President.

CLARK CLIFFORD

Prominent Washington attorney and former special adviser to Truman and Kennedy, he is an old friend of L.B.J.



DEAN ACHESON

Truman's Secretary of State, now 70 and retired from law practice, is regarded as top expert on NATO affairs.

FORCES TO TAKE ON THE JOB

together on the New Frontier, there grew mutual respect, rapport and loyalty. Johnson often brooded over the harsh criticism which fell upon the younger man's shoulders. "I don't know why people do that to him, why they treat that fine boy that way," he would fret. Kennedy, for his part, more than once remarked: "I don't see how Lyndon stands the vice presidency. There's so little for him to do."

Johnson once gave a verbal whiplashing to a Greek premier who indiscreetly said: "I like the Johnson foreign policy better than I do the Kennedy foreign policy." There was, said Johnson, only one foreign policy and that was the President's.

THOMAS CORCORAN

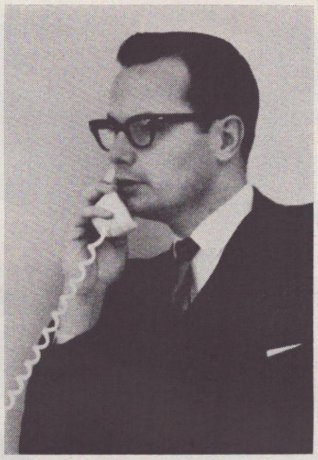
Famed F.D.R. brain truster, "Tommy the Cork" has remained an influential figure in Washington for 30 years.

Kennedy, in turn, sought vigorously to employ Johnson's talents through work commissions at home and missions abroad. And always he took pains to draw his Vice President within his highest councils.

It is true beyond any questioning that a Vice President never has acceded to the U.S. presidency with more background for vital national policies than did Lyndon Johnson. Yet, precisely two weeks before he took the oath of office as President, Lyndon Johnson stretched himself out on a bed in Brussels' Westbury Hotel, wearied by his travels abroad and disenchanted by his loss of prestige with and control over the Congress—particularly the Senate. In the mood of that hour he talked of a day on which he could return to his beloved ranch on the winding Pedernales River in the hill country of central Texas.

In his own right, Johnson brings to the presidency an unusual heritage. He is a strangely unpartisan partisan. Once belabored by some members of his party for failing to oppose more stridently the policies of Republican President Dwight Eisenhower, he said: "It's too late to fight the last election, too early to fight the next one. Besides, until the next election, he is the President of all the people."

As a legislative leader, Johnson was an adroit compromiser in the interest of achieving his basic goals, winnowing down the opposition by giving in on what he regarded as nonessentials in order to save a major enterprise. And he was scrupulous in protecting the interests of his fellow senators. On one occasion he delayed an important vote until Senator Hubert



BILL MOYERS

At 29 he is youngest of the men around Johnson. He is deputy director of the Peace Corps and a Baptist minister.

Humphrey could be landed from a fog-bound plane and rushed by police squad car to the Senate door. Humphrey was an ardent supporter of the bill and his absence at roll call would have been politically embarrassing.

At another time he literally hauled a Republican senator, William Jenner, to the floor to cast a vote on the latter's own amendment, which Johnson himself incidentally opposed.

"I try to treat others the way I'd like to be treated myself," was his explanation for these and similar congressional favors.

Thus he ran the Senate for years, applying himself as few others have. He could say, and did, with no taint of boasting and no pretense at modesty: "A good leader can walk on the floor, sniff the air, and know what's up." No roll call ever took Johnson by surprise. Occasionally, with the élan of a matador turning his back on a bull, he'd display his tally sheets before an important vote, then settle back in his front-row chair to await the precise results he had forecast.

No detail was too small for his attention—senatorial birthdays, the whereabouts of each member, the idiosyncrasies he could play upon to gain support. He genuinely relished the power his skills brought him, but he rarely abused that power.

Never a bookish man, Johnson could nonetheless scan a report and thereafter paraphrase it precisely for as long as the legislation to which it pertained was under consideration.

ABE FORTAS

Brilliant Washington lawyer and former Under Secretary of Interior, he has been L.B.J.'s top civil rights adviser.

Even in his hobbies, his emphasis on excellence shows up—though with accents that stem from his Texas hill-country background. He is one of the best domino players in central Texas; learned canasta but gave it up when he mastered the game. He can ride a skittish horse, rope and brand a calf; and at sundown, even in the rain, he's an expert with a deer rifle.

For all his hard efficiency, Lyndon Johnson is a sentimental man. He comes from a hard-scrabble background. He worked his way through a little teachers college by picking rocks off the campus lawns. His mother, an erudite and beautiful woman who died before her son achieved national office, was profoundly important in his life, taught him herself and finally persuaded him to go on to take a degree.

From his father, who was a frontier Texas legislator, Johnson learned tolerance. He still vividly recalls the day during World War I when his father faced down hostile state colleagues in defense of constituents who were of German extraction and who were subjected to the hatreds engendered by the war.

Lyndon Johnson himself grew up with Mexican boys as his playmates, sometimes brought them home for tutoring sessions with his mother—often dispensed in equal doses with food and a gift of Lyndon's clothing.

His humor is wry. Shortly after his heart attack—a serious one—in 1955 he lost a great deal of weight. He heard his gracious and talented wife, Lady Bird, wonder aloud what to do about two new suits—one brown, the other blue—he had recently ordered from his tailor. "Tell the tailor to forget about the brown suit," Lyndon muttered. "But tell him to go ahead with the blue one. We can use *that* no matter what happens."

And he is not ashamed to weep, as he did when President Eisenhower stopped by personally at the hospital

CYRUS VANCE

Now the Secretary of Army, he served under Johnson as special counsel to the Senate preparedness subcommittee.

just before leaving for a conference abroad, to say, "My heart will be here with you."

On the night Johnson first returned to his home as President, he stepped into his den at the rear of the house and stared for a moment at a photograph of his beloved mentor, Sam Rayburn, late Speaker of the House. Johnson gravely saluted the picture and murmured: "Well, Mr. Speaker, I wish you were here tonight."

Once asked to define his political orientation, Lyndon Johnson told a visitor: "I'm a Democrat. I want to march forward constantly, but I don't want to get both feet off the ground at the same time. . . . I guess you could call me a 'progressive conservative' or a 'conservative progressive.'

"Most of the folks don't put me with either extreme. I supported a great many of the measures enacted during President Roosevelt's administration. I believe in public housing, in public power, in the conservation of our natural resources, and in the great advances we have made in the field of social security. I'm very concerned about a fellow who has no social consciousness. At the same time, I realize that the government can do only so much and we must not be paternalistic to the extent that we try to do everything. Usually I think that I'm on the side of the greatest good for the greatest number."

And finally, the new President, in reply to a question put to him in 1960 during his losing race against John F. Kennedy for the nomination, offered this assessment of the qualifications required in the nation's chief executive:

"I think that the President must be a man who understands men and who represents all the country—a man who can bring the people of the North and the South, the people of the East and the West together, consider all of the problems of this great nation and the world, and deal with them without prejudice to any group or any section." The President has the opportunity to put himself to his own test.

CONTINUED

AT BREAKFAST WITH CONGRESSMEN, IT'S CIVIL RIGHTS

Seated in the Cabinet room at the White House, President Johnson (*in foreground at far right*) assembles his staff and leaders of the House and Senate for a working breakfast. Over scrambled eggs and bacon they discussed passage of the civil rights bill. At far left is Senator Mike Mansfield. Between him and Johnson is Senator Carl Hayden. Across the table, from left, are Johnson Aide Walter Jenkins, Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, Representative Hale Boggs, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Representative Carl Albert and Senator George Smathers. At far end of table are Presidential Aide Ken O'Donnell and House Speaker John McCormack. After breakfast it was disclosed that a special petition would be used to try to blast civil rights bill out of House Rules Committee where it is stymied.

AT LUNCHEON WITH GOVERNORS, IT'S THE BUDGET

Four hours after his breakfast meeting, President Johnson sat at the same table for a more formal luncheon with a group of state governors. He tried to convince them that he means business about cutting down on expenses—including federal projects that the governors may be fond of. In the immediate foreground in this wide-angle photograph, which distorts the room, are New Jersey's Richard Hughes (*left*) and Ohio's James Rhodes. Around the table to left of Hughes are Maine's John Reed, Washington's Albert Rosellini, Presidential Aide Ralph Dungan, Kansas Governor John Anderson, Tennessee's Frank Clement, the President, Indiana's Matthew Welsh and Governor John Love from Colorado.

LIFE on the Newsfronts of the World

Molten rock explodes from the bottom of a northern sea

Volcano Spawns a New Island

Suddenly the ocean came alive, in a spectacle of violence few men had ever seen and lived to tell about. From the 380-foot-deep floor, 20 miles south of Iceland, a volcano unleashed its fires up through the cold waters, hurling a plume of steam four miles high (*left*) and spewing millions of tons of rock and molten lava high above the ocean surface.

Belying its name, Iceland is a fiery place that has been rocked by 12 volcanic eruptions in the last 60 years. This offshore one was first observed by Icelandic fishermen who thought it was a burning ship. As planes brought back the dramatic pictures shown here, the fishermen feared the eruption would drive away the haddock, cod and herring that had spawned here for eons. In only 16 days the volcano built a 1,100-yard-long piece of Icelandic territory that one day might be inhabited by men.

CONTINUED 36A

The Sister sings and strums to fame

A bespectacled Belgian nun singing a song she made up by herself and playing a guitar that isn't even electric. Run this combination up the Tin Pan Alley flagpole and who salutes? Just the whole U.S., that's who. By last week Sister Luc-Gabrielle's hauntingly lovely recording, *Dominique*, had sold 750,000 copies, making it the top tune in the country by a runaway.

That fine old man is Sir Winston–89

In the bow tie and the siren suit he made famous during World War II, Sir Winston Churchill celebrated his 89th birthday by waving to well-wishers from the window of his London home. When President John Kennedy was born, Churchill was a 43-year-old political has-been trying to fight his way back. He did, and became a world hero who saw—and made—more history than most men will ever read.

Princess Margaret meets the red-hot Beatles

Even Princess Margaret was snapping her fingers After the Royal Variety Show performance, she greeted the mop-haired Beatles, whose thunderous rock and roll and irreverent humor has British teen-agers in a frenzy. She was lucky to get to them. Screaming fans caused such a ruckus that police were forced to lock the Beatles in the theater 13 hours—until the crowd finally went home.

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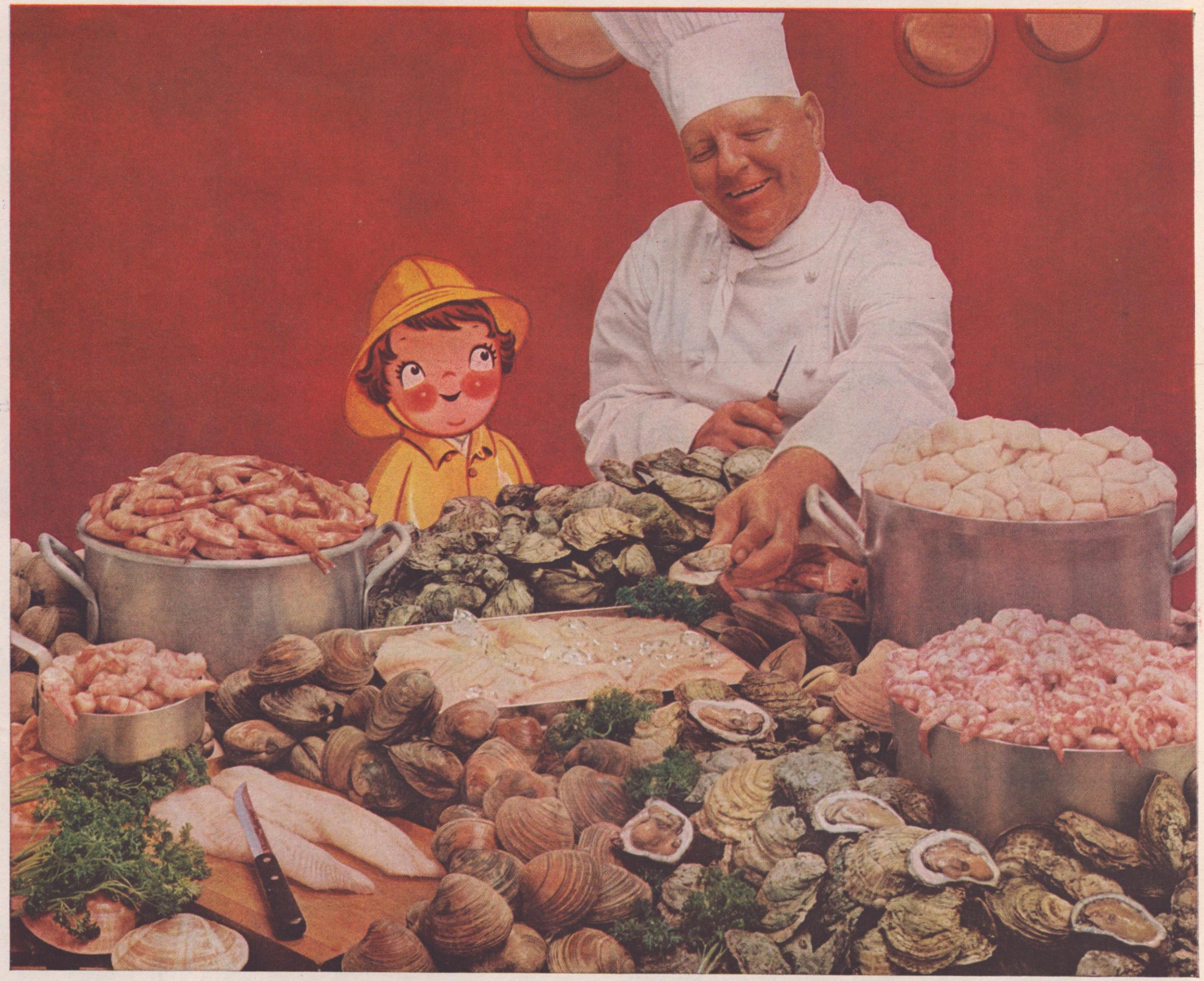
"To make the best, begin with the best – then cook with extra care."



How Campbell gets such good "food from the sea"

Our chefs know just what they want and our buyers settle for nothing less

Maybe you hadn't realized what a nice variety Campbell offers you in the way of seafood: Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew and Cream of Shrimp Soup... Campbell's Clam Chowders... Swanson TV Brand Frozen Dinners—Haddock, Scallop, Shrimp, and Fish 'n' French Fries.

And you might be interested to know of some of the extra careful ways our people have of getting seafood at its special best.

Take haddock, for example. When the boats come in, the Campbell man is right there on the dock to see that we get "top-of-the-hold" haddock, which means they're the last ones caught before the boat heads back to the pier.

Oysters, too, get the special treatment. Only the tender, young ones are used in Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew, and they're shucked while they're "fresh out of bay waters."

When it comes to the shrimp for our Swanson Shrimp Dinner, the Campbell man is right on the spot where the shrimp are prepared and breaded to be sure they have the fresh, natural flavor our chefs insist upon for this delicacy.

As you can see, Campbell takes some pretty special pains to get quality seafood at its freshest best.

And the same applies, of course, to every single ingredient used in Campbell's foods. This is a very important part of the policy Campbell works by: "*To make the best, begin with the best —then cook with extra care.*"

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE
BOUNTY

... all made by Campbell

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

DONO DONAS DONAT DONAMUS DONATIS DONANT

Give Old Grand-Dad, 100 Proof, Bottled in Bond in the brilliant holiday decanter... or in familiar regular bottles of both 100 Proof and lighter Old Grand-Dad 86 Proof. All brightly wrapped for the holidays, ready for giving *at no extra cost.*

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KY. • DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

. . .I give

. . .you give

. . .(s)he gives

. . .we give

. . .you give

. . .they give

Everybody gives

OLD GRAND-DAD

America's most wanted bourbon gift

How 375 Santas solve your gift problem

How? By rounding up the whole S. Claus Clan to illustrate this helpful hint: Bulova makes 375 *different* watch styles. Enough for every Santa here to bring a different glamour gift to every man, woman and teen on your Christmas list. And then some!

Your jeweler will tell you that Bulova makes more kinds of watches, in more styles, in a wider range of prices, than anyone else this side of the North Pole.

And Bulova makes only the best. Every watch — be it gold, diamond or stainless steel — is crafted from mainspring to minute hand by seasoned artisans. Many have been custom-finishing watches by hand for over 20 years. They assure the lasting elegance that makes each Bulova a *gift-quality* watch: one you can give or wear with pride, because it's made with pride.

Every Bulova watch is engineered by the same skilled craftsmen who created Accutron®, the only electronic wrist timepiece, world's new standard of accuracy.

Whatever you want in a watch this Christmas, Bulova gives you *more styles* to choose from, *more quality* for your money. Priced from $25 to $2500, at your jeweler's. Merry Christmas!

When you think of a watch—think of BULOVA

The Gift-Quality Watch

Consult your jeweler—America's watch expert

©1963 Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan

No Featherbedding—but Trains Run

With a sure hand on the throttle, the young man at right eased his switch engine through a Florida freight yard—and proved that a railroad can run without featherbedding. Hit by a strike by the railroad brotherhoods early this year, his employer, the Florida East Coast Railway, has dropped passenger service but is continuing freight operations (one customer: Cape Kennedy, the newly renamed site of space launches). Freed of any obligations to follow make-work rules, the railroad found that 700 men could handle easily and efficiently the work that the union had parceled out to 1,800—and cut a half hour off normal running time from Miami to Jacksonville.

STREAMLINED CREW. Quickly trained engineers like Charles Bennett, 22 (*right*), now work alone in Florida East Coast's locomotive cabs. Below, four men who run train stand in front of larger crew union says is needed.

CONTINUED

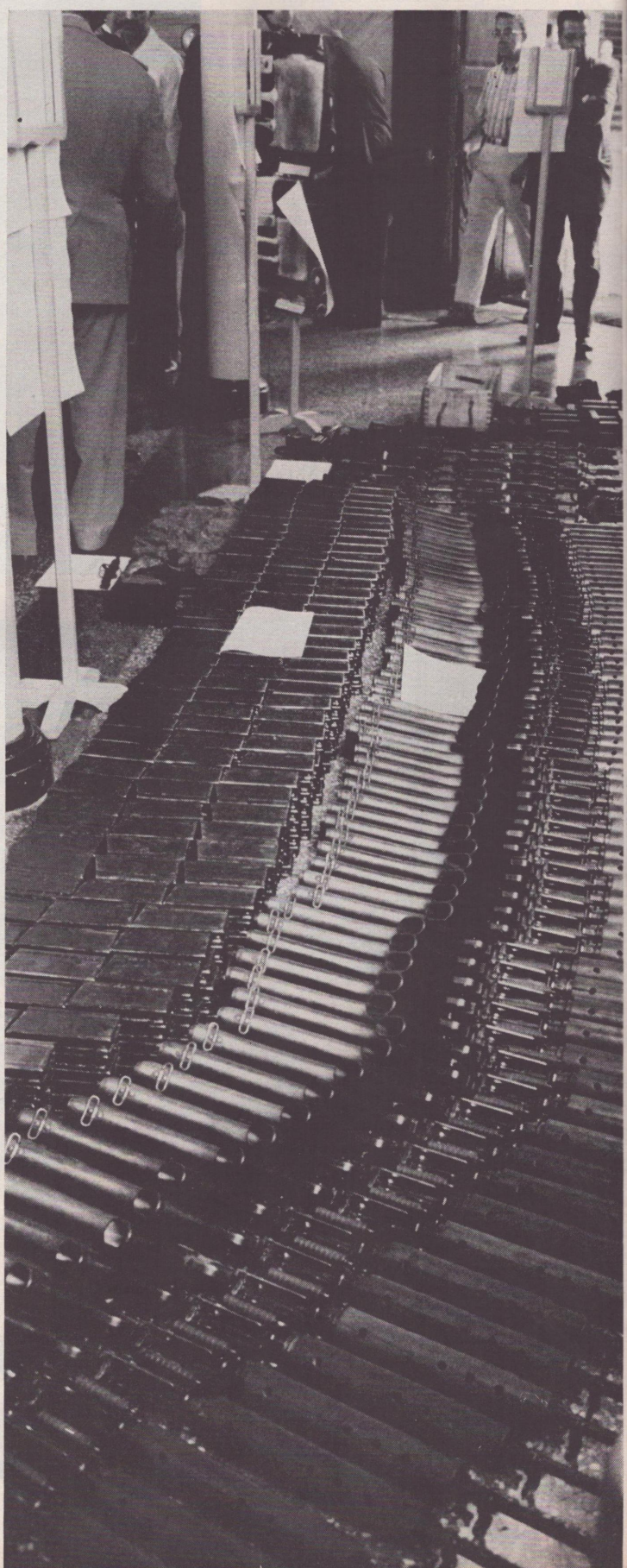
Terror fails to stem Venezuela's

KILLED BY TERRORISTS. A victim of election-day shooting by snipers lies dead in a Caracas apartment.

With widespread acts of murderous terrorism, bolstered by weapons smuggled in from Castro's Cuba, the Communists had tried to head off Venezuela's presidential election. They failed—and last week Venezuela took a long step toward its first constitutional and democratic transition of power in its 142-year history (*see Editorial*).

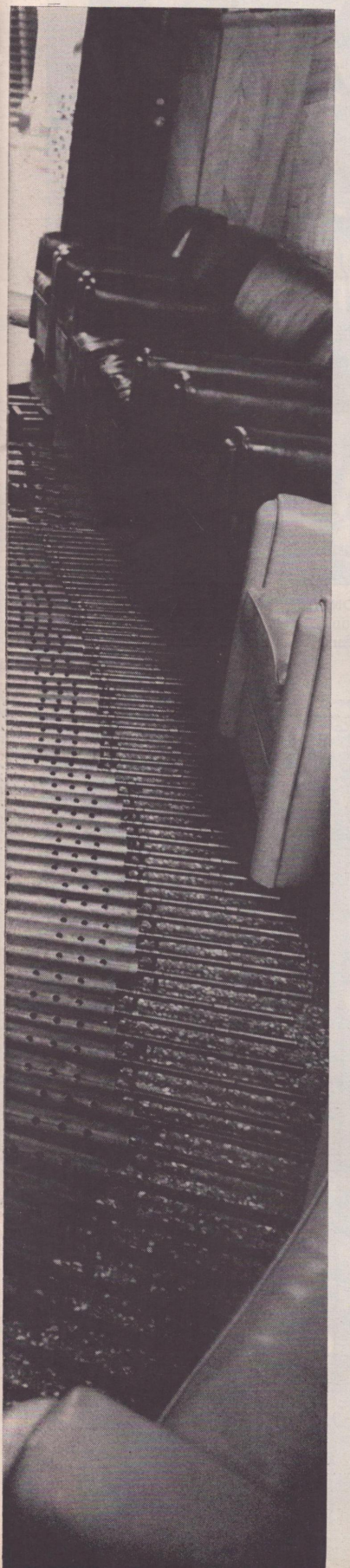
The winner of the election, by 32% of the vote, was Raúl Leoni. Hand-picked by his pro-U.S. predecessor, President Rómulo Betancourt—who has served a five-year term and by law cannot succeed himself—Leoni won his presidential office against three other major parties and the months of bloody opposition by Communists who had threatened to shoot any Venezuelan citizen who dared to vote. Just before voting time, terrorists kidnaped an American colonel to embarrass the government. On election day, bullets did indeed fly, and people got shot. But more than 90% of the eligible voters turned out. Though this was a dramatic public repudiation of Castroism, big trouble in the Castro image was building up for President Leoni in the jungles and hills (*next page*).

CAREFUL SEARCH. Before entering the polling place, a Venezuelan voter is frisked for weapons by a soldier.



CASTRO'S GUNS. Government officials display Cuban arms they discovered on remote Venezuelan beach.

vote...



BRAVE CAMPAIGNER. Taking his campaign to public despite Communist threats, Leoni spells out program of social reform at a party rally in Caracas. Like his predecessor, he was heavily backed by organized labor. While he failed to win a plurality in the capital, he picked up enough strength in the countryside to win.

CONTINUED

...but the menace is still at large

In surroundings reminiscent of Fidel Castro's beginnings in the mountains of Cuba, Venezuelan terrorists press their campaign. Like Castro, the guerrilla leader shown at bottom, Douglas Bravo, is a bearded university student with his roots in the middle class. They fight an ugly guerrilla war—propaganda and persuasion for the people, ambushes for government soldiers, sabotage. In the cities, tough slum-bred hoodlums, sometimes led by young people from well-to-do families, do the dirty work with guns and dynamite. Among the bands are girls, used as spies and couriers.

Despite defeat at the election the terrorists are a formidable menace to the new government of President Leoni, who said, "The terrorists have declared the long war."

GIRL WITH A GUN. Conchita, 24, one of several women in Bravo's group, takes brief rest during patrol.

ON THE MARCH. Winding along a jungle trail, members of a terrorist band carry out a training mission.

WHISKERED LEADER. Members of Douglas Bravo's band gather to hear him lecture on terrorist tactics.

ILLUSTRATED L TO R: MANHATTAN, DAIQUIRI, MARTINI, WHISKEY SOUR, OLD FASHIONED—GARNISH IF DESIRED.

Pour your party cocktails right from the Heublein bottle

All the liquor's in the bottle —nothing to add but ice

Kiss the mixing goodbye. Enjoy your own party. Mingle with your guests—don't just mix drinks. Serve delicious, full strength Heublein Cocktails. Expertly made. Nothing but the finest liquors. These delightful cocktails taste far better than plain whiskey, cost less and are just as easy to serve. Simply pour on-the-rocks. Join the happy Heublein hosts this season. And remember—*Heublein Cocktails make great gifts.*

11 GREAT COCKTAILS

EXTRA DRY GIN MARTINIS, 67.5 PROOF
MANHATTANS, 55 PROOF
DAIQUIRIS, 52.5 PROOF
WHISKEY SOURS, 52.5 PROOF
GIN OR VODKA SOURS, 52.5 PROOF
SCOTCH SOURS, 40 PROOF
OLD FASHIONEDS, 62 PROOF
SIDE CARS, 52.5 PROOF
STINGERS, 50 PROOF
VODKA MARTINIS, 60 PROOF

THE COCKTAILS SERVED ON LEADING RAILROADS AND AIRLINES

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

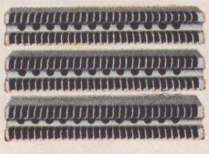
(PRONOUNCED HUGH-BLINE) © HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. 1963. ALSO ENJOY DELICIOUS HEUBLEIN CORDIALS.

GIFT WRAPPED FOR THE HOLIDAYS

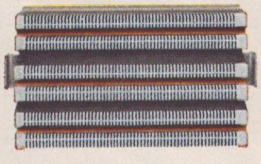
Lots of electric shavers cost less than a REMINGTON. So why give him a REMINGTON for Christmas?

Here's why:

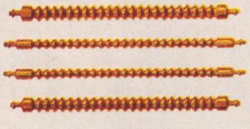
Every REMINGTON® shaver has 348 cutting edges. Made of surgical high-carbon steel, they're sharper, longer lasting than stainless steel. Honed on an angle, they slice whiskers off instead of "ploughing" them up.



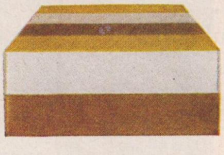
This is the shaving head. Big—it cuts a big swath. Note the slots. 756 to be exact. Since the whiskers go through the slots to the cutters, the more slots, the faster the shave.



These are REMINGTON Roller Combs . . . right on top of the shaver head. Adjust to every type of skin and beard. They roll skin down, pop whiskers up into the cutters. Cut them off cleanly, comfortably.

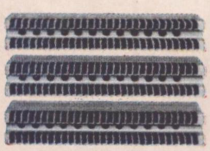


Just to prove we think of everything, we've already gift-wrapped your husband's REMINGTON. You'll love the wrapping. He'll love the shaver.



REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONNECTICUT LEKTRONIC: Trademark, Sperry Rand Corporation

ditto



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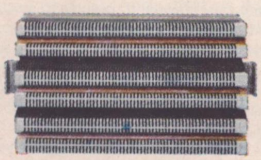

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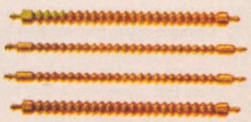
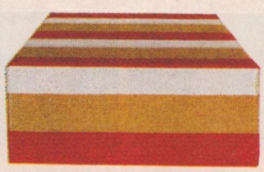


ditto

(except for the colors)



no ditto

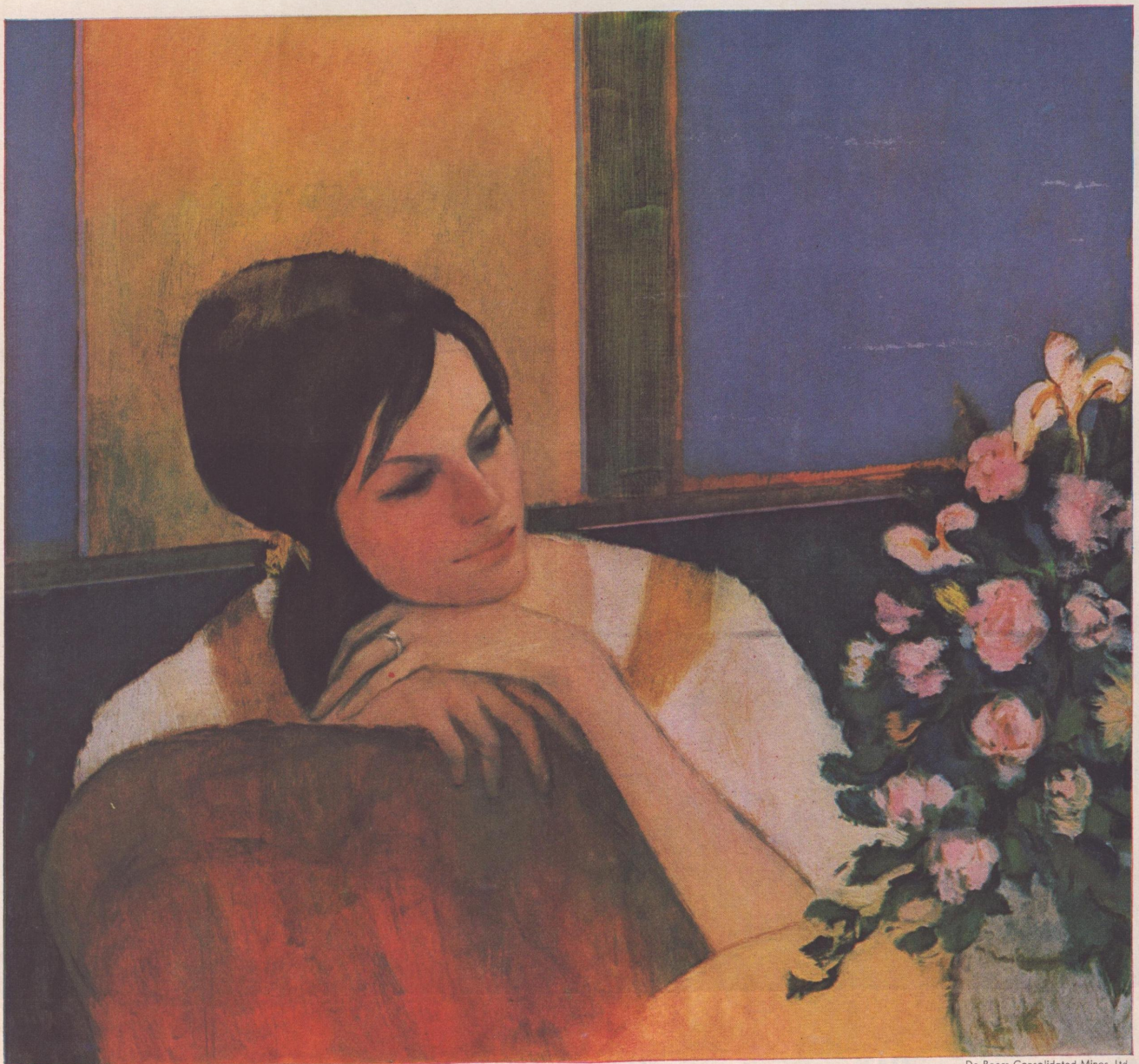
The Lektronic II is cordless!

Sealed-in energy cells store up power for shave after cord-free shave. Forget to recharge? Plug in cord and shave on the spot. With or without a cord, he's never without a clean shave. More REMINGTON shavers have been made and sold (over 46 million) than any other make. You can see why.

WHAT ARE THE

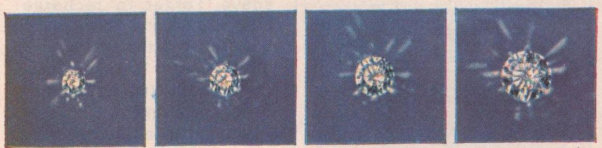
treasures of love?

Happiness. Dreams of a loved one. Hope for the future. These, the first treasures of love, will be stored in the engagement diamond that proclaims a precious promise. Soon, wife and husband will find other treasures, theirs alone: home, children, mutual cares and interests that bind them closer, strengthen love. For them, the shining star that lights their love's beginning and all its sweet discoveries, will tell its growing meaning. To mark your engagement, your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be cherished endlessly, by you and all who follow.



Love and Dreams . . . painted for the De Beers Collection by Jean Seidenberg

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



25 points (¼ carat) $75 to $275 | 50 points (½ carat) $180 to $545 | 1 carat (100 points) $455 to $1550 | 2 carats (200 points) $1100 to $4550

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—these determine quality, contribute to beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, price ranges, left, are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in October, 1963. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities offered. Add tax.

a diamond is forever

With its solid-fuel rocket motor firing, the computer-programmed missile breaks from the sea at an angle to streak toward "enemy" sub.

Navy's supersonic torpedo travels by air

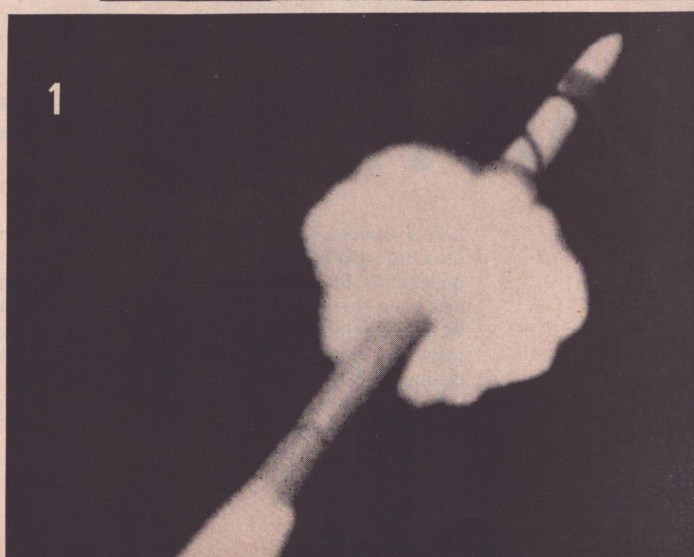
ANTI-SUB ROCKET

Like a frolicsome fish the missile leaped out of the Pacific off the California coast. Seconds later its warhead zeroed in on an underwater target many miles away. This successful test of a new water-to-air-to-water weapon—revealed by the Navy last week—culminated five years of intensive research and development and vastly increased the capacity of our submarines for dealing swiftly with those of any future enemy.

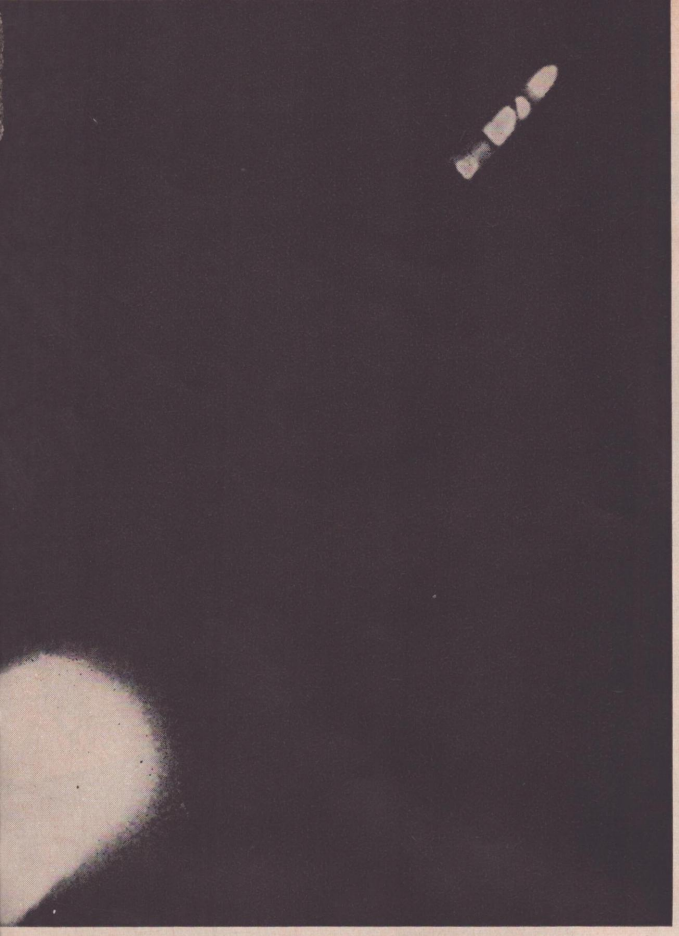
Compressed air launches the missile from a torpedo tube of an atomic-powered submarine. An instant later its solid-fuel rocket ignites, thrusting the missile into the air on a deadly accurate course predetermined by a computer aboard the launching sub—toward the invisible enemy whose presence has been detected by sonar. The warhead, which can contain a nuclear explosive, separates from the rocket in flight and arcs into the sea to explode near the target. The effective range is secret but is well beyond that of conventional torpedoes. The supersonic speed of the missile will make it almost impossible for a target submarine to get away by taking evasive action.

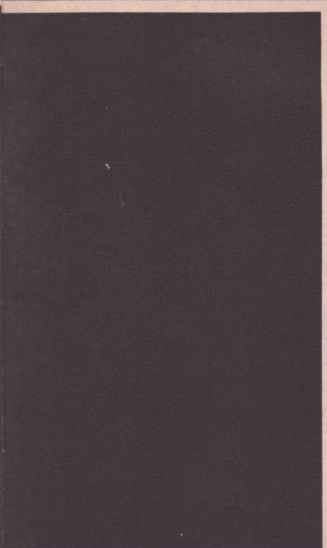
CONTINUED

Missile applies jet brakes, warhead cuts loose



What's inside is even more beautiful...





In these rapid-sequence pictures, the warhead of the new antisubmarine missile—called SUBROC—is seen cutting loose from its supersonic booster rocket after a predetermined period of flight, to enter a lobbing trajectory toward the target area. The first picture, at left, shows jets of gas shooting out from ports in the head of the rocket to slow it down. A split second later explosive bolts are detonated (*picture No. 2*) to free the warhead. In the third picture, at top, the warhead coasts upward into an arc. A secret device will cushion its impact with the water, enabling it to sink toward the target submarine like a conventional depth bomb.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

the Four Roses holiday decanter

And inside this superb decanter fifth is, of course, one of America's great whiskeys. It costs but pennies more to give Four Roses. (There is no charge for decanter and gift carton.) So make a real impression this year.

FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. · BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF · 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Anytime is

Planters has all kinds of nuts to crunch on, right around the clock. How many have you tasted?

XII **Dry Roasted Peanuts**—New process using absolutely no fats. Crisp, light, tantalizing taste. Also Dry Roasted Mixed Nuts and Cashews.

II **Whole Pecans**—Great big beautiful pecans, roasted to perfection and temptingly salted.

III **Spanish Redskins**—Tiny, tangy little nuts that taste sensational with anything in a glass.

V **Cashews**—Rich, fresh, first-quality nuts packed whole and crackling crisp.

VI **Mixed Nuts**—Elegant almonds, beautiful brazils, perfect pecans, fabulous filberts, crispy cashews.

VII **Cocktail Peanuts**—The most famous nuts in the world. Plump, whole, premium-quality Virginia peanuts.

IX **Old Fashioned Peanut Candy**—One of America's favorite confections. Tempting Virginia peanuts with an extra candy crunch!

X **Mixed Nuts with Peanuts**—All of the famous Planters mixed nuts plus everybody's favorite peanuts. Perfect for parties.

FINE PRODUCTS OF STANDARD BRANDS

Planters time!

There are many more Planters favorites at your store, in blue cans and jars with Mr. Peanut on the label—your assurance of freshness and quality.

Look for Planters 5¢ and 10¢ Jumbo Block Bars and Salted Nuts in cellophane bags at drugstores, newsstands, vending machines and wherever snacks are sold.

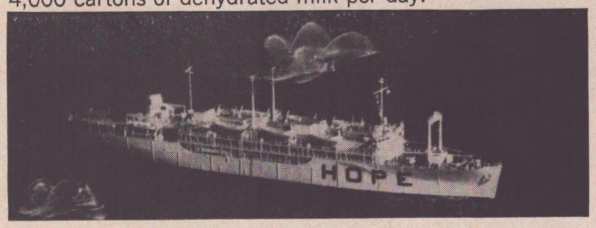
Always keep some Planters nuts on hand—any time could be Planters time. Like right now!

PLANTERS.®

THE NAME FOR QUALITY

MR. PEANUT ®

HOPE is a hospital ship with the latest medical and dental equipment, with 230 patient beds, 3 operating rooms, 1 X-Ray room, 1 laboratory, accommodations for a staff of 212, and a machine that can re-constitute and package 4,000 cartons of dehydrated milk per day.



HOPE is a group of doctors, nurses, therapists and laboratory technicians who have donated time away from their regular practices and duties — often without pay — to help their counterparts in newly developing nations free their people from many of the diseases and health hazards that in other years have taken a frightening toll.

HOPE is a promise of healthier, more active lives for thousands of men, women and children in Indonesia, South Viet Nam and Peru, the first of the peoples of the free world to share this nation's modern medical knowledge and skills.

HOPE is people like you with a desire to help others help themselves, and with a strong enough interest in other people to do something about it.

HOPE IS PEOPLE

Won't you join this people-to-people effort, and mail us your contribution today?

Name_____

Address_____

Amount of contribution_____

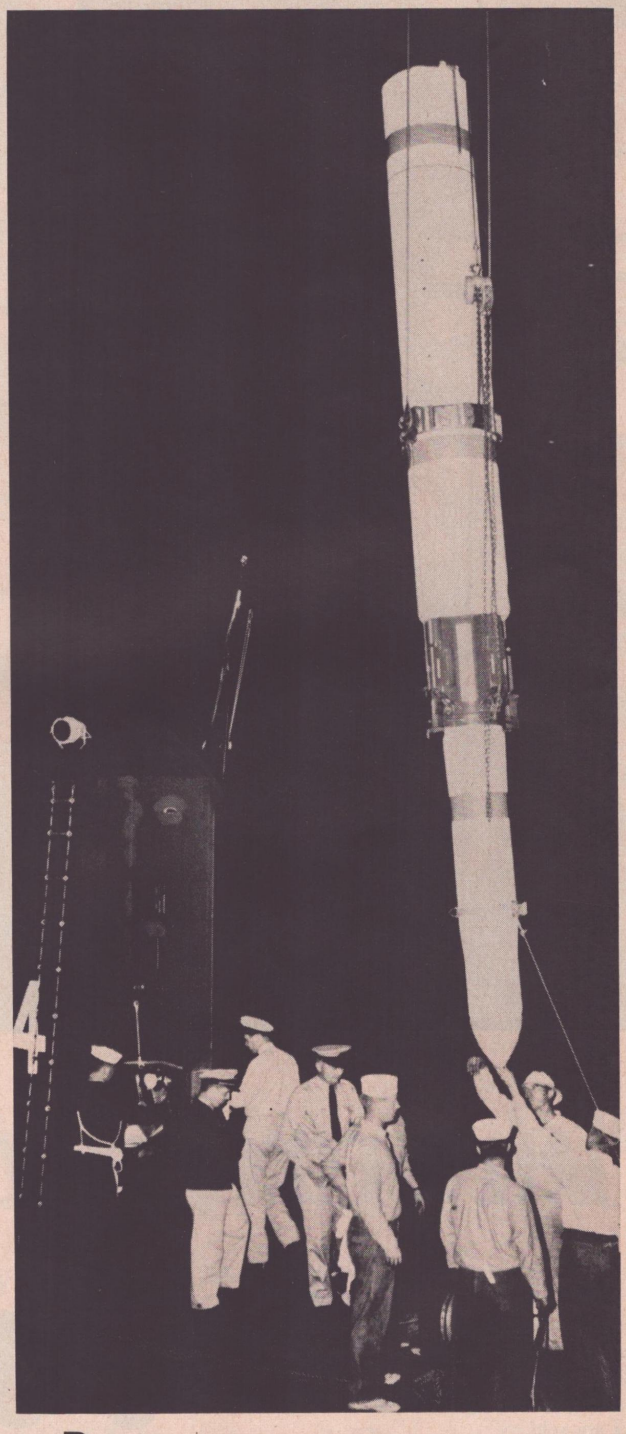
Signature_____

Make checks payable and send this coupon to:

PROJECT HOPE
Time & Life Building
New York 20, New York

TR

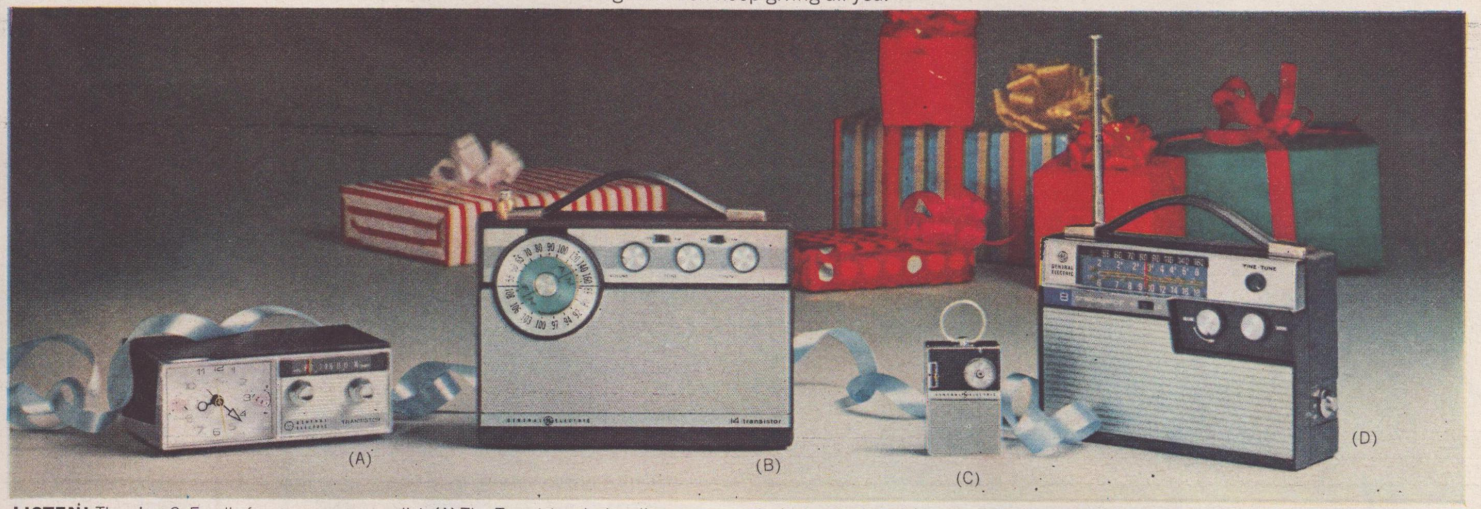
Birds will fit tin fish tubes



Preparing to test another SUBROC under simulated combat conditions, Navy technicians swiftly load it aboard a submarine (*left*). Conceived by the Naval Ordnance Laboratory at White Oaks, Md., the missile was developed by Goodyear Aerospace Corporation, using a solid-fuel rocket. All Navy attack-class submarines will be armed with SUBROC for tactical operations against enemy subs and surface ships. The compact 20½-foot-long missile, designed to fit standard 21-inch torpedo tubes, can be handled easily and stored in a state of instant combat readiness. Eventually it will supplement the propeller-driven underwater torpedoes that submariners call tin fish.

G.E.'s ENTERTAINERS:

Portables packed solid with pleasure
...gifts which keep giving all year



LISTEN! There's a G-E radio for everyone on your list. (A) Tiny Transistor clock-radio saves space, looks neat on her night table. Plays instantly, has lighted clock face, pillow-speaker jack. C550, less than $40.* (B) 14 Transistor FM-AM Portable takes the big sound of FM wherever you go. P970, less than $70.* (C) Vest-pocket radio powered by 6 transistors. In gift pack, complete with earphone, battery and handy carry-case. P8503, less than $20.* (D) Portable Shortwave/AM radio brings in foreign countries, ships at sea and local AM stations too. P930, less than $50.*

G-E PORTABLE TV with lifetime guarantee on etched-circuit board† (A) bedside clock-radio-television turns off and on automatically—less than $150.* (B) 16" Escort—lightest of the big screen portables—less than $130.* (C) an 11" TV that weighs a mere 12 pounds. Costs just $99.95.* (D) smartly styled 11" model. Compact, perfect for any room, less than $120.*

STEREOS? Yes. STEREOTYPES? No! (A) The Dualaramic Partymate. Its curved sound screen surrounds you with focused and reflected stereo sound—less than $65.* (B) The Trimline "400". 33 pounds of go-anywhere stereo. 4-speed flip-down changer and four dynapower speakers in a scuff-proof, washable vinyl case—less than $150.* (C) The Adventurer features swing-out, detachable speaker-wings, Garrard® changer and optional FM/AM/FM-Stereo tuner—less than $280.*

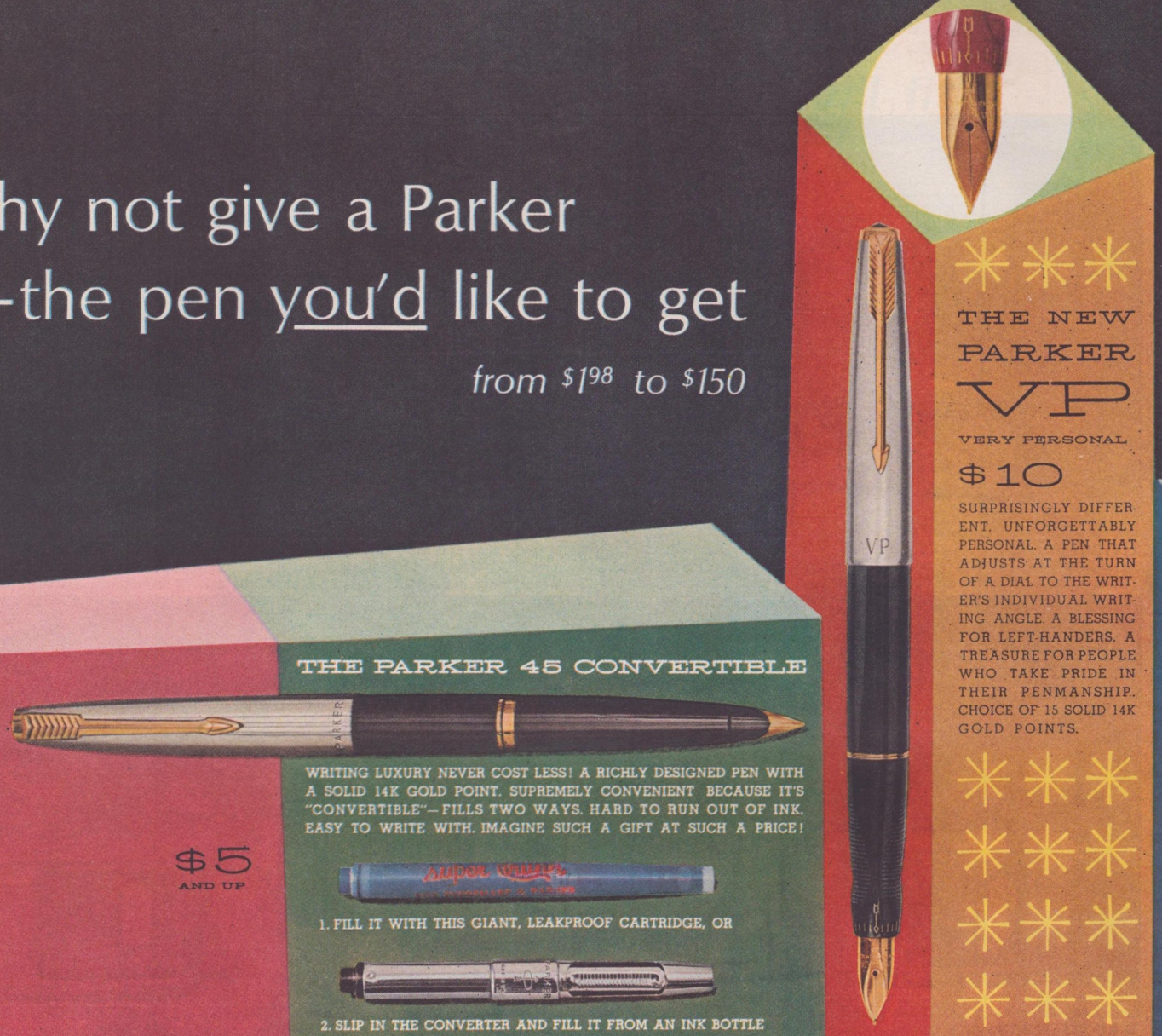
*Optional with dealer. Radios, phonographs slightly higher South and West. (Prices for U.H.F.-TV slightly higher; screen sizes, diagonal measure)

†General Electric Company guarantees the TV Etched-Circuit board to be free of manufacturing defects for the lifetime of the television receiver. The General Electric Company will, at its option, repair any defects or accept claims for such repairs provided repairs are made by one of the following: **a.** General Electric Distributor, **b.** Franchised General Electric Dealer, **c.** Authorized Independent Service Agency. The picture tube is warranted for one full year in all receivers. All other parts are warranted for 90 days in monochrome receivers and one year in color receivers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Why not give a Parker –the pen you'd like to get

from $1.98 to $150



THE NEW PARKER VP

VERY PERSONAL

$10

SURPRISINGLY DIFFERENT, UNFORGETTABLY PERSONAL. A PEN THAT ADJUSTS AT THE TURN OF A DIAL TO THE WRITER'S INDIVIDUAL WRITING ANGLE. A BLESSING FOR LEFT-HANDERS. A TREASURE FOR PEOPLE WHO TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR PENMANSHIP. CHOICE OF 15 SOLID 14K GOLD POINTS.

THE PARKER 45 CONVERTIBLE

WRITING LUXURY NEVER COST LESS! A RICHLY DESIGNED PEN WITH A SOLID 14K GOLD POINT. SUPREMELY CONVENIENT BECAUSE IT'S "CONVERTIBLE"—FILLS TWO WAYS. HARD TO RUN OUT OF INK. EASY TO WRITE WITH. IMAGINE SUCH A GIFT AT SUCH A PRICE!

$5 AND UP

1. FILL IT WITH THIS GIANT, LEAKPROOF CARTRIDGE, OR

2. SLIP IN THE CONVERTER AND FILL IT FROM AN INK BOTTLE

THE REMARKABLE PARKER 61

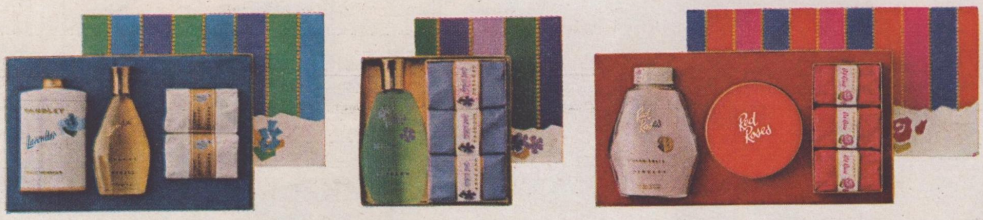
CERTAIN TO BE PRIZED BY THE MOST DISCRIMINATING (AND MOST DESERVING) PEOPLE ON YOUR LIST. THE FINEST PEN MADE. FILLS ITSELF THROUGH THE MAGIC OF CAPILLARY ACTION. EVEN MAKES ITS OWN INK OUT OF WATER. VIRTUALLY LEAKPROOF.

$15 AND UP

PARKER—*Our 75th Christmas—Maker of the world's most wanted pens*

©1963 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

If she's wild about flowers



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Lo, the vanishing oryx . . .

Two years ago, in the Aden Protectorate desert, these Arabian oryx put distance behind them as though life itself were at stake. In pursuit, with trapping equipment and cameras, were British game experts who wanted to take the rare beasts alive before somebody else showed up with more lethal gear. For centuries the animals have been hunted by Arabs who believe that killing an oryx endows the hunter with the beast's toughness and virility. Fast cars and automatic guns recently have made the killing much easier.

Today there are probably less than two score survivors of the once numerous herds. The conservationists succeeded in capturing two males and a female. With two others, one from Kuwait and one from the London Zoo, they were sent to the Maytag Zoo in Phoenix, Ariz., where the climate is similar to the Near East's. In October the zoo joyfully announced that the first baby oryx (*below*) had been born on Arizona soil. Named Sheik, he is doing fine and has stirred hopes that the oryx does have a future.

. . . makes tiny comeback

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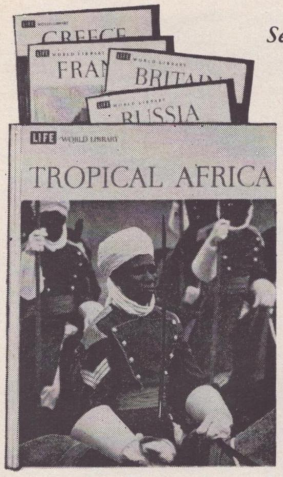

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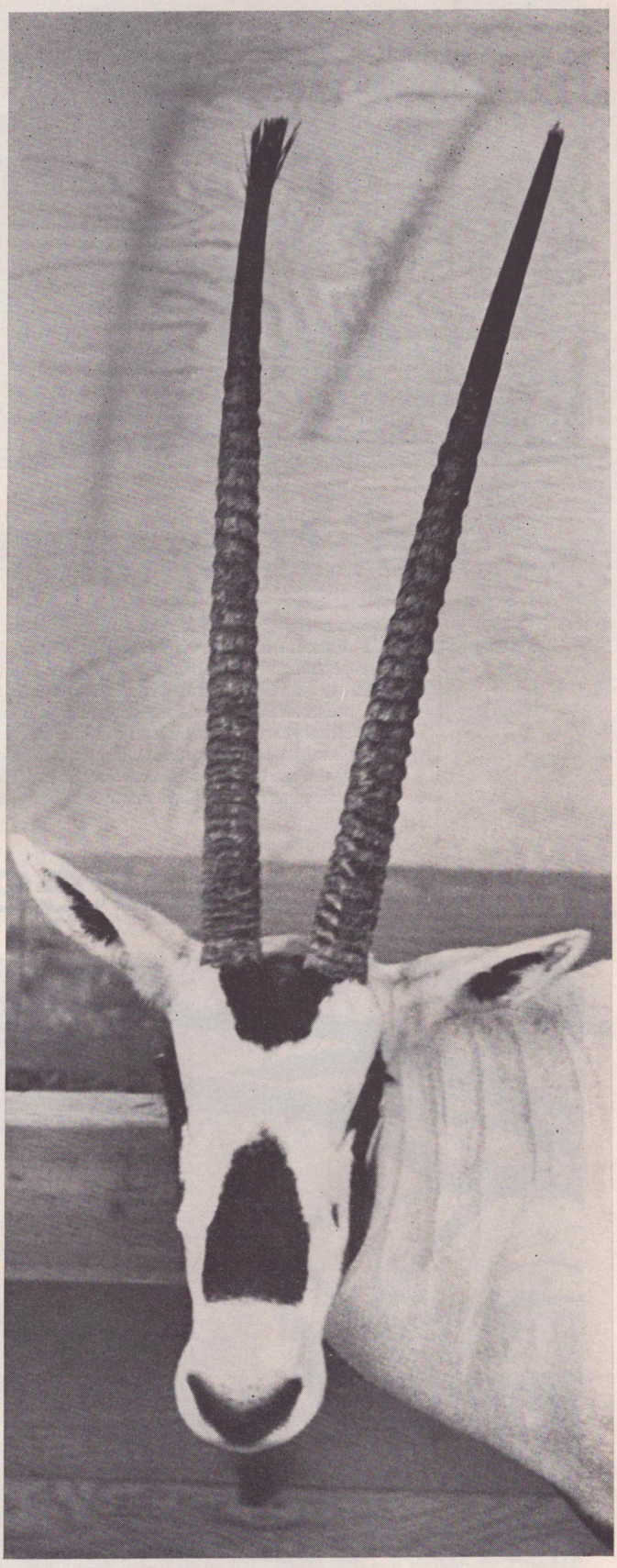

The baby oryx's father, named Tomatum after the Arab guide who aided in his capture, is a sturdy three feet tall at the shoulder and has ringed horns that spiral over two feet high to their slightly frayed tips. He is kept in a separate pen from his new offspring. The oryx is said to be the legendary unicorn since its horns seem to merge into one when viewed from the side.

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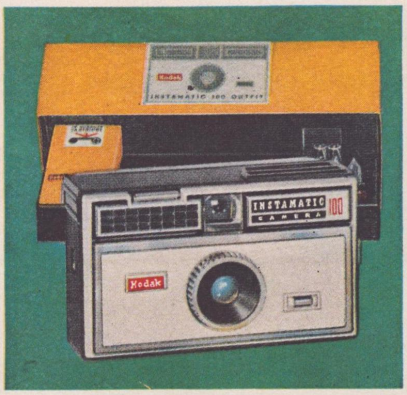

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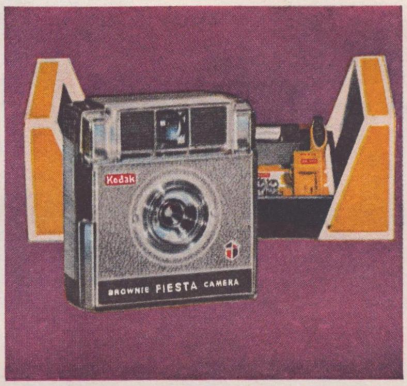

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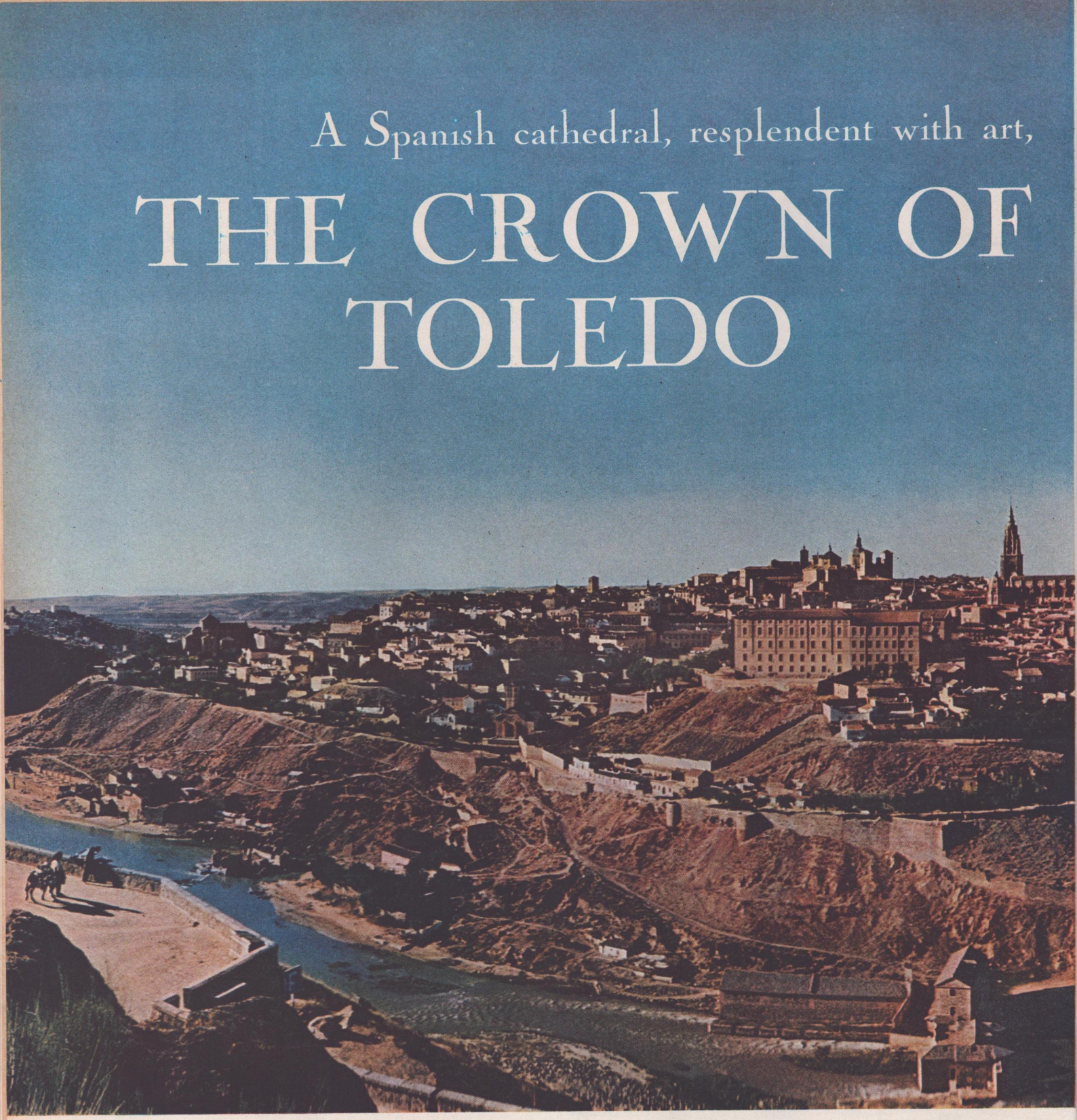
A Spanish cathedral, resplendent with art,

THE CROWN OF TOLEDO



Fortresses, palaces, towers and domes vie for the sky above Toledo. But at the heart of the Spanish city the 750-year-old cathedral rules. Stern and massive, it symbolizes the triumph of Christianity in Spain. In the centuries before the cathedral was built, battles between the Spanish Christians and invading Moors raged about its site. When the Moors conquered Toledo in 712, they seized churches and converted them into mosques. In 1085, Christian armies drove out the Moors and reclaimed the churches. Finally, in 1227, heralding the ultimate defeat of the infi-

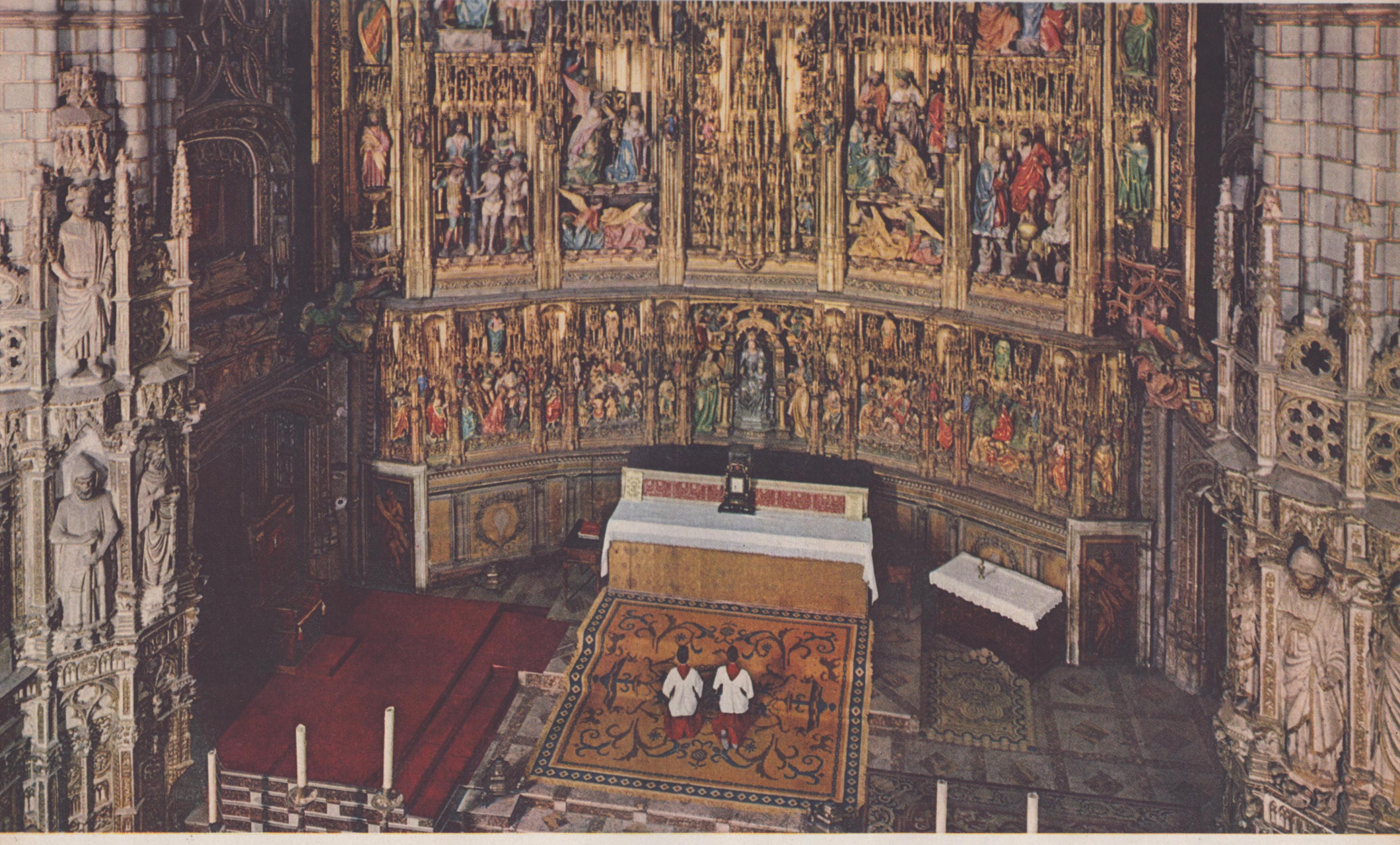
sits at a crossroads of history

Toledo is girdled by remnants of medieval walls and the Tagus River. The cathedral stands in the center. To the left are churches, to the right is the Alcázar, a quadrangular fortress dating from 1100. In 1936, during the civil war, Franco's troops were besieged there for 70 days.

dels, Toledo laid the foundations for its cathedral and dedicated it to two local saints, Eugenio and Ildefonso. Architects and artists were called in from all over Europe to work on the building. By the 16th Century foreign visitors hailed it as "the richest church in Christendom."

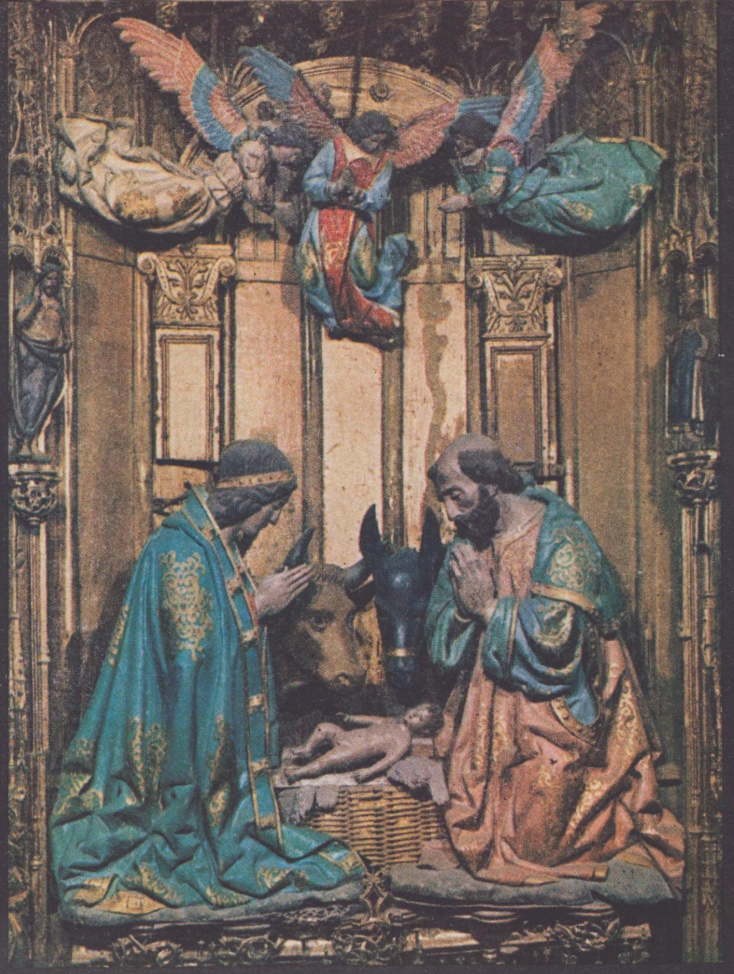
Today the cathedral still awes visitors with its riches. In it, throughout five centuries, artists interpreted and reinterpreted the Christian themes. From the naive fervor of a Gothic altarpiece to the bravura of a rococo shrine, every age left upon the cathedral the imprint of its faith.

Photographed for LIFE by DMITRI KESSEL



A storybook in gold glitters above the main altar of the cathedral. The ornate screen, encrusted with prophets and saints and scenes from the New Testament, was commissioned by Cardinal Cisneros, a formidable prelate who virtually ruled Spain in the early 16th Century. In 1498 he assigned architects to construct a groin-vaulted chapel for the altar. Then a task force went to work on the 90-foot-high larchwood screen. Sculptors from the Low Countries and Burgundy assisted local artists in carving the 21 scenes and the lacy canopies. Flemish and Burgundian painters colored and gilded the altarpiece. Though naive, the tableaux portray events from the Annunciation to the Last Judgment with earnestness. Some of the scenes are on the next pages.

Annunciation to the Virgin



Birth of Christ

The Last Supper

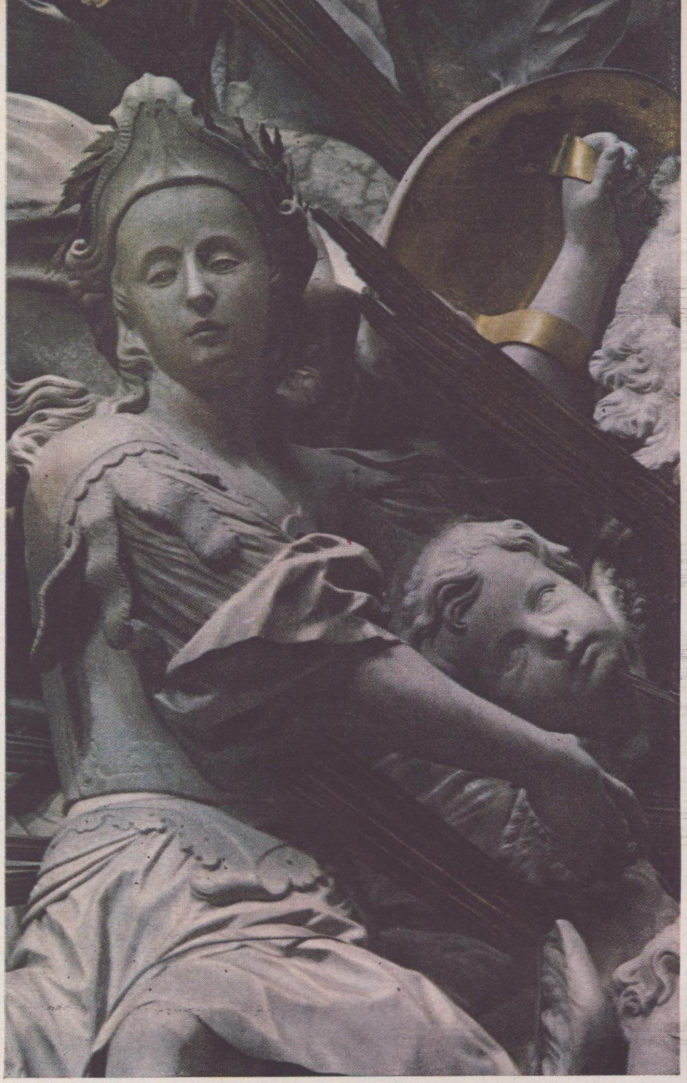
Christ Bearing the Cross

Adoration of the Magi

Massacre of the Innocents

The Deposition

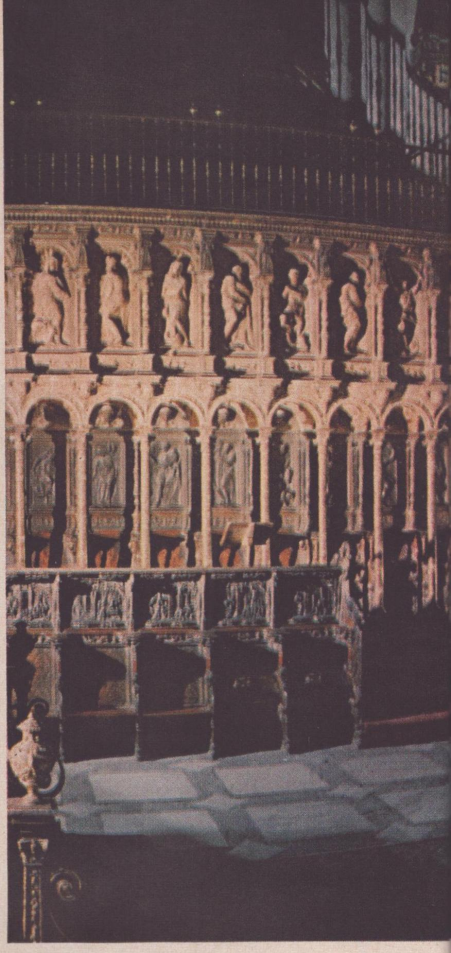
The Resurrection



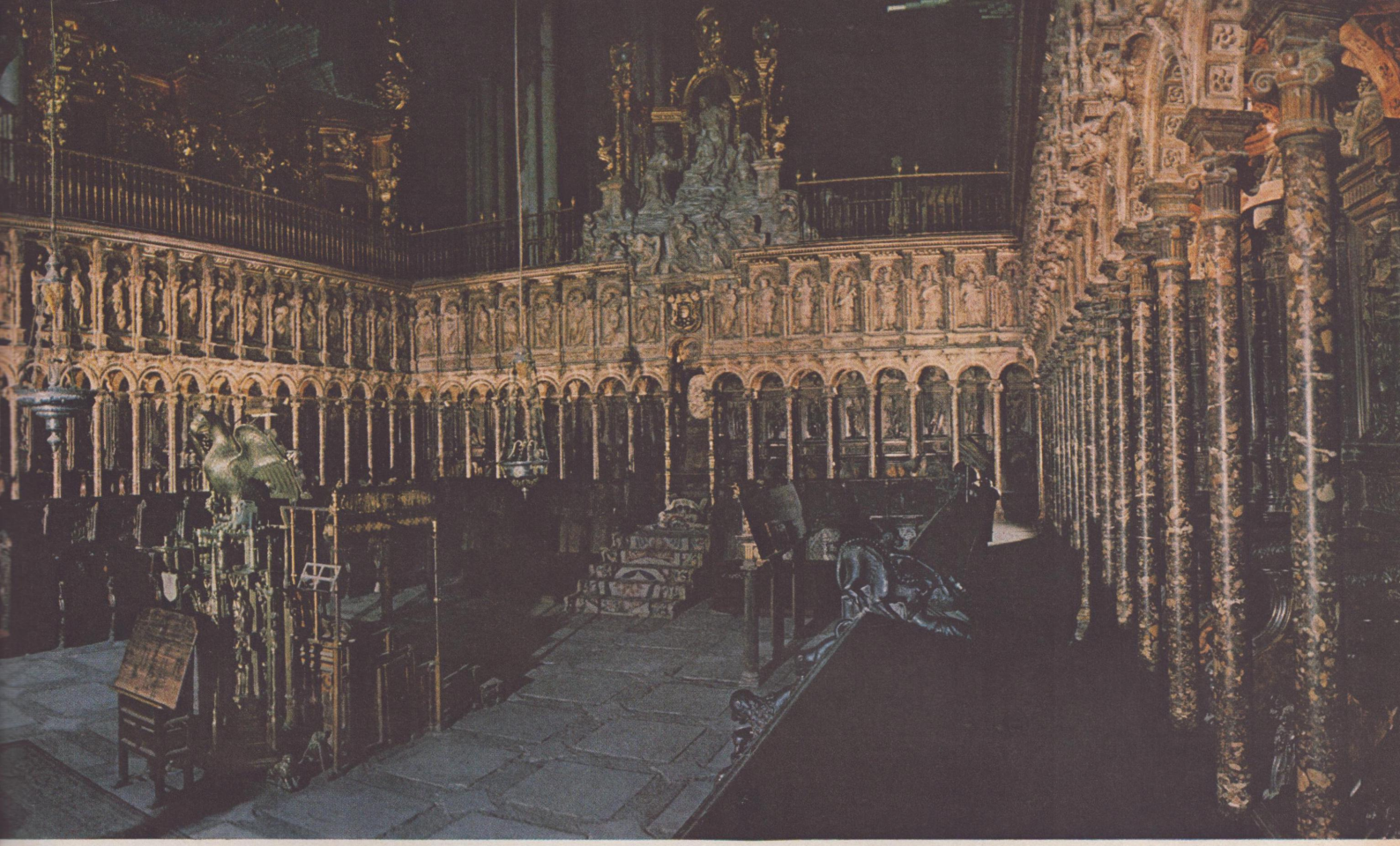
As the cathedral grew, its sculpture proliferated on portals, columns, walls, choir stalls, tombs and grilles. In the 16th Century the bronze doors of the Portal of the Lions (*right*) were elaborately chased with classical figures and foliage. For door knockers, the sculptor, Francisco de Villalpando, fashioned scowling heads from whose mouths swing curvaceous mermaids.

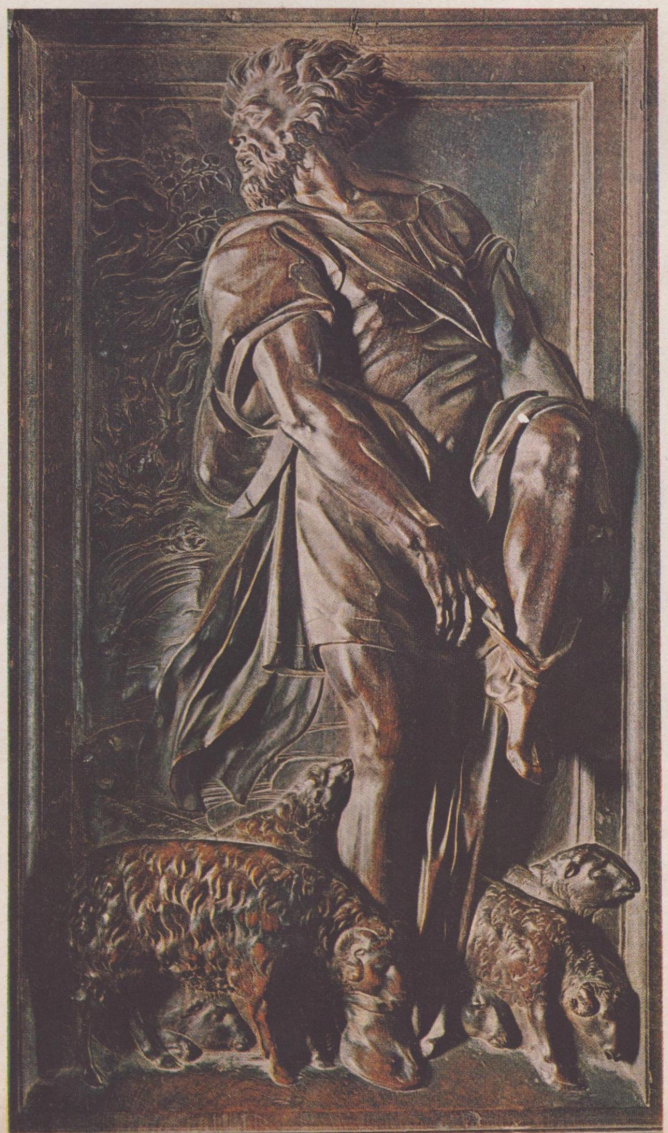
The most famous sculpture in Toledo adorns the *Transparente* (*far right*), a rococo extravaganza created by Narciso Tomé between 1720 and 1732. Directly behind the chapel of the high altar, it was intended to serve as a kind of showcase for the sacramental bread and wine. Tomé turned it into a dazzling drama. Setting the stage between gold columns, he created a niche for the Eucharist in the center of the 85-foot-high monument, behind a golden sunburst aswirl with angels (*detail, above*). Below the niche sits the Virgin holding the Infant Christ. Above it marble figures re-enact the Last Supper. Still higher, another image of the Virgin is poised midway to heaven which, in a painting on the vault, seems to unfold above the *Transparente*. The entire work is bathed in light from a concealed opening in the vault, producing an effect of transparency from which the shrine gets its name.

Tomé's contemporaries were so captivated by the *Transparente* they held bullfights and firework displays in its honor. Later generations labeled it barbaric. But even its critics marveled—as its admirers do now—at its inventiveness and masterful carving.



Saints and prophets animate the walnut stalls of the choir. Alonso Berruguete's figures, like John the Baptist (*above*) and Moses (*far right*), seem to pulse and writhe in ecstasy. Felipe Bigarny, a Burgundian, carved figures of more restrained rapture like St. Simon, who holds a saw as a symbol of his martyrdom (*right*).

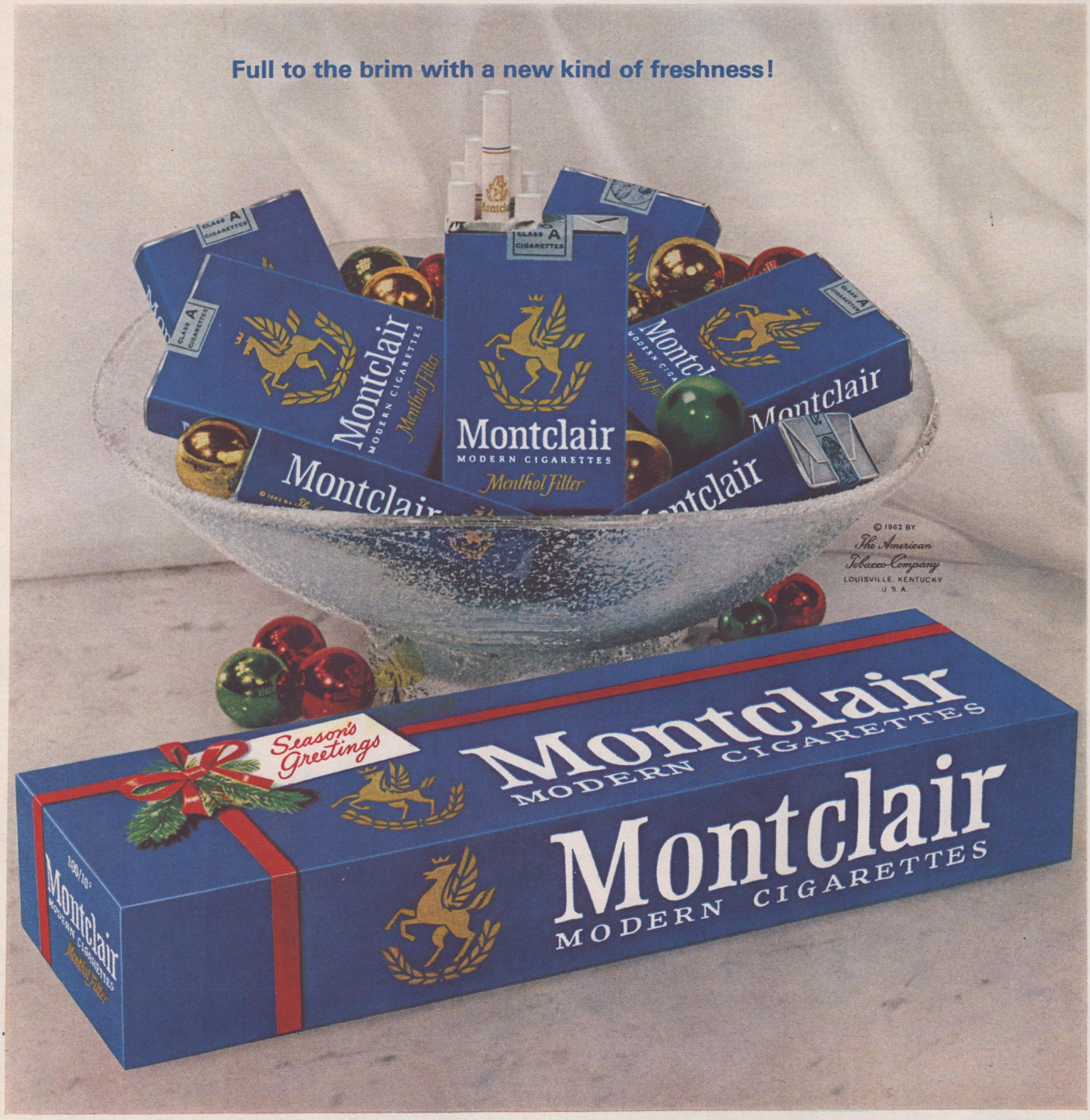




The choir, which in the Spanish tradition occupies the middle of the cathedral, is an elegant enclosure of sculptured arcades and stalls. The lower tier of choir stalls was ornamented late in the 15th Century by a German sculptor called Rodrigo Alemán, who devised a comedy of animals and grotesques for the seats and armrests. In 1539 Bigarny and Berruguete were commissioned to decorate the second tier of stalls and the stone colonnade.

With the aid of assistants they completed the task in four years. In addition, Berruguete, who was the finest Spanish sculptor of the 16th Century, carved the alabaster scene of Christ's Transfiguration in the central section of the stalls. Its columns agleam, it rises like a vision above the choir.

A timeless image scarred by time, this sculptured Christ hangs above the main altar. When it was lifted into the star-strewn heights 460 years ago, the vast structure of the cathedral was largely complete. But new generations continued to enhance it. The tower (*opposite*), which 15th Century builders ornamented with Gothic pinnacles and Valencian tiles, was later topped off with a spiky spire resembling a minaret. The graceful dome on the right was erected in 1631 by the son of El Greco who, in his *View of Toledo*, immortalized the city and its majestic cathedral.



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Diligenti quints are shown at ages 1, 2, 9 and 15. From left in the teen-age picture are María Cristina, Franco, María Fernanda, Carlos Alberto, María Ester.

IN A YEAR NOISY WITH QUINT SQUALLS

Remember the Diligentis?

This is the year of the quints. Against heavy odds, two fine fivesomes, the Fischers and the Prietos, were born within a week in South Dakota and Venezuela. And four survivors of an older set, the Dionnes, accused their own parents of tyranny.

Meanwhile, as interest in all quintuplets heightened, the least renowned quints, the Diligentis of Argentina, were going their five separate ways as happy individuals. Not only was their birth in Buenos Aires 20 years ago unattended by high-powered medical paraphernalia —they were delivered by a midwife—but their very existence was kept secret from the public until they were eight months old. On the day they were born their father, Franco Diligenti, a millionaire industrialist, had said, "I don't want to have to get an appointment to visit my own children" and vowed he would bring them up as normal, healthy kids. These pages show the happy results and how he achieved them.

Two married Diligenti girls (*left to right*), Fernanda and Ester, with husbands Carlos Buero and Carlos Vivares and daughters María Florencia Buero, Ana Elena Vivares and María Pia Vivares, live in Buenos Aires.

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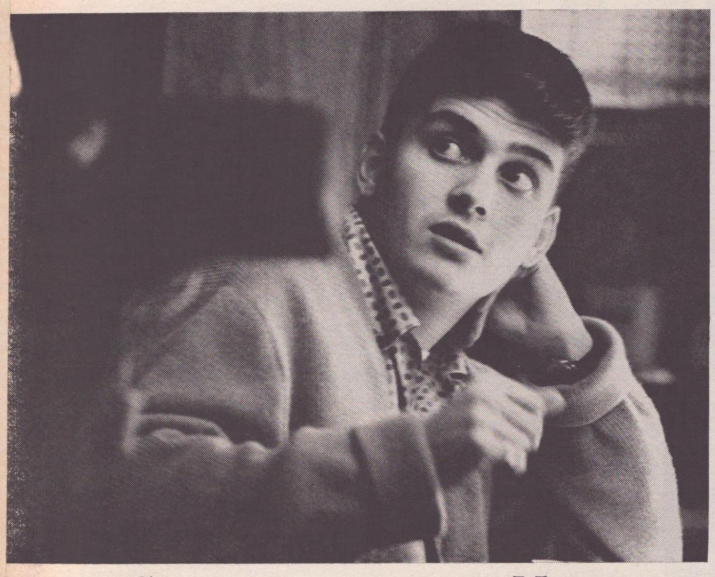
Individual Lives Three Worlds Apart

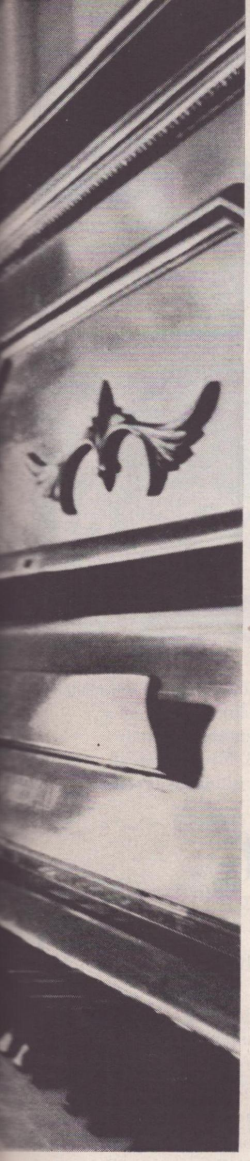


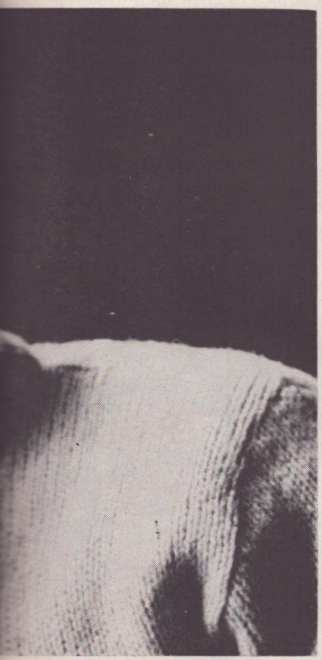
Carlos Alberto, at University of British Columbia in Vancouver, is studying business. Outgoing and sociable, he says, "I wish the group had broken up a little later."

María Ester (*right*), wife of a Buenos Aires airline employe and mother of two daughters, teaches oldest, Ana Elena, to play piano. No two Diligenti quints are identical.

María Fernanda, holding daughter Florencia, also lives in Buenos Aires. She is quietest of the quints and, like her brothers and sisters, speaks five languages.

Franco, taller and shier than Carlos, is also in Vancouver. "We share a car," he says, "and like to toss a football around —otherwise we go our own ways."





María Cristina, poised, elegant and still unmarried, is seen here in the apartment of an older married sister who lives in Rome, where María Cristina finished her schooling.

CONTINUED

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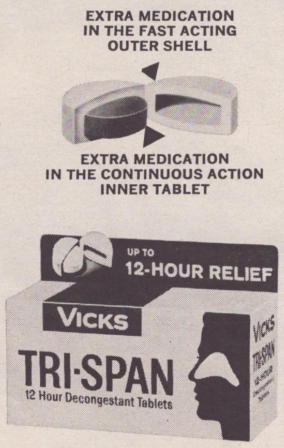
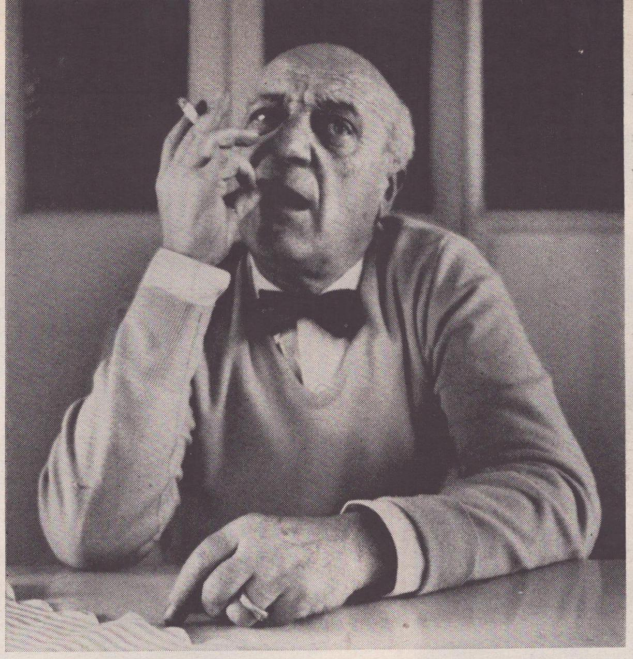


For extra relief for head cold miseries get amazing new TRI-SPAN



Franco Diligenti, a self-made millionaire who migrated to Argentina from Italy in 1923, loves to hop all over the world visiting his brood.

Papa to Midwife: Keep This Secret!

by MIGUEL ACOCA

"*Mama mia!*" said Papa Diligenti one recent day, with an astonishment scarcely dimmed by the passing of two decades since the birth of his quints. "How they changed our life!"

From the beginning of his own life in Milan, Italy, 64 years ago, Franco Diligenti had the knack of making the right decision at the right time. Within a few years after he had migrated to Buenos Aires, he had become a self-made industrialist and a millionaire. But not in the wildest fancies of his youth nor in the most crucial hours of his business career did he ever imagine he would face decisions like the ones dictated by a midwife's electrifying announcement on July 15, 1943.

Rapidly his brain assessed the fact that he was the father of quintuplets, and the implications. Then he made a daring decision. For as long as possible, or as long as it seemed prudent, he would keep the births secret. He commanded the midwife to take a vow of silence.

"I did not want what happened to the Dionnes to happen to the Diligentis," Papa says. "I wanted my babies to grow up normally."

Argentine law required the registration of the births, so Diligenti met the requirement—by registering them in different places in the city. Then he bought a huge house and started building a self-contained cosmos to provide everything the babies would need for their care, education, enjoyment and privacy. Adjacent to it he built

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Señora Diligenti came to Argentina with an Italian opera troupe. Since quints left home, she spends much time at family homes in Italy.

"...Mommy says to tell you she wants to send the H-10 centerpiece. Are you really Santa Claus? You sound an awful lot like Mr. Foster, the florist...

"...order an H-2 for your mother...a poinsettia plant for mine... and I think Aunt Ella would like a...

"Yes, dear."

"...H-14. Now you be sure it doesn't get damaged going through the wires, young man...

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In fact, the sooner the better. (When you avoid a last-minute rush you save on sending charges.) Inside are 26 floral arrangements that you can send anywhere in the U.S.A. or Canada, any time. Get a free Selection Guide from your FTD florist. It can be the answer to every question mark left on your gift list. Merry Christmas!

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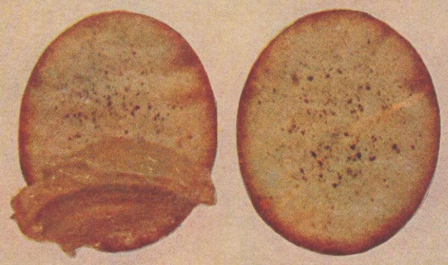
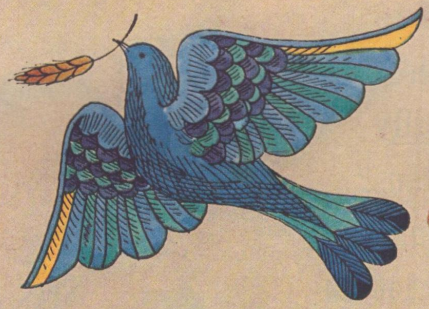
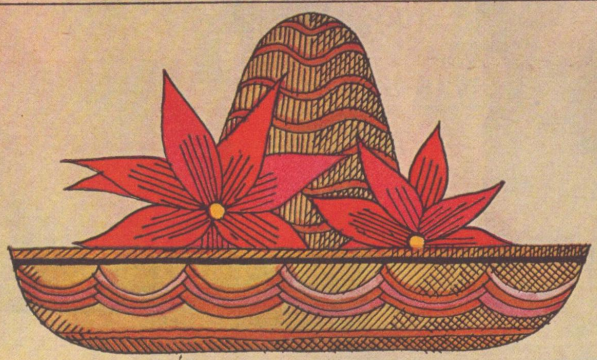
New Ways to PARTY with NABISCO SNACKS

In Alaska "Going Around With The Star" is a popular tradition among carolers who visit from house to house carrying long wooden poles, topped with lighted lanterns. The lead caroler bears a pole with a large, colorful paper star. Delicious way to celebrate this holiday custom is a hot dip of cheddar cheese spiced up with dry mustard, served on crisp, beef-tasting Tang-O Chips. Serve crunchy Tang-O Chips alone, too, to savor that rich, hearty, roast-beef taste just plain!

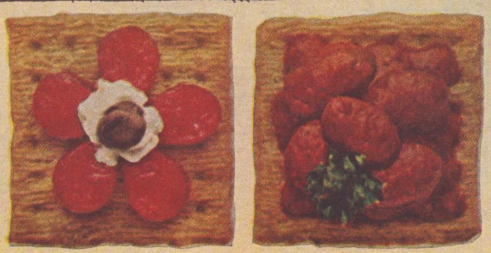


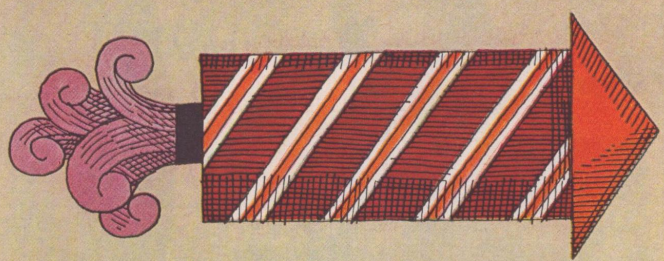


In the Northwest Custom of many Scandinavian-Americans is placing wheat or barley on an evergreen pole to feed the birds at Christmas. On crisp Triangle Thins serve egg spread, snips of ripe olive, Dromedary Pimiento. Choose wheat-munchy Wheat Thins, too, then "canapé" them with chicken, green pepper, catsup.

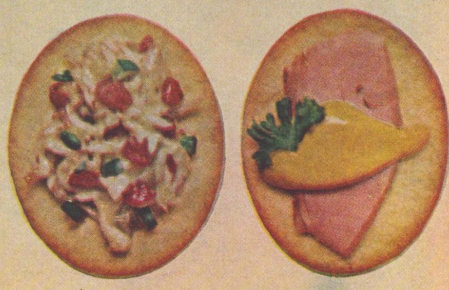


In New Mexico Dr. Poinsett, first minister to Mexico, sent beautiful "Flame Leaf" to the states in 1828. Today we know this festive bloom as Poinsettia. Your replica of Mexico's "gift": Dromedary Pimiento centered with sour cream, caper—delicious on nut-toasty Triscuit Wafers; and Chili Beans with parsley on another salt-crisp Triscuit Wafer.





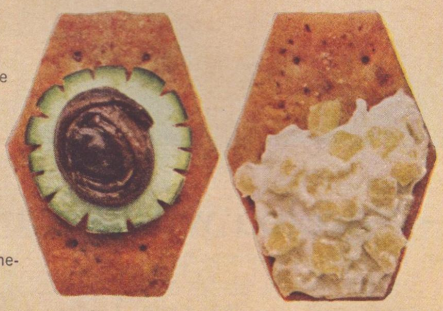
In the South An old custom (still observed in some rural areas) is ushering in Christmas amid the brilliant sounds and lights of firecrackers and sky rockets. Colorful way to recapture the spirit of the season: Crab gumbo spread on the crisp bacon-y flavor of Bacon Thins; slice of Virginia ham, mustard, parsley on another smokey-good Bacon Thin!



FROM

OLD AMERICAN HOLIDAY CUSTOMS

In Hawaii Missionaries were the first to bring the legend of Santa Claus to the Hawaiian Islands. Today the natives believe this jolly old gent comes to them on Christmas Eve paddling a gift-laden boat. Make a festive canapé of fresh cucumber slice topped with a stuffed anchovy, then serve on crunchy Swiss n' Ham flavored crackers. Serve these hearty-good crackers, too, under a Hawaiian Dip of juicy pineapple chunks and cream cheese.



In all America The oldest, the newest, the most festive American Holiday Custom—the Holiday Party, the season to celebrate, the time of true hospitality! Make it the most sociable—serve favorite snacks, delicious snacks—serve 'em all on the 6 festive shapes of new Sociables Crackers—the most party-able snack crackers with the crunchy-good, nutlike flavor! Be sure to start with a canapé of turkey slices garnished with cranberry (in celebration of our oldest tradition, the most purely American custom that started with our first Thanksgiving!). Red and black caviar, garnished with hard cooked egg. Chopped shrimp in spiced sour cream. Tiny cocktail sausages zipped up with relish. Liver paté decorated with ripe olive bits. Mincemeat, walnut, on smooth, delicious cream cheese!

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NEW NORELCO 'FLOATING-HEAD' SPEEDSHAVER 30

Here's the gift of shaving comfort–Norelco with rotary blades!

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Norelco rotary blades go round and round at an incredible 3500 revolutions per minute. They never stop or change direction. They *stroke* off whiskers so gently the face actually feels *soothed!* So why let him chance scraping, nicking or pinching?

The latest Norelco model *(above)* has the new 'floating-heads' which swivel automatically to fit every curve of the face.

The new 'floating-head' Speedshaver® is just one of the many wonderful Christmas gifts you'll find at your Norelco dealer.

For the young shaver, there's the Norelco 'flip-top'. He'll enjoy the rotary blade shaves and you'll enjoy the popular price.

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Newest beauty item for the ladies is the marvelous Norelco Beauty Sachet. It's a wonderful gift... Christmas or *anytime.*

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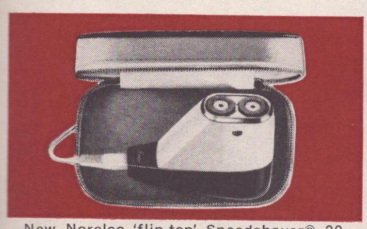

New Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver® 20. Newest model of world's largest-selling shaver. Popular price. 'Flip-top' cleaning. 110 volts only (AC/DC). Smart travel case.

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New Lady Norelco Shaver 20L. Rotary blades shave without razor cuts. Lovely simulated-sapphire design. 110 volts (AC/DC). New low price. Handsome travel case.

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Home Barber Kit. Handy accessory for Norelco 'floating-head' Speedshaver. A hair-clipper and two comb-like guides give complete haircuts. Wonderful for children.

Prelec®: pre-shave lotion conditions beard for perfect electric shaves; Finale®: a bracing after-shave lotion; Shaver Cleaner: cleans and lubricates shaving heads.

Six Nursemaids and a Five-Seat Potty

QUINTS

CONTINUED

a pavilion designed as an infirmary and playhouse. There were spacious gardens all around and a swimming pool. All around the grounds he built a tall iron fence.

But somebody talked. One day the Diligentis found themselves besieged by reporters, curiosity-seekers and all manner of promoters—one of whom wanted to take the quints to Chicago to put them in a side show. "Can you imagine?" says Papa Diligenti. "My babies in a circus!"

Diligenti and his wife—who already had three children, including one by his wife's previous marriage—tried to make the best of the situation. When they bought food, clothing or playthings they would withhold their name and give the storekeeper their address only. But they had to buy everything in multiples of five and this often tipped their hand. Besides, who could ignore an infant ménage that consumed 50 quarts of milk a week?

Happily, the Diligentis could afford six full-time nursemaids. Between attending to his textile mills, dye works, cattle ranches and his seat in the Buenos Aires stock exchange, Papa functioned around home as a sort of commanding general, while his wife worked as chief of operations.

"She taught the doctors a thing or two," he boasts. "But for seven years she hardly ever went out of the house. The house was like a mechanics' pit in a car race. My wife and the nurses were always changing, always chasing. By the time they got through dressing the fifth one, the first was dirty and in tatters."

Almost from the beginning the quints seemed to understand and take delight in their capacity to create confusion. When Mama sat them on their potties they would wait until she left the room and then get up and wander around. When they heard her approaching footsteps they would run back, each taking the first available potty. Mama could not tell who had loose bowels and who did not. Papa came to the rescue with a group potty of his own design. It was a bench-size five-seater, with straps to hold the quints in place.

"I may patent it some day," says Papa, "even though there is not much market for it."

When the quints reached the age of 5, Diligenti decided it was time for them to discover the world. He enrolled them in a private school across the street from the house. He also invited neighborhood children in to play. The quints' birthday parties became legendary and were the only occasions when Diligenti allowed the press to come calling, though he would allow no pictures until he had carefully arranged the pose. He taught the quints to take the attention lightly and, to encourage them to speak their own minds, he allowed them to be interviewed singly—and was delighted by the tall and contradictory tales they told reporters.

When they were 8, Diligenti sent each to a different English-language school in Buenos Aires. He had been watching for what he regarded as dangerous signs of too much interdependency, and in time detected what he calls "a certain psychic affinity" between at least two pairs. María Cristina complained of a toothache at the very moment—unknown to her—that Franco was having a tooth extracted. One day Carlos Alberto broke an arm at school, and María Ester's school telephoned to say that she was suffering severe pain in her own arm.

"All this could have been mere coincidence," says Diligenti, "but I was glad that I had changed their environment so that each child could develop as an individual."

Diligenti allowed the boys to study what they wanted to and the girls to marry as they chose. María Ester went to the altar when she was only 16, and María Fernanda when she was 19.

Now that the children have all been launched, Papa Diligenti often steps outside the big empty house in Buenos Aires to look up at the frieze over the side entrance. Sculptured in relief are five plump cherubic babies. Standing in a niche at one side of the door is a statue of a woman in flowing robes: his wife. In the opposite niche is a stork carved in stone. The stork wears a smile. And when Papa Diligenti looks at it, so does he.

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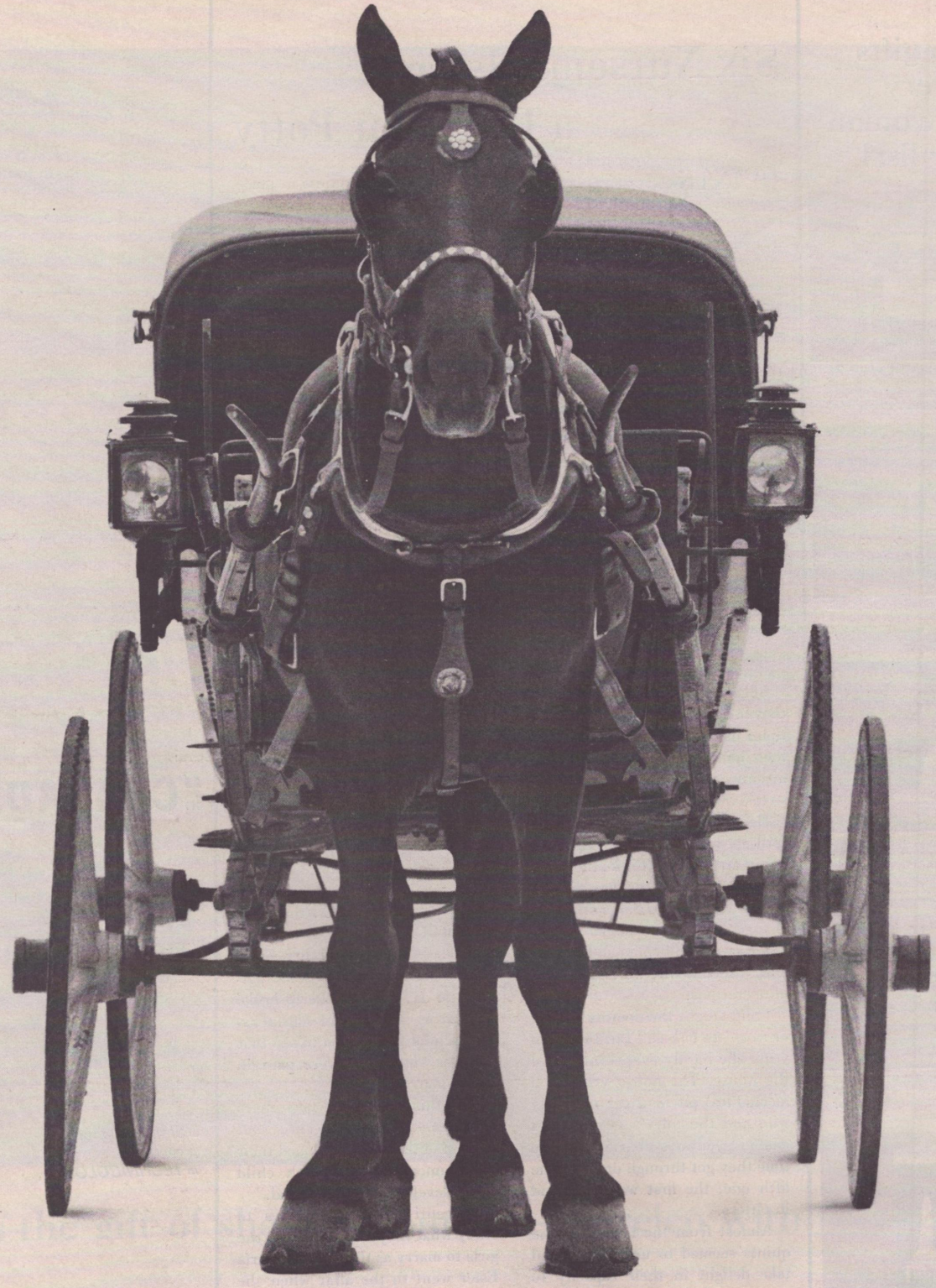

Is this the reason

Horseless carriages weren't called horseless carriages for nothing.

Gas engines may have taken the place of the horse.

But the horse left its mark.

Early cars kept their whip sockets, long after there were no horses to whip.

Dashboards once kept the horse from splashing mud on the passengers.

And most cars have kept their engines up front, where the horse used to go.

When the Volkswagen was designed, we assumed that horses would never be back.

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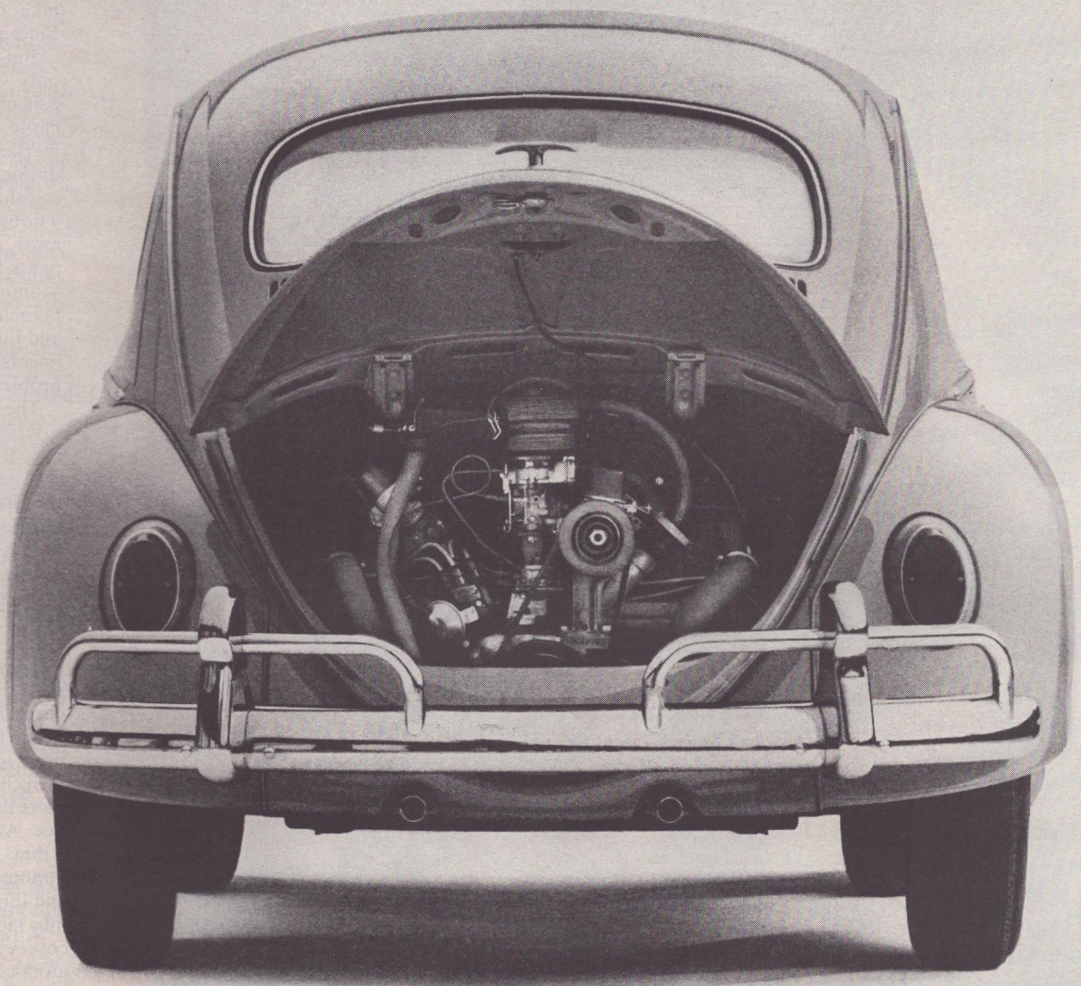

most engines still aren't in back?

So we felt free to put the engine over the rear wheels, the ones that drive the car.

That way, you don't spin your wheels getting power from the front to the back.

Or horse around with heavy driveshafts.

You also get more weight over the drive wheels for firm traction when the going gets sloppy.

Actually, the VW's air-cooled aluminum engine would have been a sensation, even in front.

But the big idea was moving it to the rear.

It was a great step backward in the world of automobile design.

Oppenheimer and Teller: the Fermi award helps to end a bitter feud

The Tangled Drama and Private

Edward Teller, creator of the H-bomb and last year's Fermi award winner, gave key testimony against Oppenheimer in security hearing.

The event was simple enough: a brief White House ceremony in which the President made a few remarks and then presented an award to a distinguished citizen while a distinguished audience applauded politely. Similar events take place in Washington many times each year.

But this one was different. Not only was it among the very first ceremonial duties Lyndon Johnson chose to perform as President. It marked the climax of a wrenching drama that has poisoned the U.S. scientific community for a decade. Though some pointedly stayed away, many of the original participants in that drama were present —among them, the two main protagonists: J. Robert Oppenheimer and Edward Teller, virtual embodiments of the atomic age and its problems.

The date was Dec. 2, the 21st anniversary of the advent of the new age. It was on Dec. 2, 1942 that the late Enrico Fermi had achieved the first controlled nuclear chain reaction, opening the way to all the vast potential uses of atomic energy. To honor his memory and to reward others for advancing atomic science, the Atomic Energy Commission had created the annual Enrico Fermi award: a gold medal, citation and a tax-free check for $50,000. Six men since Fermi had won this rich prize, and now Oppenheimer was the seventh.

Such recognition might seem no more than due—if not indeed overdue. After all, Oppenheimer, now a thin, graying man of 59, was the famous physicist who established and directed the gigantic Los Alamos laboratory where Fermi's discovery was developed into the first atomic bomb.

But Dec. 2, as it happened, marked a double anniversary for Oppenheimer personally: exactly 10 years ago to the day, there had been another occurrence—this, too, at the White House—that was to bring his life to the edge of ruin. On *that* Dec. 2 the first steps were taken by high federal officials to revoke Oppenheimer's security clearance and to dismiss him from government service.

The irony does not end there.

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

Hells of Two Famous Scientists

Last year's Fermi award winner was Edward Teller—not only Oppenheimer's greatest and most persistent antagonist in matters affecting the nation's nuclear policy but the man whose testimony, many believe, later tipped the scales against Oppenheimer in his security hearing and brought him to disgrace. Now Teller was present of his own choice as an official guest.

As a previous winner he had been sent an invitation as a formal courtesy. But why had he accepted? What motive could explain his coming all the way from California to watch this honor being paid to an old foe? Many of the other guests asked themselves these questions and stared at Teller curiously.

The fact was this: Teller had come to congratulate Oppenheimer, to applaud his speech of acceptance, to offer goodwill and seek it in return, and to make an end to a situation from which both men had suffered too long.

He was there because when the great public issues of the Oppenheimer security case are peeled back and one gets to the heart of the matter, one finds not just scientists, generals and public officials but human beings with passions and ambitions, capacities for pride, envy and self-delusion as well as for high principle, generosity and self-sacrifice. And because the two humans most directly and grievously affected were J. Robert Oppenheimer and Edward Teller.

Oppenheimer was never declared disloyal, but only a "security risk" within the precise framework of federal laws. But for the public generally, this distinction was too obscure to grasp. In the minds of many people he stood convicted as a probably subversive character, and he has carried this burden in all the years since. For Teller the drama has been almost as painful. By allowing his disagreements with Oppenheimer over the H-bomb to contribute to his colleague's dismissal from the government, he was branded, as far as much of the international scientific community was concerned,

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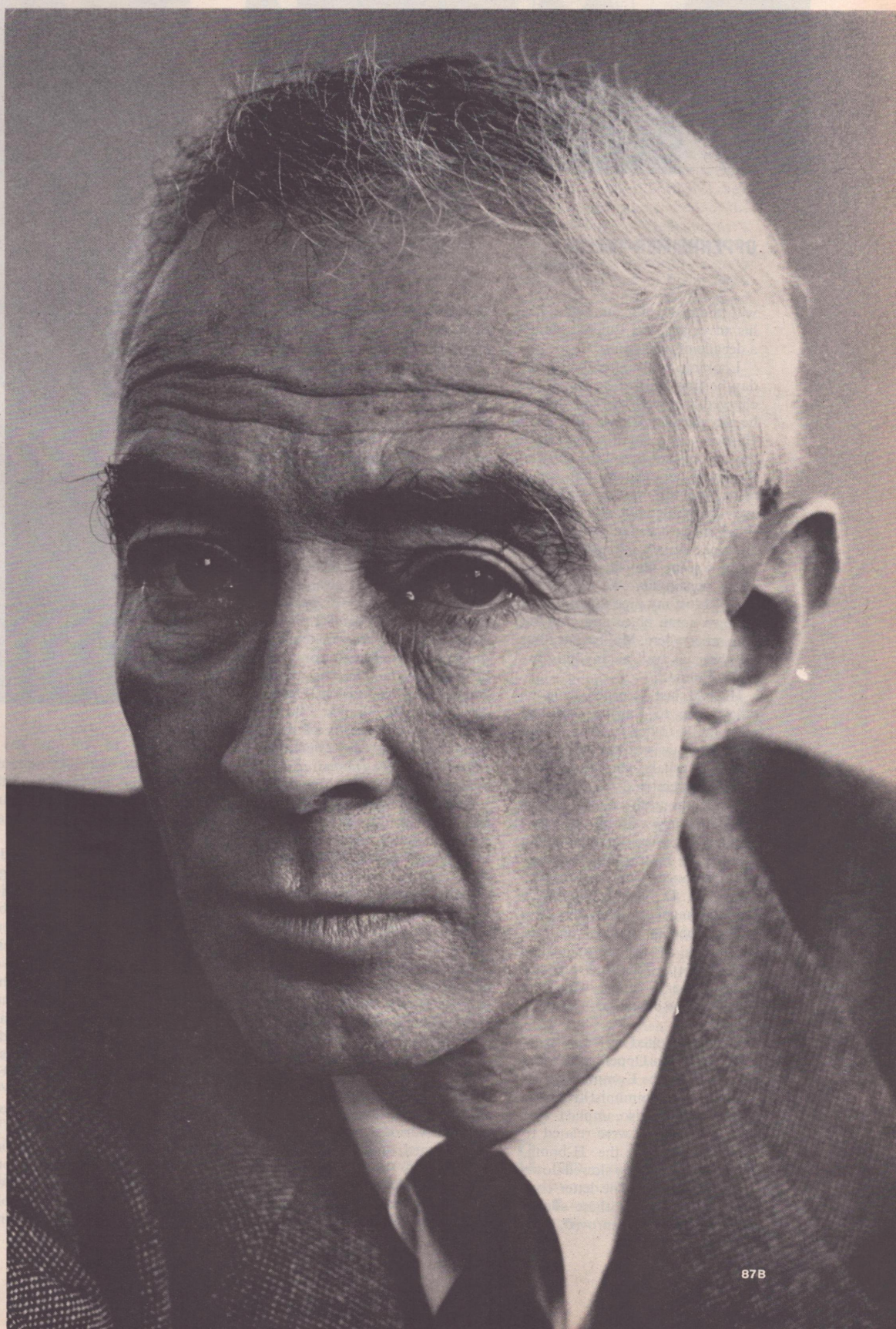

J. Robert Oppenheimer, who directed development of the A-bomb and won Fermi award this year, lost his U.S. security clearance in 1954.

President Johnson gives Fermi award to Oppenheimer (right with wife and son). *Left, AEC Chairman Glenn Seaborg.*

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER

CONTINUED

with the mark of Cain. Teller, like his adversary, has suffered almost a decade of purgatory.

Looking back recently to the day he first learned he was to be charged as a security risk, Oppenheimer recalled, "It was like Pearl Harbor—on a small scale. Given the circumstances and the spirit of the times, one knew that something like this was possible and even probable; but still it was a shock when it came." An inveterate pipe smoker—so much so that his pipe seems almost an extension of his personality—he remembers also: "I lost my pipe that day: put it down some place and couldn't remember where. Maybe that sums up about as well as anything my state of mind."

He had just returned from an official trip to Europe, and had gone to the office of AEC Commissioner Lewis Strauss to report. After the usual greetings, Oppenheimer remembers, "I started to tell him about the conversations I'd had overseas. Strauss said that could wait: there was something much more important—my security clearance was suspended." General K. D. Nichols, the AEC's general manager, who was also present, had prepared a bill of particulars in the form of an official letter. Strauss handed Oppenheimer a copy, which he read while the others sat in strained silence.

The letter cited a long list of occasions when Oppenheimer had associated with Communists or members of Communist-front organizations. It also implied that these associations were related to his opposition to the H-bomb, which had "definitely slowed down its development." The letter continued: "In view of these allegations which, until disproved, raise questions as to your veracity, conduct and even your loyalty" his clearance was suspended in order "to protect the common defense and security" of the U.S.

Oppenheimer had two alternatives. One was to resign as a consultant to the AEC, his only official connection with the government at that point. This would automatically have terminated his security clearance and thereby would have avoided the whole issue. The other was to ask for a hearing before an AEC personnel security board, a painful prospect since it would necessitate laying open his whole life, not only public but private. He was allowed 24 hours for his decision. The next day he wrote Strauss: "I have thought most earnestly of the alternative suggested [resignation]. Under the circumstances this course of action would mean that I accept and concur in the view that I am not fit to serve this Government, that I have now served for some 12 years. This I cannot do."

Proceedings "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer" began the following April and lasted four weeks.

The testimony and principal documents run to more than 1,000 pages of small print, roughly equivalent in length to the complete annotated works of Shakespeare, or to the Bible. And, like those two works, the Oppenheimer documents contain something for everyone. The case is as richly textured, as variously and confusingly patterned, and as filled with anomalies as the last few decades of U.S. history itself. Here, in clinical detail, and with the force of great fiction or drama, one can find the story of the Communist Popular Front movement of the 1930s and the seduction of many prominent American intellectuals and idealists.

Tilt the kaleidoscope a bit and it shows the story of the Atomic Age: the discovery of fission just prior to the war and the secret race between Germany and the U.S. to produce an atom bomb; the postwar shattering, by Russia, both of the U.S.'s monopoly of atomic weapons and of its hopes for putting the atom under international control for peaceful purposes; the race between the U.S. and Russia to produce the H-bomb, the superweapon.

Tilt it a bit more and one sees the patterns of American policy in those postwar years, and the conflicts among men and institutions that arose from our confrontation with the brutal facts of the Cold War and the Korean War—among those facts, the revelation that trusted scientists such as Klaus Fuchs at Los Alamos and Alan Nunn May in Canada had been Soviet agents. And here also, along with the increased security precautions that were well justified by events, one finds in gory detail the excesses and spreading hysteria of the Red-hunters and the rise of the "McCarthy era" in U.S. domestic politics. In a fateful way, the Oppenheimer Case was, as he himself recognized, a product—perhaps even an inevitable product—of the times.

In Oppenheimer's formal reply to the letter of General Nichols containing the charges against him, he wrote that: "The items of so-called derogatory information set forth in your letter cannot be fairly understood except in the context of my life and my work." Teller

Mrs. Oppenheimer looks on as her husband and Teller meet with warm smiles and handshake at post-award reception.

must be studied in the same light.

Their lives held striking parallels. They were born four years apart—Oppenheimer in 1904, Teller in 1908—but of the same scientific generation, the one that grew up just at the time when such founders of modern physics as Rutherford, Einstein and Bohr were reporting the great, basic discoveries that suddenly and excitingly began to change our understanding of the universe. Both men were the sons of prosperous and cultivated Jewish families among whom intellectual attainment was admired and encouraged. And they were both mental prodigies. Robert Oppenheimer at age 11 was elected a member of the New York Mineralogical Society—the next youngest member was in his 60s—and at 12 delivered his first scientific paper at one of its meetings.

Teller's earliest forte was mathematics, which in due course led him to an interest in chemistry. And for both boys chemistry led to physics. Oppenheimer studied at Harvard, graduating *summa cum laude* in three years, and then at Cambridge in England and the University of Göttingen, two great centers of nuclear physics at the time. Teller studied at Karlsruhe and Leipzig and then also at Göttingen. Both made brilliant records in college and both were marked by their teachers for greatness.

Along with these parallels, however, there was a very important difference. For Oppenheimer, born in New York City and raised in the security of liberal democracy, political events had no interest at all. "I was almost wholly divorced from the contemporary scene in this country," he wrote in his letter to Nichols. "I never read a newspaper or a current magazine. . . . I had no radio, no telephone; I learned of the stock-market crash in the fall of 1929 only long after the event; the first time I ever voted was in the election of 1936. . . ."

Teller, on the other hand, had reason to be very closely interested in current affairs. Born in Budapest, he was 6 years old at the outbreak of World War I. By the time he was 12, Hungary had been invaded by czarist Russia, defeated and dismembered by the Allies, undergone a short but bloody Communist revolution and a counterrevolution and settled into an oppressive military-fascist dictatorship under Admiral Horthy. He grew up, Teller says, with the assumption that "eventually I would have to emigrate. I loved science. But also it offered a possibility for escaping this doomed society." But escape to what, where?

Shortly after Teller finished his Ph.D. work, Hitler had come to power and the exodus of European scientists was under way. Teller arrived in the U.S. in 1935 to become a professor of physics at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Quite soon, he began to make what to him were almost incredible discoveries. The U.S. actually practiced democracy and representative government and liberal capitalism; these things actually worked, and had been working for a long time and had made the country strong and vital. The more he realized these things, the more excited he became.

Teller is sometimes said to have an obsessive personality—when he commits himself to something, whether it is an unsolved problem in physics or a political idea, he goes all the way with it, and when he understood "the reality of America, that this was really true," he underwent something almost like a religious conversion. He says: "When I became a citizen in 1941, I swore to protect and defend the United States. And I meant this *completely*—to protect and defend it in every possible way that I could. For me, this was and is and always will be an unavoidable obligation."

Meantime Robert Oppenheimer, who held a dual professorship at Caltech in Pasadena and the University of California at Berkeley, was establishing himself as the outstanding member of the younger generation of American physicists, and was building a cadre of graduate students who followed him back and forth from one campus to the other. In due course they populated the physics departments of universities across the country. Meantime, too, Oppenheimer's "bizarre . . . indifference to contemporary affairs" had left him.

"Beginning in 1936, my interests began to change," he wrote. "I had had a continuing, smoldering fury about the treatment of Jews in Germany. . . . I saw what the depression was doing to my students. . . . I began to understand how deeply political and economic events could affect men's lives." What he did about this was a reflection of the times in the U.S. and of the milieu in which he moved.

It was the era of the Popular Front, when so many intellectuals were either somewhat sympathetic to Communism or, at least, saw it as a dependable ally against Fascism. Oppenheimer became deeply involved in many Communist-supported or affiliated activities, and formed many friendships among people similarly inclined. For a while his younger brother Frank and his wife were members of the Communist party; Oppenheimer's own wife, whom he married in 1940, had been married to a party member who died in Spain fighting for the Loyalists; she belonged to the party once but had since lost faith in Communism.

As time passed and the Russians exposed more of their real motives through the purge trials, the Hitler-Stalin pact, the Finnish invasion of 1940, Oppenheimer became progressively more disillusioned with left-wing causes. By 1941 he had dropped all his old leftish affiliations—but he did not break off with his old friends, many of whom, he knew, had been influenced by the same high motives that had guided his early thinking.

In adding up this chapter of his life, Oppenheimer wrote: "I might well have appeared at the time as quite close to the Communist party . . . [but] I never accepted Communist dogma or theory; in fact, it never made sense to me. I had no clearly formulated political views. I hated tyranny and repression and every form of dictatorial control of thought. In most cases I did not in those days know who was and who was not a member of the Communist party. . . . What I do know is that I was never a member of the party, concealed or open."

Like most native-born Americans, Oppenheimer took the country's virtues as normal and felt free to correct its faults. But like Teller, Oppenheimer also felt a deep attachment to his country and an obligation to protect and defend it. Now, because circumstances had given both men a very special kind of knowledge at a very special time in history, they had the unique chance personally to protect what they loved and destroy what they hated.

By 1940, at the behest of a panel of distinguished scientists, President Roosevelt had committed the U.S. to the vast secret work of the

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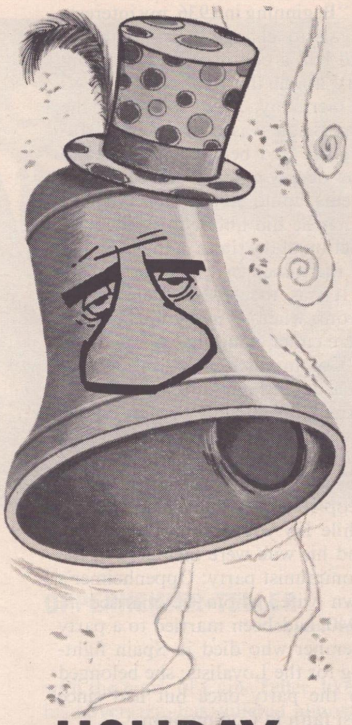

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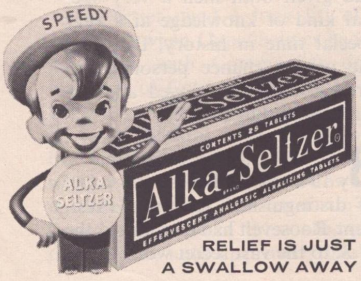

At Berkeley, Oppenheimer and Teller 'started a two-man mutual admiration society'

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER
CONTINUED

Manhattan Project, the code name for the $2 billion attempt to build the first atom bomb. Dr. Arthur Compton, Nobel laureate at the University of Chicago, in 1941 had been placed in charge of a special committee to study the various possibilities of atomic weapons. He asked Oppenheimer to help and, in the spring of 1942, put him in charge of coordinating weapons work from his base at Berkeley.

Fermi's success in controlling the chain reaction still lay in the future; and although the theory of atomic reaction was understood, whether and how atomic energy could be harnessed in practical form were matters that needed intensive thinking out. To that end, Oppenheimer invited a small group of imaginative physicists to join him that summer at Berkeley. Among them was Edward Teller.

It is interesting that Teller was nearly prevented from accepting because he could not get a security clearance: "I had relatives in Nazi-dominated Hungary, and so I could not be cleared for secret work. . . , [But] when the invitations were prepared, it became obvious that the United States already was beginning to suffer a shortage of qualified, cleared physicists. Oppenheimer asked that I be given a clearance regardless of my family connections in Hungary, and his request was granted."

Oppenheimer and Teller knew each other by reputation and had met briefly at scientific gatherings, but this was the first time they really became acquainted. They were then respectively 38 and 34, and in most ways were probably at the peak of their powers: both were spectacularly equipped with native brilliance, enthusiasm and imagination, and each was quick to recognize these qualities in the other. They admired each other. Indeed, from all accounts they were delighted with each other.

One ex-colleague remembers: "Without any double meaning, of course, this started off as a kind of mental love affair. Edward liked and respected Oppie enormously. He kept wanting to talk about him with others who knew him, kept bringing up his name in conversation. Oppie has always been more reserved by nature, but in his quieter way he seemed to reciprocate." Another colleague says: "They started a mutual admiration society that summer. They practically became pals—buddies."

Neither finds it easy to talk now about this early mutual regard. But Teller has written that: "A spirit of spontaneity, adventure and surprise prevailed during those weeks." And Oppenheimer: "We had an adventurous time. . . . After these studies there was little doubt that a potentially world-shattering undertaking lay ahead."

As it had for Teller, now—for the first time—the question of security clearance came up for Oppenheimer. That spring he had filled out a personnel security questionnaire and freely acknowledged his former left-wing associations. "Later in the summer, I had word from Compton that there was a question of my clearance on the ground that I had belonged to left-wing groups; but it was indicated that this would not prove a bar to my further work on the program." Subsequently, his record was reinvestigated until his security file became one of the fattest in Washington. But for the first of many times he was given clearance.

As an outcome of the Berkeley studies it was decided that all work on the bomb should be pulled together in one central laboratory, and that fall construction started at the fantastic secret city of Los Alamos. It was there that the Oppenheimer-Teller "mutual admiration society" became progressively inactive. With two complex men of genius in such a peculiar situation as that of wartime Los Alamos, the reasons naturally were not simple, but at least the main ones can be identified. Among them was plain incompatibility of temperament, a jarring of opposite personalities.

Teller was an extroverted, gregarious man, fond of jokes and talk and friends, full of curiosity about everybody and everybody's ideas and problems and given to sudden, intense and rather undisciplined enthusiasms.

A friend remembers, "He gave a lot to friendships, and he was painfully hurt if he felt rebuffed." He was also an "order-of-magnitude" thinker: he could produce big, sometimes brilliant (sometimes not) ideas in startling quantity, but he liked to leave the details of working them out to others.

Oppenheimer, in contrast, was a much more private person, natively somewhat shy and esthetic. His interests were, if anything, even broader than Teller's—he was the master of eight languages including Sanskrit, an admirer of medieval French sonnets and of classic Hindu philosophy. But his approach to those interests was much more disciplined, as indeed was his whole manner and outlook. He was impatient with people whose minds worked tangentially or less rapidly than his own, and he fairly often showed it. His usual manner was gentle, intense, interested and extremely winning; but if he could charm, he could also wither.

One old friend from those days remembers: "He was a wonderful administrator. But he could be tough, and as cold as ice. He had a tremendous, terribly important job, and he couldn't tolerate people who impeded him. So here he was, a beautifully disciplined mental being, puffing on his pipe with a sort of elaborate poise and a certain intellectual arrogance; and here was Edward with his headlong enthusiasms and emotions.

"Opposites had attracted at first. But as time wore on, Oppie showed annoyance and even probably contempt. And Edward, with his vani-

Prewar friends, Teller (left) *and Enrico Fermi became postwar colleagues at the University of Chicago, where this picture was taken in 1946.*

Standing in the New Mexico desert, Oppenheimer and Major General Leslie Groves inspect the site of first atomic explosion in July 1945.

ty and the deep sense of personal dignity that underlies all that Hungarian courtliness and fey humor, showed his resentment."

Indeed the resentment began, so many old Los Alamosites think, when Oppenheimer chose Hans Bethe—another member of the Berkeley summer group, now professor of physics at Cornell—over Teller as head of the crucially important Theoretical Physics Division of the Los Alamos lab.

A friend says: "Oppie realized that Edward was *not* an administrator. And Edward was *not* happy about it." But this was not petty pique. As another colleague has observed: "You must understand that most big theoretical physicists are prima donnas. They're like great opera singers or performers in any small, difficult field: they may admire each other, but they're natural rivals; they're bound to 'hate' each other to some extent."

Beyond such psychological factors, however, there was also friction over a matter of very great practical importance. If the process of atomic fission was now possible, fission bombs could theoretically be made that would trigger infinitely more powerful thermonuclear fusion bombs. Teller, who had become interested in the fusion principle before the war, was an enthusiastic proponent of experimentation on "the Super." Oppenheimer, when he set up the Los Alamos lab, made "the problem of the Super" one of the prime objectives. But it turned out to be a much bigger problem than anyone had supposed and was sidetracked in favor of urgent efforts to develop the fission-type weapon. Teller helped on this: in fact, he did the final calculations before the A-bomb was tested at Alamogordo to make sure it could not set off a chain reaction in the atmosphere and destroy the world.

But the Super continued to fascinate him; so much so that Oppenheimer, partially because he thought the matter ought to be explored, but perhaps even more in despair of being able to engage Teller's great talents and energies on the immediate problem of the A-weapon, asked him to continue working on it, and this was largely what Teller did during the war. He did so, he says, with the full expectation that, once the A-bomb had been successfully made, Oppenheimer and the other scientists would tackle the Super with the same concentrated team effort.

He was rudely disappointed when, instead, the whole top echelon began their great postwar trek back to the campuses. Teller stayed on at Los Alamos for a few more months, winding up his work. Then, with a sense of frustration and of having been let down by his colleagues, especially Oppenheimer, he joined the exodus himself, accepting a professorship at the University of Chicago.

Robert Oppenheimer remembers that when the atomic fire lit at Alamogordo, rewarding his four years of extreme effort and filling the sky with an unearthly brightness, phrases from the Hindu holy book, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, came almost visibly into his mind: "If the radiance of a thousand suns were to burst into the sky, that would be like the splendor of the Mighty One. . . . I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds." And later he said: "In some sort of crude sense which no vulgarity, no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose."

Having been so closely responsible for the birth of the atomic age, Oppenheimer felt a responsibility for trying to curb its world-shattering potentialities and for converting the atom, if possible, into an instrument for peace and the use of mankind. He was the principal author of the so-called Acheson-Lilienthal report, the basis of the Baruch Plan by which the U.S. offered to share its atomic information with the world under United Nations supervision. The plan had the support of most of the atomic scientists, including Teller, who wrote in favor of it in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and was severely disappointed when finally it failed due to Russia's intransigence. Even so, as late as mid-1948, Teller would write in the *Bulletin:* "I believe that we should cease to be infatuated with the menace of this fabulous monster, Russia. Our present necessary task of opposing Russia should not cause us to forget that in the long run we cannot win by working against something. We must work for something. We must work for World Government."

Teller was also a charter member and in due course a national vice president of the Atlantic Union movement; he was a strong supporter of the Marshall Plan, of European Federation, and of NATO. And in fact, through all the following years, his views have not changed. As he said recently: "I have the reputation of a warmonger. I am not. I am a peacemonger. And I am also a realist."

As a realist, Teller says, he had decided by 1949 that the prospects for peace and understanding with Russia were very dim, that all the writing and speech-making and political activities that he and other scientists had been engaged in were not really very productive, and that "the best contribution I could make would be to go back to Los Alamos to help develop weapons—something I knew about and that could yield concrete results." He took a year's leave from the university. Thus he was once again immersed in weapons work when the news came that Russia had set off an atom bomb and broken the U.S. monopoly.

One of Teller's first thoughts was to call Oppenheimer, whose advice,

CONTINUED

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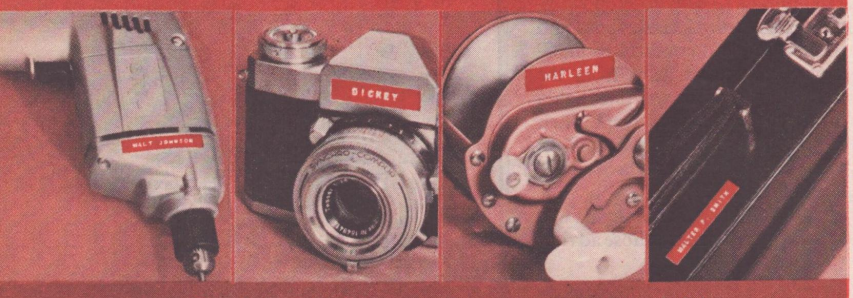

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Oppenheimer's stand on the H-bomb reawakened suspicions about his past

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER
CONTINUED

he remembers, was succinct: it was, "Keepyourshirton." Nevertheless, Teller and his associates expected that a big-scale program would now be launched on the Super to restore the U.S. nuclear advantage. He was stunned, therefore, when word soon came that the AEC's General Advisory Committee—a panel of scientific leaders chaired by Oppenheimer—had voted unanimously against any expansion of the thermonuclear work.

The grounds for their rejection were technical, military and moral. On the basis of then-available technical knowledge, they very much doubted that the "problem of the Super" could be solved soon. Even if it were, they felt that this would only increase the "unbalance" of the U.S.'s military posture by making the country even more dependent on weapons of mass destruction, leaving it insufficiently prepared to fight small, brush-fire wars.

Two members of the committee went on to express moral revulsion at increasing the killing power of these weapons. A majority argued that if the U.S. did not take the initiative in developing new weapons neither would Russia: that Russia wished only to catch up with, not surpass, the U.S.'s nuclear strength. For the time being, therefore, they recommended that thermonuclear research be kept at a theoretical level only, with no attempt to build the H-bomb.

The decision was overruled not long afterward by President Truman. Teller solved the technical problem of fusion by a "brilliant discovery," the details of which are still top secret, and the Super was created—only a few months, as events turned out, before the Russians exploded one of their own. The General Advisory Committee had been wrong: wrong in its initial estimate of the technical difficulties and wrong in its interpretations of Russia's motives, intentions and capabilities. Oppenheimer, as the chairman of the committee, deserved more of the blame than any other member—and in retrospect he feels that he was indeed derelict in letting the decision be made too quickly and perhaps too emotionally, without enough hard thought and broad consultation. Yet it was a decision by the committee, not just by him, and the error reflected the "climate of opinion" widely prevalent in the scientific community at that time. It was a climate in which scientists, Teller included, seemed to feel that their knowledge of the terrible secrets of the atom also conferred on them special insights into foreign policy and national strategy. The committee included such eminent independent thinkers as James B. Conant, Enrico Fermi, and I. I. Rabi, and it is hard to imagine them being spellbound by Oppenheimer's eloquence alone.

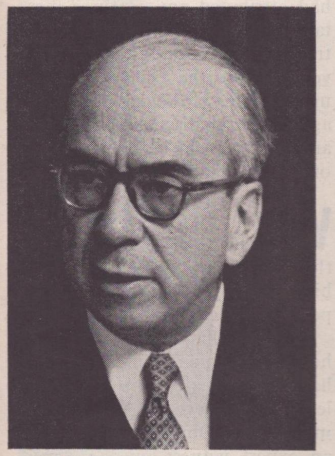
The H-bomb controversy had ended—officially—with Truman's decision. But the passions and suspicions it stirred among the scientists and among political and military leaders did not end. They simmered and in 1953–54 boiled up again leaving lasting scars on Oppenheimer, Teller and the whole of U.S. science.

In the body of legend that has grown up around the Oppenheimer Case, a number of different people have been cast in the role of having "instigated" it. Officially it was a young man named William L. Borden, who had been executive director of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, of which Senator Brien McMahon was chairman. McMahon, along with AEC Commissioner Lewis Strauss, had led the pro-H-bomb forces in Washington, and Borden had a full appreciation of the arguments in favor of the Super; he also had access to the security files of the people involved, pro and con, including the now-massive one on Oppenheimer.

The fact was that Oppenheimer had not opposed the program after Truman's directive, but neither had he done much to help it. Since his prestige was so great among the other physicists and his example so likely to be emulated by them, he had—so the pro-Super reasoning went—thus actually discouraged recruitment of scientists and hampered the bomb's development. Putting this together with the apparently rich, though mainly old, material in Oppenheimer's file, Borden had after much soul-searching concluded that "more probably than not" Oppenheimer had been—and still was—a Soviet agent. Borden wrote a long and

detailed letter to this effect to J. Edgar Hoover in November 1953, and in line of duty Hoover passed this on, along with a summary of the Oppenheimer file, to the White House, Secretary of Defense Wilson, Attorney General Brownell and Lewis Strauss, who by then had become Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Strauss is often named as "the real instigator" of the hearing. According to this line of reasoning, Strauss was intimately acquainted with the Oppenheimer file and knew that Oppenheimer had been repeatedly cleared despite it. He could have reassured President Eisenhower about it and the Borden letter and thus nipped the whole affair in the bud. He did not, it is alleged, because Oppenheimer's influence among atomic scientists was so persuasive and, in Strauss's view, so pernicious that it could be thwarted only by "destroying" Oppenheimer. There was a new Executive Order under which not only "disloyalty" but now defects of character and bad "associations" could be grounds for revoking clearance. With this, plus the fuse lit by Borden, Strauss's antagonists reason, he calculated that he had at hand the means for Oppenheimer's destruction. He would take pleasure in carrying it out not only for reasons he thought patriotic but also for personal reasons. His dignity had suffered from Oppenheimer's caustic tongue in AEC councils, so it was said, and his vanity from what he considered Oppenheimer's intellectual arrogance toward him. All such suggestions are vehemently denied by Strauss, who feels he has quite unjustly been made a scapegoat against whom Oppenheimer's admirers could vent their resentment. The plain fact is, he says, that once the Borden letter had set the government security apparatus in motion, there was nothing he could have done in good conscience to prevent the consequences, including the ultimate decision to withhold clearance.



An opponent of many of Oppenheimer's ideas on nuclear policy, former AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss was man who told him his clearance was suspended.

Another and equally popular nominee for "the real instigator" is the U.S. Air Force's top-level command at the time. According to this view, Oppenheimer and Air Force leaders were bound to clash, and did, because of opposing ideas about the way atomic weapons should be used. The Air Force, charged with enforcing the policy of "massive retaliation" and hence built largely around the Strategic Air Command, naturally thought of the atom in terms of big bombs —the kind that could wipe out entire cities or fortified areas. Oppenheimer, representing the conscience and "sense of sin" of the scientists who had created the atomic monster, kept looking for ways to make it less terrible. He believed that the big bombs, the weapons of mass annihilation, should be used only when and if all other possibilities for effective defense and retaliation were exhausted.

This in turn led him to explore all the other possibilities. As the senior statesman of the atomic scientists, he was called on by the government to serve on all sorts of defense boards, committees and study groups. Thus, he was in an extraordinarily powerful position to explore alternatives fully and to make his opinions count. Air Force leaders watched his activities with increasing nervousness, and this turned to outright suspicion when they saw the proposals made by two special study groups in which he participated and which he strongly influenced.

One of these groups had produced a plan to gird the polar air lanes from Russia to the U.S. with radar warning stations, so that U.S. fighter planes and rocket batteries could have time to seek out and destroy enemy bombers. To the Air Force the plan seemed 1) probably not technically feasible and 2) perhaps an indirect attempt to cripple SAC by diverting money, manpower and military importance from it. Another study group had produced a plan to equip fighter planes and light attack bombers with small nuclear bombs, and ground forces with small nuclear guns and rockets— in order to "return the battle to the battlefield" and avoid the destruction of cities and populations. To the Air Force this also seemed to threaten SAC's role and subtract from its power by diverting nuclear materials from big bombs.

Of course, many other people within the U.S. military establishment—including some in the Air

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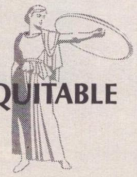

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The AEC and Air Force brass, Oppenheimer's antagonists, were allies of Teller

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER

CONTINUED

Force itself—agreed with the ideas Oppenheimer and his study-group colleagues had advanced. Within a few years, both an early-warning radar network and a broad range of tactical atomic weapons were introduced into the U.S. defense system. But at the time they seemed so dangerously wrong to Air Force leaders as to create the strong suspicion that they were the products of a subversive conspiracy.

According to Dr. David Griggs, then chief scientist of the Air Force, both the late General Hoyt Vandenberg, then Air Force Chief of Staff, and Air Secretary Thomas K. Finletter had grave suspicions about Oppenheimer's loyalty. Dr. Griggs, now a professor of geophysics at the University of California at Los Angeles, is still certain he remembers hearing this from Finletter, not once but several times. Finletter has never commented publicly. But privately, to friends, he has categorically denied this. The Air Force position is that it had nothing to do with the Oppenheimer case.

If anything is certain about the "instigation," it is that it was none of Edward Teller's doing. To the contrary, he was deeply disturbed when he learned that the hearings were on the way and tried his best to have them headed off. There is no doubt that he would have liked to see his old adversary's influence severely clipped or even ended. But the means that were being taken to do so he considered a terrible mistake. He felt that every effort should have been made to avoid imputing to Oppenheimer any disloyalty or dishonor.

Soon after Teller heard the news, he encountered Oppenheimer at a scientific meeting in Rochester, N.Y. He went up to him, shook hands, and—as he recollects—said: "I'm sorry to hear about your trouble," to which Oppenheimer replied with a quizzical look and the question: did Teller think there was anything "sinister" in what he had been doing? Teller assured him he did not. Oppenheimer said in that case he would be obliged if Teller would talk with the defense lawyers preparing for the hearing.

The next time Teller visited New York City, he had a session with Lloyd Garrison, Oppenheimer's chief counsel. Teller told him that he and Oppenheimer had disagreed deeply, that he felt Oppenheimer had been unwise and dangerously wrong in many instances—especially in regard to the development of the H-bomb—but that he never had attributed any of these mistakes to lack of patriotism. No transcript was made of the conversation, so the exact words are unverifiable. However, both men agree that the discussion occurred and that this was indeed the sense of what was said.

Why, then, did Teller testify on the government side? And why was his testimony so damaging to Oppenheimer's cause?

As for the first question: Oppenheimer's attitude about the Super had been included in the Nichols letter and hence in the government's case. Obviously Teller was an expert witness on the Super and it was well known that he and Oppenheimer had been in conflict about it. Hence it was logical that the government side should call him and that he should appear. His testimony at once makes clear, however, that he did not do so by choice: "I appear because I have been asked to and because I consider it my duty upon request to say what I think in the matter. I would have preferred not to appear."

As for his adverse testimony about Oppenheimer, there are complexities of such delicate nature, involving personal relationships and loyalties, that the answer must be very carefully qualified. Especially it must be understood that nothing said in the paragraphs following should be attributed either to Oppenheimer or Teller except those statements directly quoted from them. Many other people closely involved with the case were consulted in the preparation of this article, and a very large amount of information and opinion was collected and checked over a long period of time.

The first and most evident fact is that AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss and top leaders of the Air Force did want Oppenheimer's influence and activities curtailed. A closely related fact of history is that Strauss had been Teller's most effective ally in getting the H-bomb program really started and his early and continuing official protector in high places. Now, as chairman of the AEC, he could be even more helpful in the work ahead. These

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Shown only the evidence against his former friend, Teller became rattled

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER
CONTINUED

included such special Teller enthusiasms as the adaptation of the H-bomb into a wide-scale "family" of weapons and development of the thermonuclear process for peaceful, socially beneficial purposes. Strauss could help, that is, if his authority were not undermined. Oppenheimer had lost influence and Teller had gained some as a result of the H-bomb episode. But if Oppenheimer won this new fight, he would be back on top of the heap: vindicated and as influential as ever among scientists, including those on the AEC's General Advisory Committee.

As for the Air Force, it was to it that Teller chiefly owed his victory in getting a second nuclear weapons laboratory established where *he* would furnish the example and ideas, and set the pace for project development. The decision to build this second lab had its roots in a quarrel Teller had had in 1951 at Los Alamos with Dr. Norris Bradbury, Oppenheimer's successor as director there, over the pace of the H-bomb development program once it had been set in motion by President Truman. Teller wanted a "crash program" of fullest urgency; Bradbury insisted on doing things in a methodical, organized way which would make haste slowly.

In disgust, Teller decided that what Los Alamos needed was a rival lab to stir it with the spirit of competition. The AEC was dubious, so Teller—in his now-familiar stubborn and "obsessive" way—took the idea to the Air Force, which was eager for the Super. And it was Air Force pressure that finally made the commissioners agree to build another nuclear weapons lab at Livermore, California, affiliated with the University at Berkeley but under AEC control and Teller's creative guidance.

At Livermore, Teller came into his own at last, free from the pervading influence of Robert Oppenheimer at Los Alamos. Naturally, when top Air Force officials indicated that they considered Oppenheimer a menace to the strategic defense plans they were charged with carrying out, Teller's feelings were bound to be influenced. He respected and liked these men.

Thus, when it was Teller's turn to testify, he arrived in Washington in a troubled and depressed state of mind. The whole idea of exposing anyone of Oppenheimer's caliber and important past services to a security trial was repugnant. His personal emotions toward Oppenheimer were highly ambivalent: memories of the early friendship, the later festering grievances, the respect he nevertheless still felt for him in many ways; most of all, with his own victories won and the old skilled antagonist crippled and fighting for his life, he felt a leaden kind of sorrow. He would say what he had to say, which was what he truly believed: that Oppenheimer had been dangerously wrong, but also—and this was still clear—that he was a loyal citizen.

Now, however, something happened to confuse even this decision. On his arrival in Washington, Teller was met by representatives of the government side. The hearing was well along toward its end, they informed him, and in the vast amounts of testimony and evidence that had been accumulated there was a good deal that was unfavorable to Oppenheimer. They felt that Teller, as a government witness, ought to know about this, and so they had prepared a dossier of the important items for him. This was given to him literally only a matter of hours before he was to take the stand. He read it with rising surprise and dismay.

He had long since heard stories about Oppenheimer's former left-wing associations—such stories were common in Washington—but mostly in a general and undocumented way, and he had always assumed that they did not add up to anything very serious, else clearance would not have been granted in 1942–43 or continued through the years. Teller himself, after all, had been the subject of security investigations and surveillance; he knew how exceedingly fine the security apparatus ground and sifted the facts of a leading defense scien-

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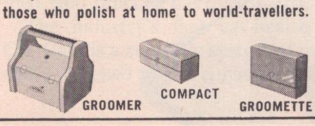

For years, Strauss had been acquainted with Oppenheimer's background

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER

CONTINUED

tist's life. But the dossier made the situation seem possibly very different from what he had supposed.

In part it was a digest of material from Oppenheimer's security file —material unknown to Teller, and as encountered now, suddenly and in bulk, quite disconcerting. It also contained excerpts from the transcript of the hearing thus far, and these too were decidedly unsettling —the more so because there was no opportunity to study them in context and to reflect on them at leisure. Could the suspicions of Oppenheimer really be justified. . . ?

The hearing was being conducted in a makeshift courtroom on the second floor of one of the "temporary" offices put up during World War I along Constitution Avenue and inherited from the Navy by the Atomic Energy Commission. The hearing room itself had been arranged in rough imitation of a courtroom floor-plan, but the scene lacked the decorous air of most judicial proceedings: it was busy, as Oppenheimer has recalled, with a ceaseless to-and-fro of messengers, legal functionaries, and (especially) security officers, whose duties included escorting each person who entered or left, even if only to go to the bathroom.

The furnishings were official, functional, and drab; there was no carpet on the composition floor. The participants faced one another from behind crowded tables: on one side of the rectangular room sat the prosecution, headed by Roger Robb, a vigorous Washington trial attorney; on the other were the defense lawyers, headed by Lloyd Garrison, liberal, intellectual, quiet-mannered.

At one end sat the three members of the special security board: Thomas A. Morgan, former president of the Sperry Corp.; Dr. Ward V. Evans, former professor of chemistry at Northwestern and Professor Emeritus at Loyola University; and Dr. Gordon Gray, former Secretary of the Army and at that time president of the University of North Carolina, who was the chairman. (Consequently, in the usual way of abbreviating titles, the panel became known as "the Gray Board.") Each of these three was a man of unquestionable honor and patriotism; each judged the evidence in the perspective of his own, quite individual background; and each served from a sense of public duty—and with no pleasure. Dr. Evans, the salty old professor, put it directly when he said at one tense moment in the hearing: "You understand, of course, that we did not seek the job. . . ."

There was also a small table and chair, facing the judges, in lieu of a witness box. And behind this, at the other end of the room, was a leather sofa where Oppenheimer himself sat, day after day, quietly puffing on his pipe and listening as the details of his life and work were minced and laid out for the inspection of the three board members, hardly known to him, who now were his judges.

Long before the hearing itself started, almost from the week his clearance was revoked, Oppenheimer says, he had no "real hope of other than the actual outcome: once a thing like that has been started, they couldn't *not* go through with it to the end; and they couldn't let me win."

One of the people he consulted first for advice was Joseph Volpe, at that time a lawyer in private practice in Washington but previously general counsel for the AEC. Volpe shared Oppenheimer's feeling that his cause was probably hopeless. He knew the damaging contents of Oppenheimer's security file very thoroughly, having reviewed it in 1947 when Oppenheimer's clearance came up for reconfirmation for the first time after the war. As Volpe has recalled, he also had special reason to know that Strauss was fully familiar with it.

Strauss had been particularly interested because, as vice chairman of the board of trustees of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, he had been mainly responsible for offering Oppenheimer the post of director of the Institute. Oppenheimer had accepted and gone to the Institute that year. After examining the file with Volpe and discussing the material at length, Strauss had nevertheless voted with the other commissioners for clearance in 1947. Reading the letter from General Nichols of the AEC, which Oppenheimer brought to him, Volpe recognized that it was a thorough mining of this same material—now being assayed in a wholly new light.

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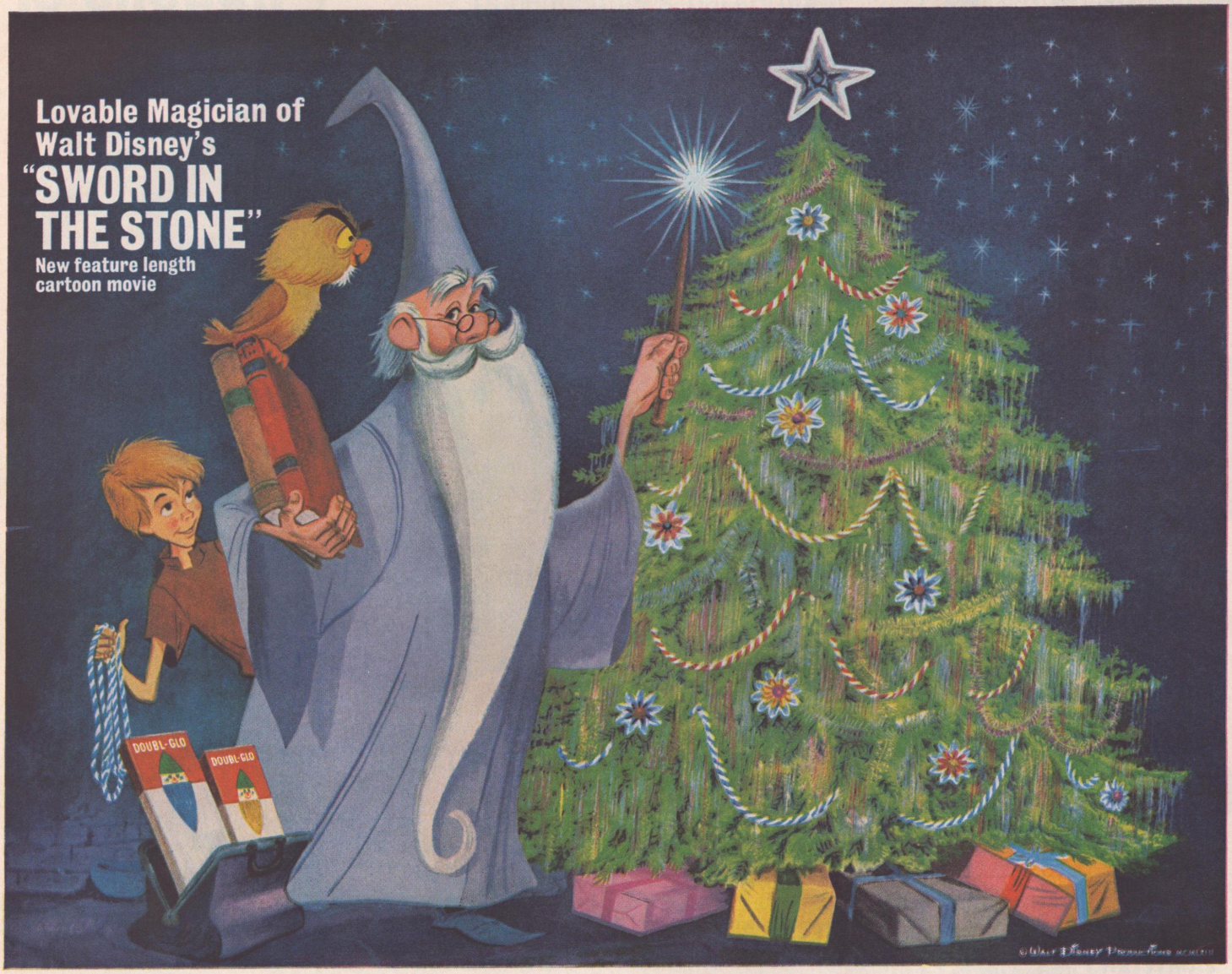

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'He didn't have a chance,' said a friend. 'They threw the book at him'

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER

CONTINUED

He recalls: "They had raised all the old data as if they were brand new, and on top of that had included the H-bomb question in the possible area of disloyalty. I told Robert I couldn't take part in his legal defense because of my recent close association with the AEC, but I could advise him informally as a personal friend—and as a friend I didn't think he had a chance because they had thrown the book at him. They were out for a conviction. And everything that followed was consistent.

"For instance, getting Roger Robb. This was the first case where the AEC had gone outside its own organization for a lawyer to handle a security hearing, and they got the right man for the job. Robb was well known as a conservative politically and as a hard-driving trial lawyer. As soon as the hearing actually began, it was clear from the way Robb was handling the case—not as a fact finder but as a prosecutor *par excellence*, hammer-and-tongs—that this was not an inquiry but a prosecution. At that point I suggested to Robert that he tell the AEC to stick it and just call the whole thing off, because then there wasn't the slightest doubt left that he was *bound* to go down.

"But he wouldn't. He had always known that if someone, someday, wanted to bring all that stuff out and really make an issue of it, he could be made a victim. He lived with this sword of Damocles always suspended over his head; he knew he was deliberately taking risks in putting himself and his ideas forward in all these 'summer study groups' and plans that made him powerful enemies. But he went on anyway, knowing the possible consequences and ready to face them if they came. That's why he couldn't quit."

An incidental but interesting consequence, as Volpe found out later and told Oppenheimer, was that their conversation in Volpe's office had been "bugged"—recorded by a highly sensitive listening device—by security agents. From the first days of his government employment, Oppenheimer says, he had "assumed that my life was completely open"—that his phone was being tapped, his mail opened, and he himself kept under watch—and he assumed too that the same would be true during this period when he was under active suspicion. "But to have eavesdropping of that sort happen in the private office of a lawyer I had come to see for advice on this whole business—that did somehow seem extreme. I must say I found the sensation oppressive."

It all added to the feeling Oppenheimer had of being headed in an inevitable way toward destruction. Not that the board members had prejudged the case: he had no reason then or later to think this. Rather, it was the whole circumstance—the tangled web of his past, the vindictive and inquisitorial spirit of the times in which that part of his life was now to be interpreted—that filled him with a sense of doom; and this in turn, he thinks, probably accounts for "the rather flat tone" of some of his own testimony and some of the "ill-considered responses" he made to Robb's probing questions. For instance, at the hearing he confirmed inventing a "cock-and-bull story" in 1943 and telling it to U.S. security officers in order to protect his then-friend Haakon Chevalier, a French professor at Berkeley. The incident was already a part of Oppenheimer's dossier, but not in full detail. Late in 1942 or early in 1943, Chevalier, a left-winger who misjudged the extent of Oppenheimer's own left-wing sympathies, indicated that a mutual acquaintance would arrange to give the Russians any scientific information Oppenheimer wanted to pass on. Torn between his sentimental attachment to Chevalier and the requirements of security, Oppenheimer, in August 1943, finally and of his own accord told a security official of the approach, but he did it in an "idiotic" way: he disguised Chevalier's role through an elaborately fabricated story whose inventions were nakedly exposed under Attorney Robb's relentless questioning. When Robb, having beaten down his defenses, challenged him to admit that his "cock-and-bull story" had actually been a "tissue of lies," Oppenheimer distraughtly answered, "Yes."

In the final calculations of the Gray Board's majority, this admission of lying to security officers counted very heavily against Oppenheimer; the term "tissue of lies" evoked the idea of total dis-

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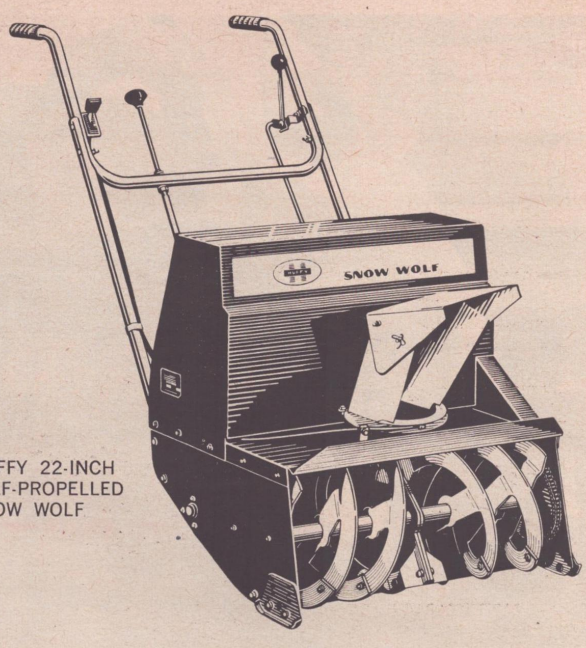

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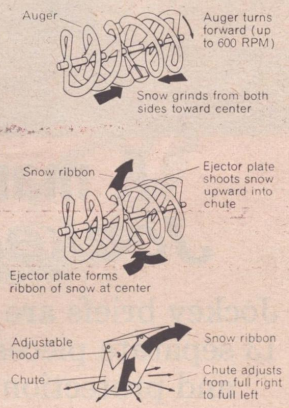

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Teller's testimony: He would feel more secure with Oppenheimer out

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER
CONTINUED

honesty. He told the story reluctantly, it is true, for he had good reason to be ashamed of it—and was. Nor was it easy for him to admit to other episodes in which his judgment or attitude had been faulty. The two-man majority noted in their decision that he had "been less than candid in several instances in his testimony." But as for lying, as Dr. Evans pointed out: "What he [Oppenheimer] had said was not 'a tissue of lies'; there was one lie."

Robb himself recalls this part of the interrogation as perhaps the turning point of the hearing. During it, he says, Oppenheimer was "hunched over, wringing his hands, white as a sheet. I felt sick. That night when I came home I told my wife, 'I've just seen a man destroy himself.'

"Nobody told me what to do," Robb recalls. "No one gave me any instructions whatever about how to handle the case. I didn't know anything about Oppenheimer when I took the case—to me he was just another scientist. His lawyers were there to introduce all the favorable things about him and my job was to bring out the evidence on the other side. He had most of the witnesses and they weren't going to say anything derogatory about him. I was just trying to balance the setup by bringing out the facts on the other side. And cross-examination is the weapon of truth. It turned out that Oppenheimer was his own worst witness."

Not only then but often during his ordeal, Oppenheimer says, he found himself responding unthinkingly to Robb's hammering "the way a soldier does in combat, I suppose. So much is happening or may be about to happen that there is no time to be aware of anything except the next move. Like someone in a fight—and this *was* a fight—I had very little sense of self." His normally lightning-quick and intuitive mind seemed partially blocked, at moments even paralyzed, by these morbid circumstances and seemingly uncontrollable events.

And so, in a certain way also, did Edward Teller's when he arrived later and sat in the witness chair. Normally a lucid *ex tempore* speaker, he seemed constrained and sometimes confused and even contradictory—and obviously unhappy. To Robb's question whether he wished "to suggest that Dr. Oppenheimer is disloyal to the United States," he answered sharply:

"I do not want to suggest anything of the kind. I know Oppenheimer as an intellectually most alert and a very complicated person, and I think it would be presumptuous and wrong on my part if I would try in any way to analyze his motives. But I have always assumed, and I now assume, that he is loyal to the United States. I believe this, and I shall believe it until I see very conclusive proof of the opposite."

Robb then said: "Now, a question which is the corollary of that. Do you or do you not believe that Dr. Oppenheimer is a security risk?" To this, Teller's answer was peculiarly equivocal and, on the whole, damning:

"In a great number of cases I have seen Dr. Oppenheimer act—I understand that Dr. Oppenheimer acted—in a way which for me was exceedingly hard to understand. I thoroughly disagreed with him in numerous issues and his actions frankly appeared to me confused and complicated. To this extent I feel that I would like to see the vital interests of this country in hands which I understand better, and therefore trust more. In this very limited sense I would like to express a feeling that I would feel personally more secure if public matters would rest in other hands."

Then, in response to a leading question from Robb about delays on the Super: "It is my belief that if, at the end of the war, some people like Dr. Oppenheimer would have lent moral support—not even their own work, just moral support—to work on the thermonuclear . . . we could have achieved the thermonuclear bomb just about four years earlier." Adding: "This, of course, is very much a matter of opinion. . . . I think that statements about the possible different course of the past are not more justified but only less hazardous than statements about the future."

After trying to balance this with due credit for Oppenheimer's work on the A-bomb and such matters as the Baruch Plan, back-tracking to say that Oppenheimer had in some ways assisted the thermonuclear program, and acknowledging

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Oppenheimer and his friends were left with nothing to talk about

that sometimes "of course, it is quite possible that his advice was right and mine was wrong," Teller was brought back by Gordon Gray to the question of granting clearance. His distress was evident in these tangled words:

"I believe, and that is merely a question of belief and there is no expertness, no real information behind it, that Dr. Oppenheimer's character is such that he would not knowingly and willingly do anything that is designed to endanger the safety of this country. To the extent, therefore, that your question is directed toward intent, I would say I do not see any reason to deny clearance."

Having thus recommended restoration of clearance, he then took a different tangent: "If it is a question of wisdom and judgment, as demonstrated by actions since 1945, then I would say one would be wiser not to grant clearance." And he faltered to a finish with: "I must say that I am myself a little bit confused on this issue, particularly as it pertains to a person of Oppenheimer's prestige and influence. May I limit myself to these comments?"

Afterward he turned and walked somberly to the leather couch where Oppenheimer had sat listening and watching pensively. Teller offered his hand and Oppenheimer accepted. As they shook hands Teller looked him fully in the face and said quietly, "I'm sorry." Oppenheimer replied in a tone that was polite but incredulous: "After what you've just said, I don't understand what you mean."

Oppenheimer returned to Princeton when the hearing closed and waited for the bad news, which soon came: Gray and Morgan had voted against him, with Dr. Evans dissenting in his favor.

A close friend recalls: "That was a time of bleak and dreary days for Robert and his family. Robert himself was kind of numb and automatically agreed to follow his lawyers' advice and appeal the verdict to the AEC commissioners, as he was entitled to do. Working with them on the appeal, he was partly frantic and partly dazed; he was like a man running on a treadmill, anxious to get off but not quite knowing how. Then, after the appeal was filed to the five-member commission, there was another wait and he became calm. He was reconciled to the inevitable, and when it came, four-to-one against him (again it was a scientist, Dr. Henry D. Smyth, who voted for him), there was no shock."

Subsequently, for some years, Robert Oppenheimer disappeared from public view and seemed almost to have disappeared from the life of his friends. This was due partly to the circumstance that nearly all his circle were scientists and were engaged in one way or another in government work ruled by security regulations. As one friend comments: "Their lives revolved around their work, as Oppie's also had, but he and they couldn't talk to each other about work. They couldn't talk about the case, or even about the old days when Oppie was king, because all that was too painful to discuss. So they were left with nothing to talk about."

Another former colleague says: "He didn't seek any of us out or invite us to his home because he knew it could embarrass our own security to seem to be personally close to him. Even though the case was all finished, he was kept under surveillance. I ran into him at Idlewild airport about three months later, and while we were chatting he motioned toward three characters, obvious government flatfeet, and explained calmly, 'They, or others like them, are with me all the time.' They had trailed him out to the airport to make sure he didn't skip the country and defect to Russia, you see—that would be the security agency theory. His house was being watched, too, and his phone tapped and mail tampered with."

At the special insistence of Lewis Strauss, by then president of the board of trustees of the Institute for Advance Studies, Oppenheimer was offered reappointment as its director when his contract was up a few months later, and he accepted. ("Security" was not involved in this job, Strauss explained.)

The Institute filled a great part of Oppenheimer's life: he also turned his attention again to theoretical physics, which kept producing new tantalizing riddles; he wrote some and lectured some at other learned institutions. But he could not do much traveling away from home because of his family.

A friend says: "Oppie always kept his composure, at least outwardly. It was the family that was

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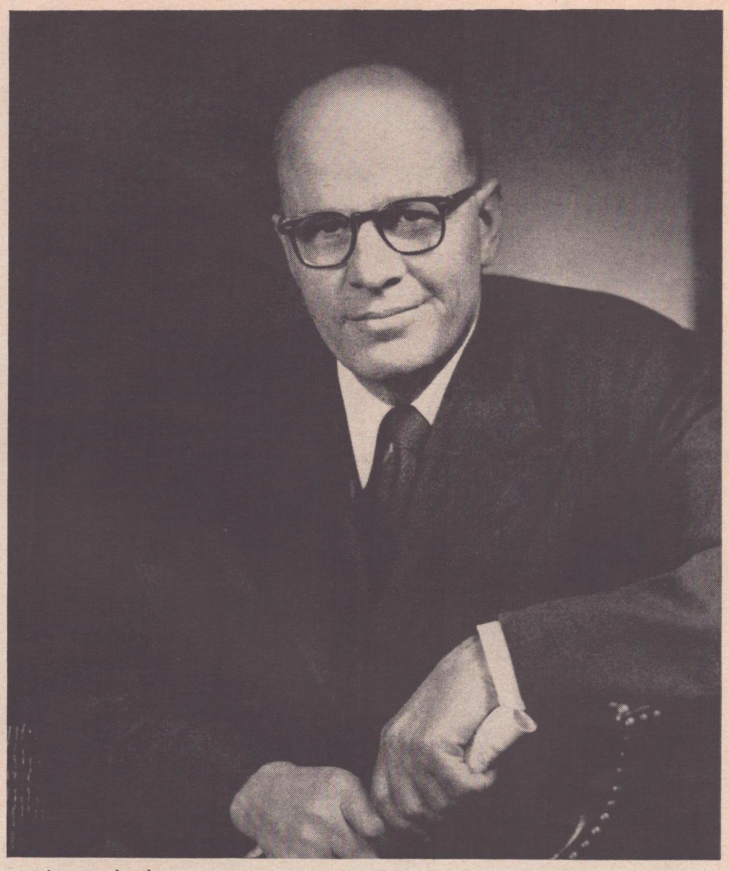

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Teller's fate was a harvest of resentment and cold, angry contempt

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER

CONTINUED

hit the hardest. Kitty was full of sorrow and anger: she deeply resented the injustice, maybe blaming herself for part of the mess Robert had got into, and her health began to deteriorate. Robert was very tender with her and spent as much time as he possibly could with her.

"The two kids suffered, too, but especially Peter. The little girl, Toni, was only about 8 at the time of the trial, too young to take in much of what was happening. But Peter was 12, he was reading the newspapers and hearing and seeing news programs. He watched the Army-McCarthy hearings on TV, and he knew his father was going through the same kind of ordeal. At school and around Princeton later there were bound to be cruelties from other boys and girls. Soon there was that inevitable day when he came home from school and told his mother a classmate had taunted him: 'Your father is a Communist!' "

The signs of stress began to appear in Oppenheimer. He had always been extraordinarily youthful-looking for his years; now he began to grow rapidly gray, and his small-boned body took on a look of frailty. In manner he still could exert an extraordinary charm but most often he seemed remote and calmly sad. The old intellectual impatience, the flashes of arrogance, were gone; he became gentle, tolerant, with a quality of compassionate, other-worldly understanding that to some people seemed priestlike or saintly. Was this the product of a philosophical rejection of the glories of the world; or was it, perhaps, the product of a steady inner grief?

One of his former colleagues who knows him well says, "They stole his life achievement and somehow gave it to Teller. It hurt him more than I ever thought it possibly could."

The personal benefit "they" saw for Edward Teller, however, was signally diluted. What he got, instead, was a harvest of resentment mingled with cold, angry contempt. Nearly all scientists (as well as other intellectuals) had been perturbed by the very fact of the hearing, which symbolized in a supreme way what they considered to be the security-risk mania of the period. At the time of the hearing a great majority of the nation's scientists sided with Oppenheimer; of the 24 leading ones called to testify in the case, only five, including Teller, took the government's side, and the ratio in favor of Oppenheimer probably was at least that large among the scientists-at-large. Teller, although not happy about what he had said or the way he had said it, and although aware that he had offended a good many of his colleagues, had no real idea of what was in store for him until that July, when he and his wife "Mici" went up from Berkeley to Los Alamos for a scientific meeting. By that time the AEC had published the testimony in the case as a 993-page book, and the scientists were finding out which witnesses had said what.

Teller at once sensed a spreading chill. A few old friends were glad to see him, but others seemed to want to avoid him. One day, at lunch on the crowded terrace of the community restaurant, Teller spied a couple of old colleagues he had not seen for a long time, walked to their table with hand outstretched and was coldly and publicly snubbed. Both refused to shake hands with him. One of the men, Dr. I. I. Rabi, who had succeeded Oppenheimer as chairman of the General Advisory Committee of the AEC, took the occasion to congratulate Teller with cutting sarcasm on "the brilliance of your testimony," especially, "the *extremely* clever way you phrased your reply on security: 'I would personally feel more secure' without Oppenheimer in the government—a brilliant way of saying don't restore his clearance!"

Teller turned away abruptly and walked to the table at the far end of the terrace where Mici was sitting. His face was flushed and twisted with emotion. In a choked voice he told her briefly what had happened, excused himself and went to his room; and there, by himself, he wept. He stayed out of sight the rest of that day; and for the remainder of his time at Los Alamos was cautious in his relationships, feeling out the situation before venturing more of his usual ebullient greetings and risking another bruising rebuff. Mici even felt the chill reflected at herself from a few of the men and a good many of their wives. Before, they

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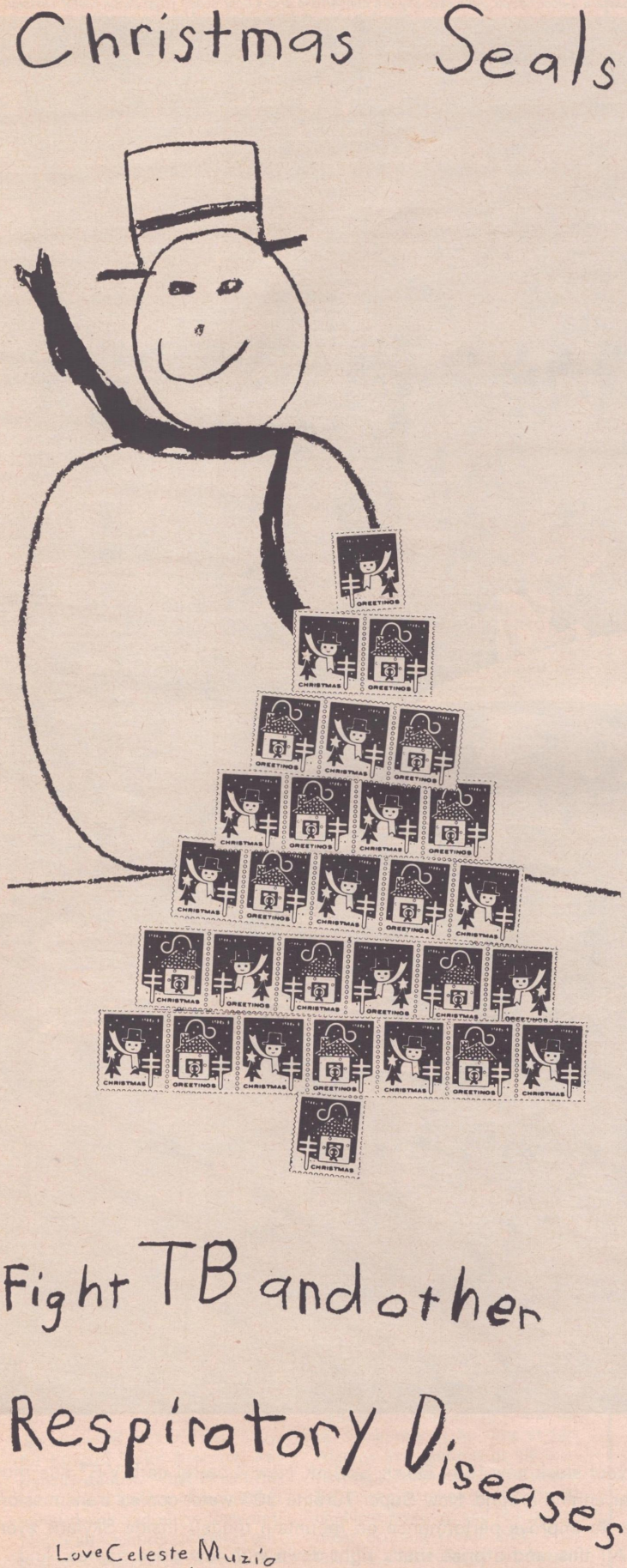

Atomic scientists fissioned into two embittered groups

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER

CONTINUED

had always looked forward to their visits to Los Alamos—for the fine air and scenery, the evocation of pleasant memories of wartime adventure, and the old friends they would see. After this experience the Tellers did not go back again for almost nine years, and Teller returned by himself only once, briefly, in the interval.

Even so, this first experience was only a foretaste of what was still to come. At Berkeley also, where Teller now lived, teaching part of the time at the university and commuting other days to the fast-growing new atomic laboratory at Livermore, a great many of his old friends dropped him. And when he traveled to other parts of the country or even abroad, where Oppenheimer was almost universally considered a martyr, Teller could never be sure of the reception he might receive from fellow scientists. For someone of Teller's temperament, a man who enjoys human relationships so much and likes to be liked, such treatment has been traumatic.

This is not to say that he entirely lacked supporters, at Berkeley or elsewhere. In fact, what now was occurring—stemming initially from the H-bomb dispute—was that the atomic scientists were fissioning into two distinct and embittered groups. One of these—the smaller—roughly believed with Teller that Soviet Russia had shown conclusively it was innately aggressive and untrustworthy, and hence the only prudent course for the U.S. was to keep on improving and testing atomic weapons and wait for the evolution of history to bring about a better world. The other—much larger—group had followed Oppenheimer's general thesis that while further development, and especially diversification, of atomic weapons was necessary, this should not be emphasized at the expense of working out some *modus vivendi* with the Soviets, a necessary step toward peace even if it involved some risk of betrayal. The expulsion of Oppenheimer from their professional circle only made these men more dedicated to his principles, and their chief spokesman in his place became Hans Bethe.

It took a while before the cleavage between the "Edwardian" supporters of Teller and the "Hansian" supporters of Bethe became quite so distinct as this, and at an early time there seemed to be a chance for a gradual amelioration. However, in October 1954 a book was published on the H-bomb controversy and the Oppenheimer Case. Based largely on material from high Washington officials who supported the views of Strauss and Teller and were highly critical of Oppenheimer and some of his closest associates, the book set off a brand-new uproar among the scientists. (The book, *The Hydrogen Bomb*, was written by James Shepley, then chief of the TIME-LIFE Washington Bureau, and Clay Blair Jr., a reporter in the bureau. Shepley is now assistant publisher of LIFE; Blair is editor-in-chief of the Curtis Publishing Co.)

Assailed by a second wave of anger from the "Hansians" (especially the Los Alamos scientists who, in the end, actually built the H-bomb and felt that the book much exaggerated Teller's contribution), Teller thought of making a public disclaimer. Then he decided that it would be a better solution if he wrote a history of the thermonuclear development himself, thereby getting firmly on record his views of what really happened and why, and who deserved credit.

Teller wrote a long manuscript (published finally in the Feb. 25, 1955 issue of *Science* magazine and titled, "The Work of Many People") which he carried with him during his travels and showed to other scientists to be sure that he had done justice to all sides. He had it with him on a visit to Chicago in late 1954, and he wanted especially to show it to Enrico Fermi.

Fermi was in a hospital with what had been diagnosed as terminal cancer. His condition had deteriorated so much that he was allowed only a few visitors, and those for a brief time. Nevertheless, Teller learned from mutual friends, Fermi wished to see him. In the hospital room, when he mentioned the manuscript, he found Fermi—weak though he was—anxious to read it. Together the two men reviewed the history of the troubles about the Super and, Teller says, they ended up in substantial agreement on all major points. During that conversation, Fermi told Teller that he considered the

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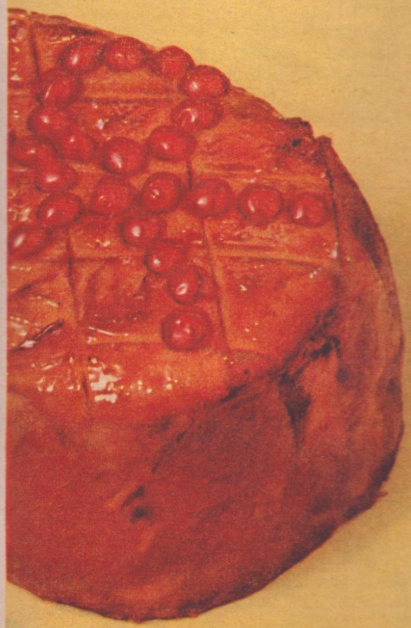
Golly! Citron makes the holly



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On his deathbed, Enrico Fermi exacted a sacred pledge

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER

CONTINUED

split of the scientists into enemy camps a national disgrace and potential disaster. Quietly but urgently he begged Teller to repair this damage.

Teller says: "Both of us knew as we talked that this was our last meeting: we would never see each other again. I was deeply moved; I felt that I should do whatever I could to heal the breach. I regarded this then—and always have since—as a most serious obligation to Fermi and his memory."

Yet, there seemed to be no opportunity even to make a start toward fulfilling it. For now a new source of controversy arose: the "test-ban issue." Teller, holding to his prior and greater "unavoidable obligation" to protect U.S. security, and convinced that the views of the "Hansians" were a threat to it, became embroiled in a long and loud public struggle with Bethe and others. As usual, he committed himself in an all-or-nothing way. To rally public support he wrote, lectured and engaged in radio and TV debates with such pro-test-ban spokesmen as Dr. Linus Pauling; to rally scientific backing he helped devise experiments to show how the Russians could cheat on a test-ban agreement if they wanted to; to keep the Livermore lab on its toes in weapons development and ready for testing, he took direct charge of operations there. Before long the accumulated strains of overwork, added to those from the animosities which he felt increasingly surrounded him, began to take their toll both physically and emotionally.

He developed a dangerous and painful form of colitis, a disease apparently psychological in origin. And, as in Oppenheimer's case, so also in his there were personality changes: his old gaiety and zest gave way to somberness, and even to black moods of bitterness and near-despair. The more opposition he encountered, the more relentlessly he drove himself to overcome it—and the more impatient and irritable he became. For a time during 1958–60, some of the people closest to him feared that he might be on the verge of physical and emotional collapse. But his stamina and resilience saw him through this critical period and later he, like Oppenheimer, seemed to reach an emotional plateau and to have acquired some sort of steadying philosophical insight. Not long ago, at the very peak of the test-ban fight and just before he testified against the proposed treaty, he could face the defeat that he knew was coming with enough equanimity to coin an aphorism: "A good thing about fighting for lost causes is that you have nothing to lose"—and then, as in the old days, to chuckle appreciatively at his own wit.

The test-ban controversy is still fresh enough to need no recapitulating here. In any case it has been settled now, at least temporarily, by the U.S.-Soviet treaty banning all except underground nuclear testing. But while the debate was going on, it roused tempers to a higher pitch than ever and made it even more necessary to think of some way toward conciliation. The answer came to Teller last winter—through the mails.

He is one of the widespread group of leading U.S. scientists to whom the AEC's General Advisory Committee annually sends ballots and asks nominations for the Fermi award. He himself had received the award in 1962. His name and Oppenheimer's were inextricably linked, he well knew, as symbols of the rival scientific groups. It might accomplish something—and certainly, at least, it "would be especially appropriate to Fermi's memory"—if Oppenheimer should be given the 1963 award. He wrote Oppenheimer's name on his ballot and mailed it in.

Evidently the same thought had occurred to many other people, including the General Advisory Committee's 10 members who actually make the decision. It is known that they already wanted to give the award to Oppenheimer. But a question of overriding importance had to be settled first. The committee's choice would have to be approved by the President. Manifestly there were political hazards—especially near an election year—for President Kennedy in associating his administration, even by inference, with Oppenheimer, whose name for a great many voters still meant something vaguely Communistic. Discreet inquiries were made through intermediaries on the White House staff.

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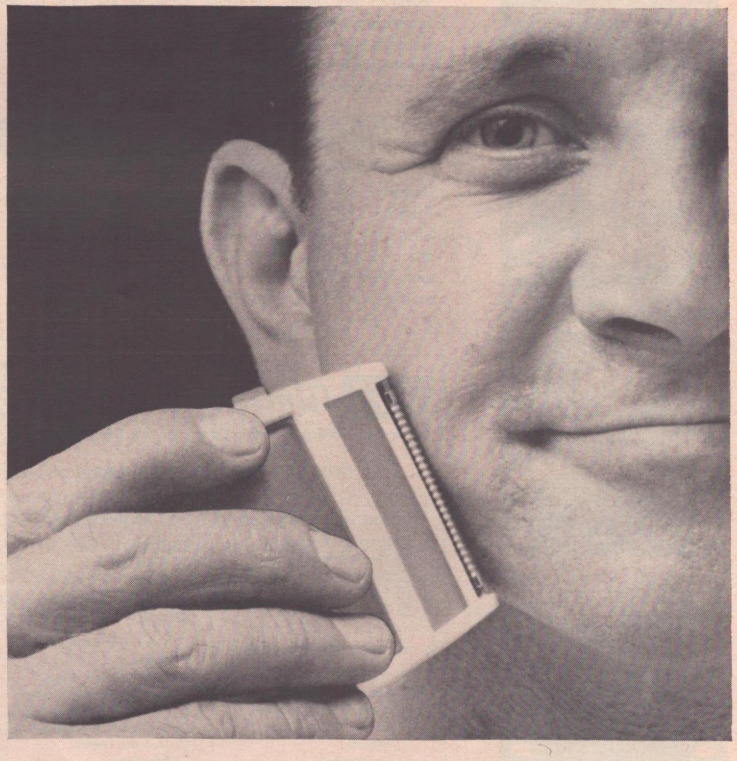
Set 'em up



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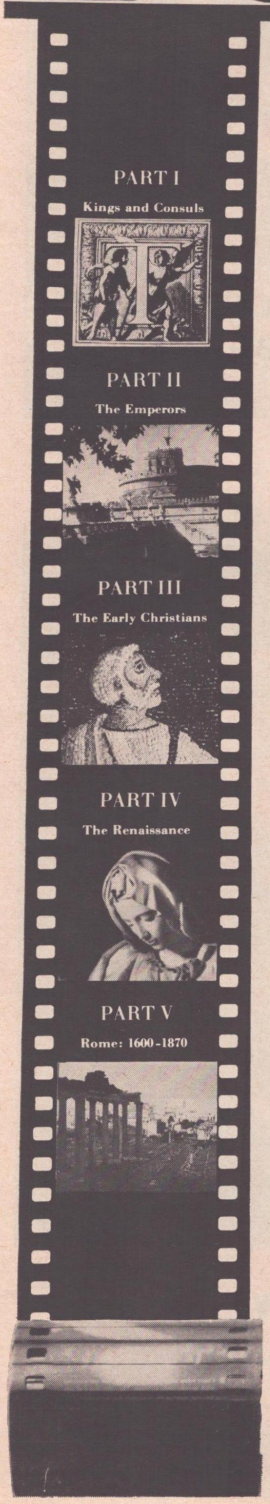

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Perhaps now, in Fermi's honor, the controversy will end

OPPENHEIMER-TELLER

CONTINUED

One of these men has related: "As a matter of fact, several of us here had been thinking about Oppenheimer. His case had given the U.S. a black eye among liberals and intellectuals abroad, it had caused this very hurtful, continuing blood feud among American scientists. And besides, we felt it had been a true miscarriage of justice to begin with. We wanted to do something to rehabilitate his name and make amends and clean up some of this mess. The question was, what?

"As a first step Oppenheimer was invited to the White House dinner for Nobel Prize winners. That was quite logical: invitations had gone to the heads of various outstanding institutions of higher learning —and he was certainly qualified as head of the Institute at Princeton. That was a beginning, but not enough. No one, and I'm sure least of all he, wanted to go through the whole messy business of a personnel security hearing again.

"We thought of the Fermi award as a good opening, provided, of course, his name was sent up by the G.A.C. and the AEC commissioners. This became a real possibility when Teller got it last year. The two names go together; they're so closely associated, you can't think of one without the other. And they do represent the two big phases of our atomic development. So there was a sort of conditioned reflex when Teller got the award in '62 and the word began to float around, 'Why not balance the ticket in '63?' The possibility was brought up with President Kennedy, and his position was that he ought to be able to rely on the G.A.C. members for a good and proper selection. So we were able to assure the committee members informally and privately that if they selected Oppenheimer, they'd meet no trouble here."

The President's consent did not, however, demand his own participation in the award ceremonies. There was no precedent except the very brief one he had set himself when—as part of his general effort to dignify the arts and sciences in the nation—he had made the 1961 and 1962 awards to Bethe and Teller respectively at the White House. Despite the worries of some of his political advisors he decided to do the same with Oppenheimer. This was one of his last official decisions, announced on the morning of his death.

If Kennedy had lived, it is reasonable to think that the next step would have been to work out a way to restore Oppenheimer's security clearance and erase the final traces of official stigma. This may still be done. Meantime there is the Fermi award—and with it, the unofficial rehabilitation of Robert Oppenheimer.

Teller, whose vote for Oppenheimer obviously had weight in the G.A.C.'s calculations, was in a taxi on his way to an airport when he heard the news on the radio. He was extremely pleased, and as soon as he boarded his plane, he wrote a letter of congratulations to Oppenheimer, who wrote back a polite note of appreciation.

Teller said quite recently, "I respect Robert Oppenheimer. There are many things that I admire in him." And, as recently, Oppenheimer has said, "For a long time I thought of Edward Teller as a friend. I do not think of him as an enemy." Perhaps, then, the fission-fusion reaction is at long last complete. Perhaps now in Fermi's honor the heat of controversy will begin to end, and the light of shared knowledge will spread for the benefit of the scientists, the nation and humanity.

The Enrico Fermi award medal

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2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take aspirin
   to reduce fever and relieve pain

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Posters on his office walls are random reminders of some George Abbott triumphs for which he served as producer, director or co-author in the past half century.

LIFE goes to a great showman's 50th anniversary

A Round-up for Abbott

George Abbott, the most productive all-round man in Broadway history, is celebrating his 50th anniversary in show business—as director, actor, writer, producer—and has just published his autobiography, *Mister Abbott*. To honor these twin events, LIFE and Random House, Abbott's publishers, gave a party for Abbott and as many of his noted associates as they could round up. Eliot Elisofon's camera snapped them from above. Their names, keyed to the picture, are below. Most have acted with, or for, Abbott.

1 George Abbott. **2** Larry Kert in *Tickets Please*, '50. **3** Gwen Verdon in *Damn Yankees*, '55; *New Girl in Town*, '57. **4** Bennett Cerf, head of Random House publishers. **5** Thelma Ritter in *New Girl in Town*, '57. **6** Judith Anderson in *The Drums Begin*, '33. **7** Helen Menken in *Three Wise Fools*, '18. **8** Lillian Gish, film and stage star, old friend of Mr. Abbott. **9** Phyllis Thaxter in *What a Life*, '38; *Take Her, She's Mine*, '61. **10** John Cecil Holm, co-author with Abbott of *Three Men on a Horse*, '35; co-author, *Best Foot Forward*, '41. **11** Robert Fosse, choreographer of *The Pajama Game*, '54; *Damn Yankees*, '55. **12** George Wallace in *New Girl in Town*, '57. **13** Jerome Robbins, choreographer for *On the Town*, '44; *High Button Shoes*, '47; *Look Ma, I'm Dancin'*, '48; *Call Me Madam*, '50; partly for *Wonderful Town*, '53. **14** Stephen Douglas in *Damn Yankees*, '55. **15** Jane White in *Once Upon a Mattress*, '59. **16** Russell Crouse, co-author with Howard Lindsay of *Gentlemen of the Press*, '28; *Call Me Madam*, '50. **17** Raymond Walburn in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. **18** Claudette Colbert in movies, *Manslaughter*, '28 and *Secrets of a Secretary*, '31. **19** Elliott Nugent in *Dulcy*, '21. **20** Ben Grauer in *Processional*, '25. **21** Howard Da Silva in *Fiorello!*, '59. **22** Richard Kollmar in *See My Lawyer*, '39. **23** Marcy Wescott in *Boys from Syracuse*, '38; *Too Many Girls*, '39. **24** Carl Fisher, manager for 40 Abbott shows.

TO IDENTIFY NUMBERS 25 TO 51, TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN

25 Van Johnson in *See My Lawyer*, '39; *Pal Joey*, '40. **26** Tom Bosley in *Fiorello!*, '59. **27** Maureen O'Sullivan in *Never Too Late*, '62. **28** Orson Bean in *Never Too Late*, '62. **29** Jule Styne, music for *High Button Shoes*, '47. **30** Patricia Wilson in *Fiorello!*, '59. **31** Teddy Hart in *Three Men on a Horse*, '35; *Room Service*, '37; *Boys from Syracuse*, '38. **32** and **33** Betty Comden, Adolph Green, lyricists, actors, book writers for *On the Town*, '44; lyricists for *Wonderful Town*, '53. **34** Hugh Martin, music for *Best Foot Forward*, '41; music and lyrics for *Look Ma, I'm Dancin'*, '48. **35** Jack Gilford in *A Funny Thing*. **36** Jerome Weidman, co-author of *Fiorello!*, '59; *Tenderloin*, '60. **37** Nathaniel Frey in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, '51, *Damn Yankees*, '55; *Fiorello!*, '59. **38** Betty Field in *Three Men on a Horse*, '35; *Room Service*, '37; *All that Glitters*, '38; *Primrose Path*, '39. **39** Ellen Hanley in *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*, '47; *Fiorello!*, '59. **40** Carson Kanin in *Three Men on a Horse*, '35. **41** Zero Mostel in *Beggar's Holiday*, '46; *A Funny Thing*, '62. **42** Paul Ford in *Never Too Late*, '62. **43** Maurice Evans in *Tenderloin*, '60. **44** Richard Bissell, co-author of *Pajama Game*, '54. **45** June Havoc in *Pal Joey*, '40. **46** Ray Bolger in *On Your Toes*, '36; *Where's Charley?*, '48. **47** Tom Poston in *Drink to Me Only*, '58. **48** Jerry Bock, music for *Fiorello!*, '59; *Tenderloin*, '60. **49** Ilka Chase in *Small Miracle*, '34. **50** Carol Burnett in *Once Upon a Mattress*, '59. **51** Sheldon Harnick, lyricist for *Tenderloin*, '60.

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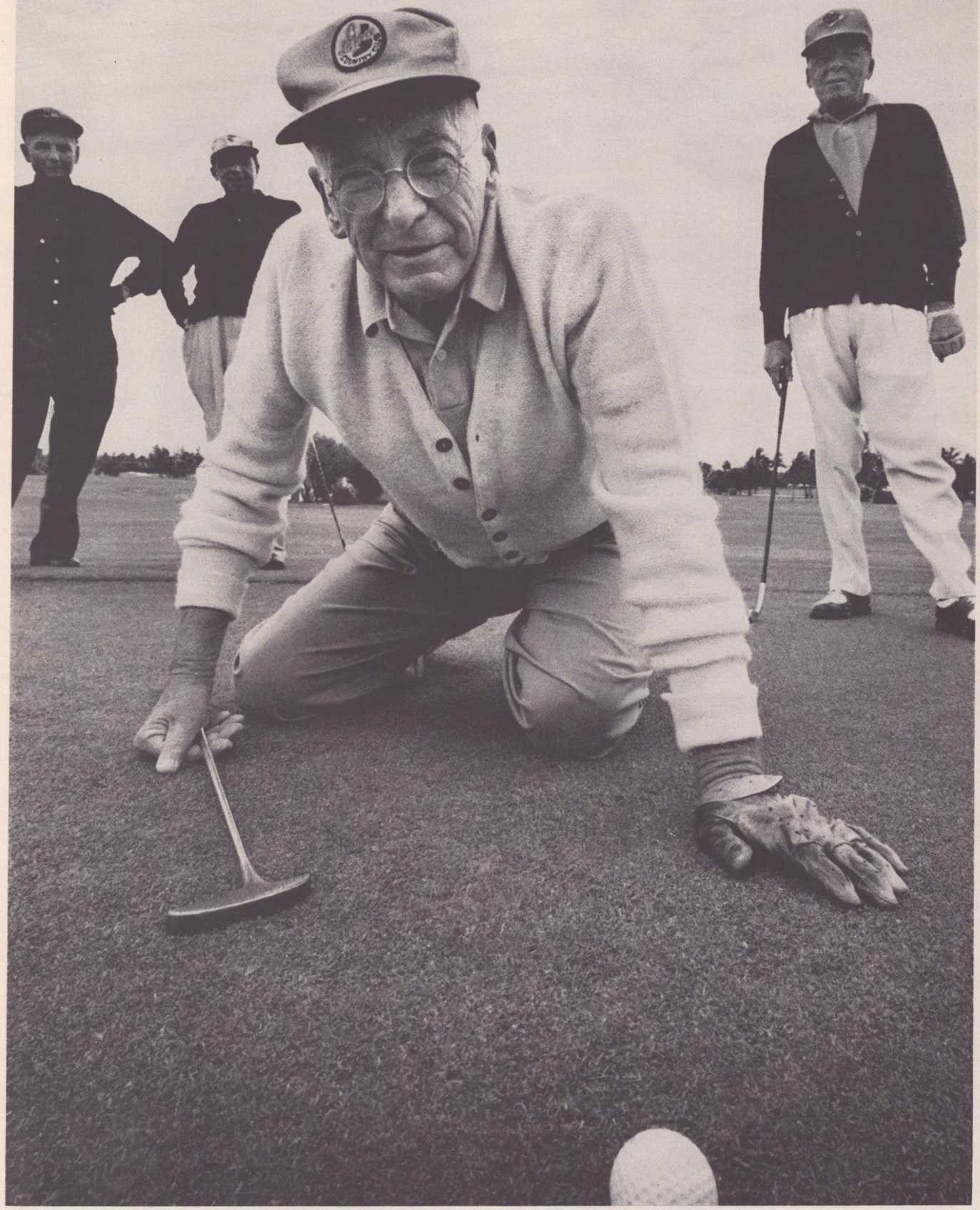

George Abbott, who started playing golf only four years ago and has become an addict, puts on a convincing performance at the cameraman's request—sighting his ball on the green of the Indian Creek Country Club at Miami Beach. Abbott's golfing companions are Mayor Glen F. Warren, Milton M. Chapman and Fred R. Fehlhaber.

CONTINUED

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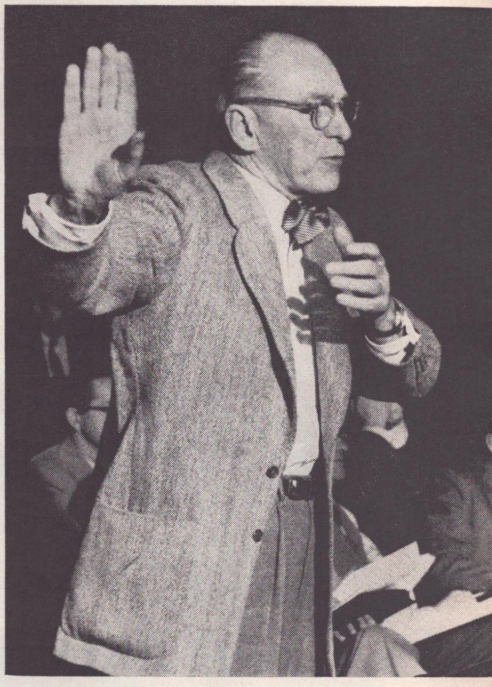
A Many-sided Master with a Despot's Touch

After Harvard drama school, Abbott joined a Boston theater group, wrote skits and acted. In one of his 1923 works he acted a bearded hayseed (*left*).

In 1924's Pulitzer prize play, *Hell-bent fer Heaven*, Abbott acted a Blue Ridge Mountain boy caught in a feud by his love for a lass (Margaret Borough).

At the closing-night party of 1948's *Where's Charley*, Abbott—who wrote book and directed—toots tuba between Ray Bolger, Composer Frank Loesser.

Always a lover of festive events, Abbott held hands with pretty model Peggy Knapp at a Florida party where everybody came dressed up as children.



As director, Abbott conducts the rehearsals of 1955's *Damn Yankees*. He always shows calm courtesy but quick decisiveness bordering on despotism.

Abbott enjoys a rumba off stage with Diosa Costello, a Latin dancer in *Too Many Girls*, a giddy Rodgers-Hart musical he directed and produced in 1939.

With Mary Martin, who played the trollopy maid Sabina, Abbott returned to his acting as the father in *Skin of Our Teeth* on its 1955 European tour.

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Too Busy to Moon

by TOM PRIDEAUX

At 76 George Abbott wouldn't be caught dead strolling down memory lane. "I don't believe in the good old days," he says stoutly.

Not that he hasn't plenty to be sentimental about. For 50 years he has helped housebreak and bring up so many hundreds of young actors and authors that by now they constitute almost a whole nation of Abbott people. As the sample collection on page 112 testifies, many Abbott people are now great stars. Others are lesser known but fine artists. And just about all of them are the sturdy citizenry and backbone of Broadway.

Abbott himself belongs in anyone's gallery of remarkable Americans. As he tells in his wise and funny book, *Mister Abbott*, his small-town boyhood in Salamanca, N.Y. was full of classic American ingredients: swimming holes by the Allegheny River, Civil War relics to play with in the attic, aunts he hated to kiss and little girls he longed to.

When his family moved to Cheyenne, Wyo., George, at 11, learned to shoot and rope steers. He also served as an errand boy, toting pails of beer from a saloon through the town's red-light district, with firm warnings from his mother to push off any Jezebels.

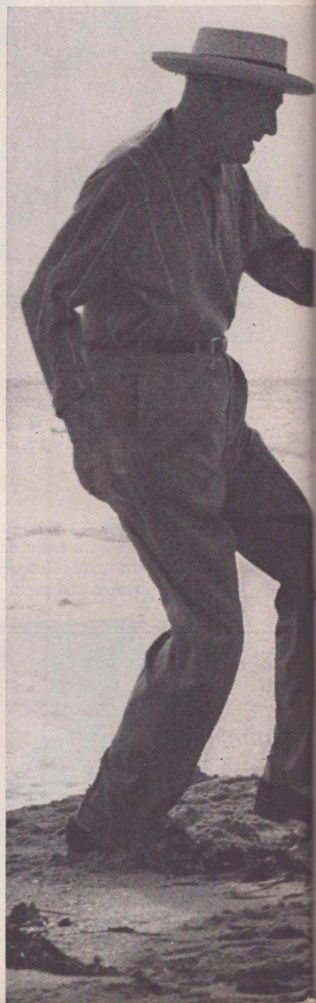
Military school, a summer job in a steel mill added to Abbott's education and finally a dip into college dramatics at the University of Rochester both as actor and playwright sealed his fate.

He went on to the drama school of George Pierce Baker at Harvard, where Eugene O'Neill and Philip Barry studied, and loved it. "Baker gave you no nonsense about inner meanings . . ." recalls Abbott; "he turned your whole thoughts and energies into the practical matter of how to make a show." Making a good show has been the essence, and occasionally the limitation, of Abbottism ever since.

Abbott began to succeed as he began to harmonize the paradoxes in his nature. Though an old cowpoke, he soon made himself at home at Harvard. A shy and gangling youth, he felt at ease under a stage spotlight. A self-confessed tightwad, nonsmoker and teetotaler, he nevertheless enjoyed the bohemians of Broadway and high-living New York society.

His home life remained conservative. He married his former high school English teacher and had one daughter, Judith. Sixteen years after his wife died, he married again, briefly.

As a serious actor and writer Abbott did well enough, but his real genius emerged when he became a director and a doctor of popular comedy. Today two of Broadway's funniest hits are the Abbott-directed *Never Too Late* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, which spring from a long, long line of Abbott-inspired merriment, including *Room Service*, *Three Men on a Horse* and such notable musicals as *On the Town* and *Pal Joey*.



To satisfy his friends, who are always congratulating him on being a rumba expert at 76, Abbott does a few steps in front of his Miami Beach cottage with dance teacher Lilyan Martin.

over Good Old Days

Abbott knows better than anyone else in the theater how to rein in a gag, to pace a farce and how to handle skittish or ornery performers. A sexy young star in one Abbott musical got mad when an unknown girl singer unexpectedly stopped the show at its New Haven tryout. "I'll leave your damned show," shouted the star, "unless you let me sing that girl's song." Abbott's answer was brief: "Pack." The star stayed. Things like this account for the fact that among even close associates he is addressed as "Mister Abbott."

While Abbott has worked often with Broadway big shots—Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers, Helen Hayes, Mary Martin—he is an habitual booster of new talent. He was the director for Leonard Bernstein, Comden and Green, Jerome Robbins and Jule Styne in their first Broadway hits. Next spring he is back with old friends again, directing the new Comden, Green, Styne musical, *A Girl to Remember*. It will be the 104th Broadway show that he has been embroiled in and will star Carol Burnett whom Abbott helped polish up for stardom a few years ago in *Once Upon a Mattress*. Abbott's fledglings often fly back to roost.

Abbott makes no bones about aiming for commercial success. But he scorns all the guff that goes with it. "I believe that in all the world's great periods of drama—the times of Molière, Shakespeare—people wrote to create shows, not a self-conscious cultural thing. . . . I hate cant, I hate phonies, and I don't like keeping up with the Joneses."

Right now Abbott isn't keeping up with anybody. He owns a small bungalow on a secluded patch of Miami Beach, and spends his time golfing, reading and indulging in his surprising hobby, the rumba. As his hair grows whiter and he seems to grow taller, Abbott looks more and more like a Puritan cleric in his Sunday pulpit—but with an amused eye that approves of Saturday night dancing.

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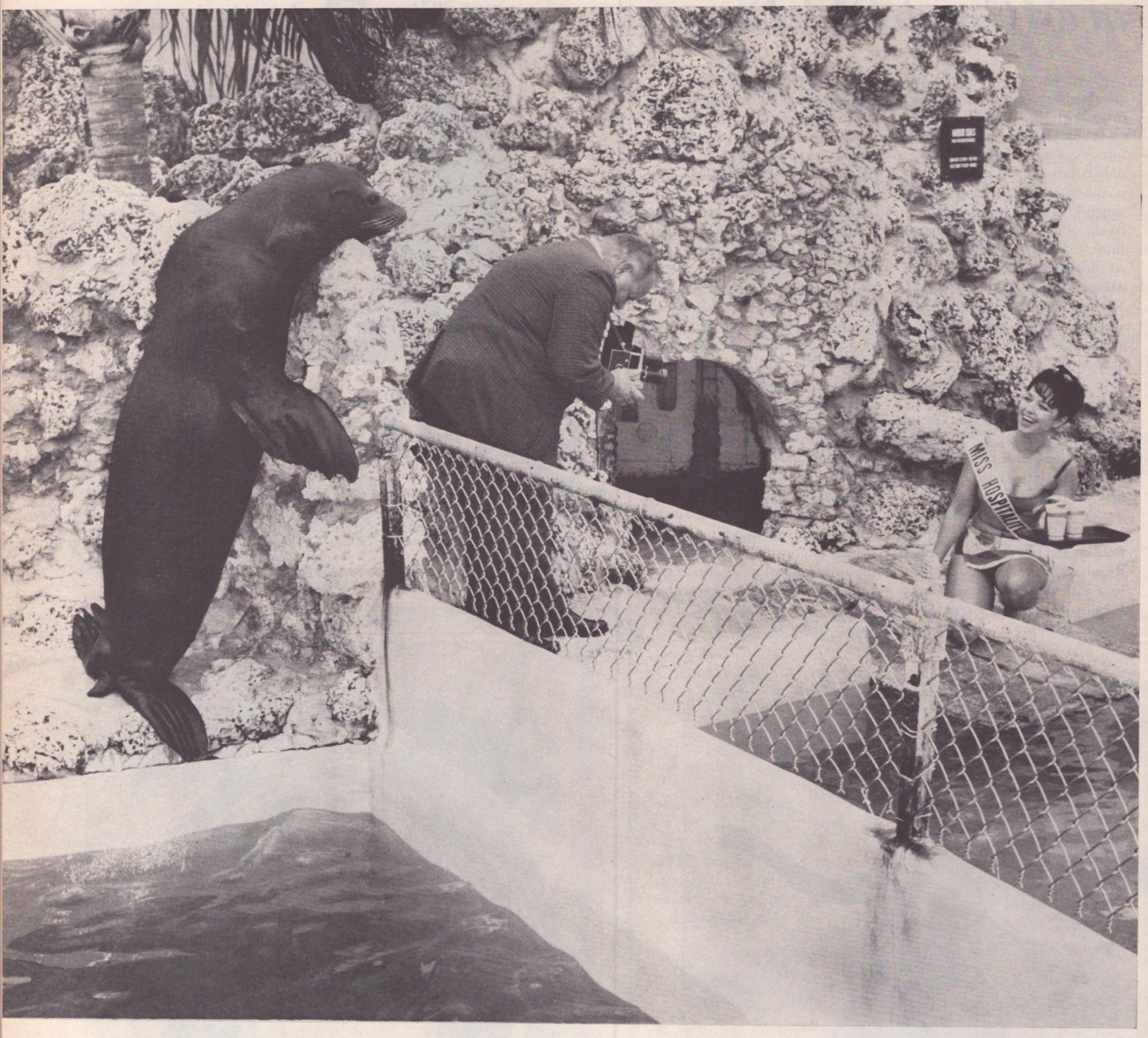

A SEAL OF APPROVAL

Clearly, Betty Lauerman is pretty enough to make anybody get up and take notice. A shapely waitress, Betty was recently elected "Miss Hospitality" by the Florida Restaurant Association, and when she posed for a postcard manufacturer against the watery backdrop of Miami's Seaquarium, Charlie, the big attraction in the next pool, simply flipped. In a manner that suggests wolves rather than sea lions, Charlie rose and shamelessly ogled Miss Hospitality while the picture-taking proceeded. Betty happened to have had some fish she was serving to a couple of baby seals but no one was ungentlemanly enough to suggest that perhaps Charlie was as interested in herring as in Miss Hospitality.

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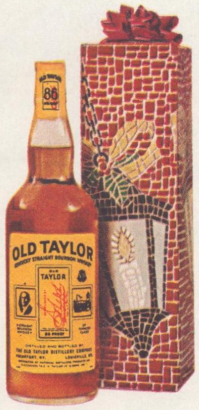

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